

MARCH 31, 1883

# THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 696.—VOL. XXVII.

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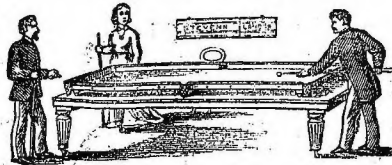
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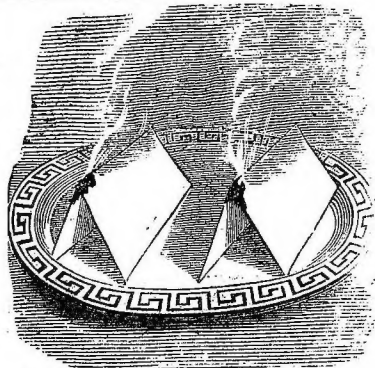
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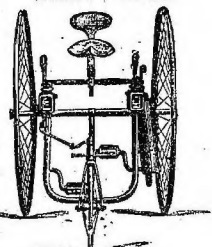
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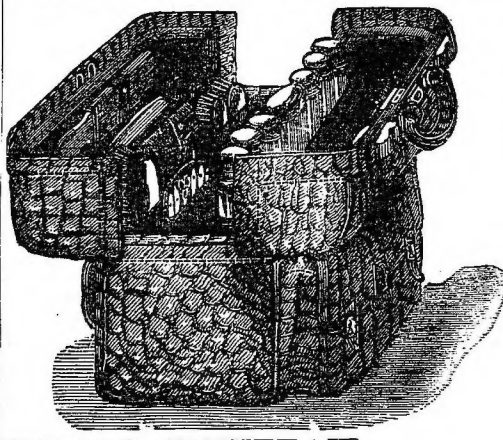
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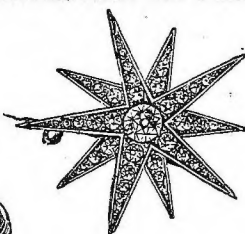


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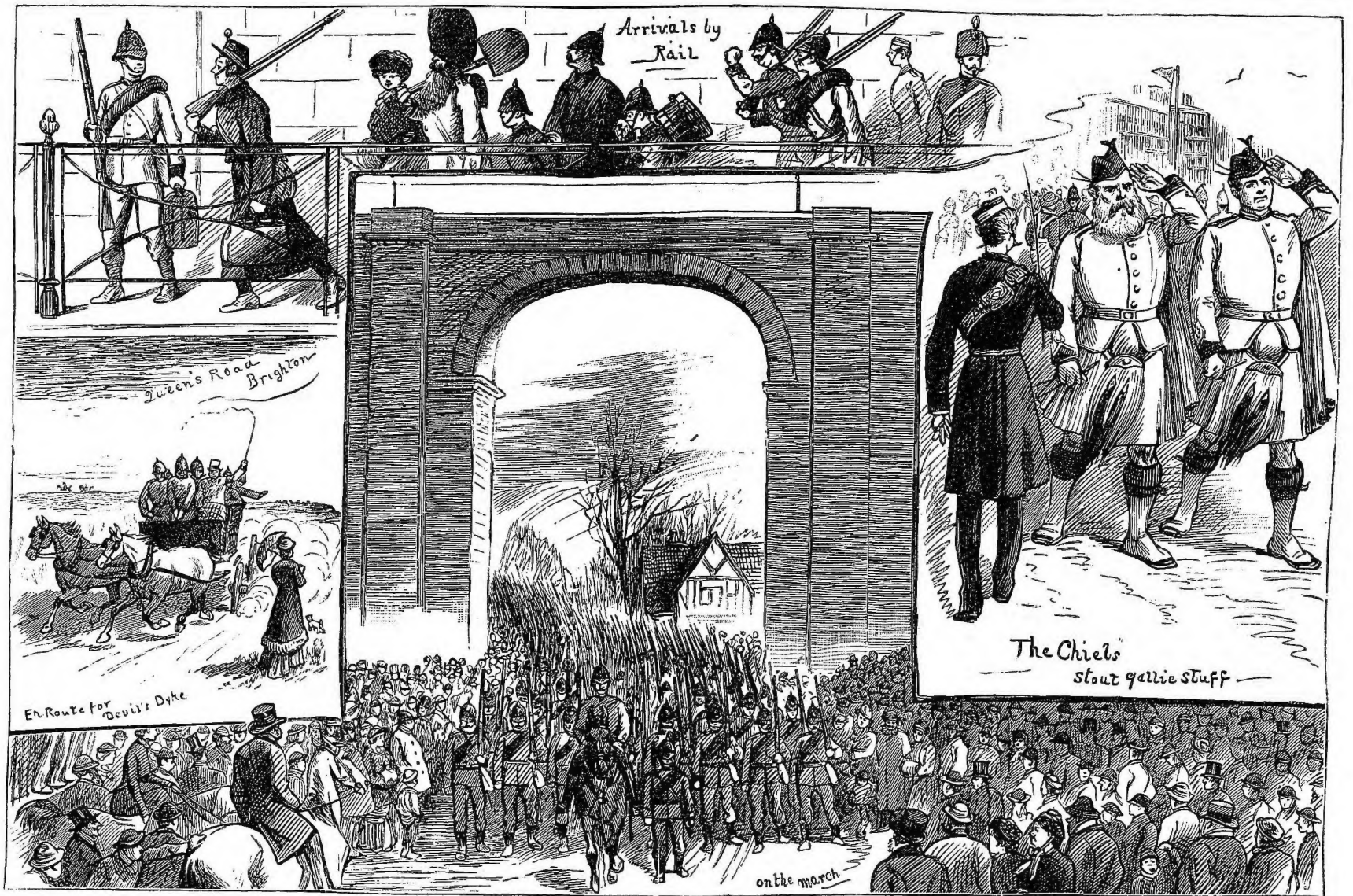
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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

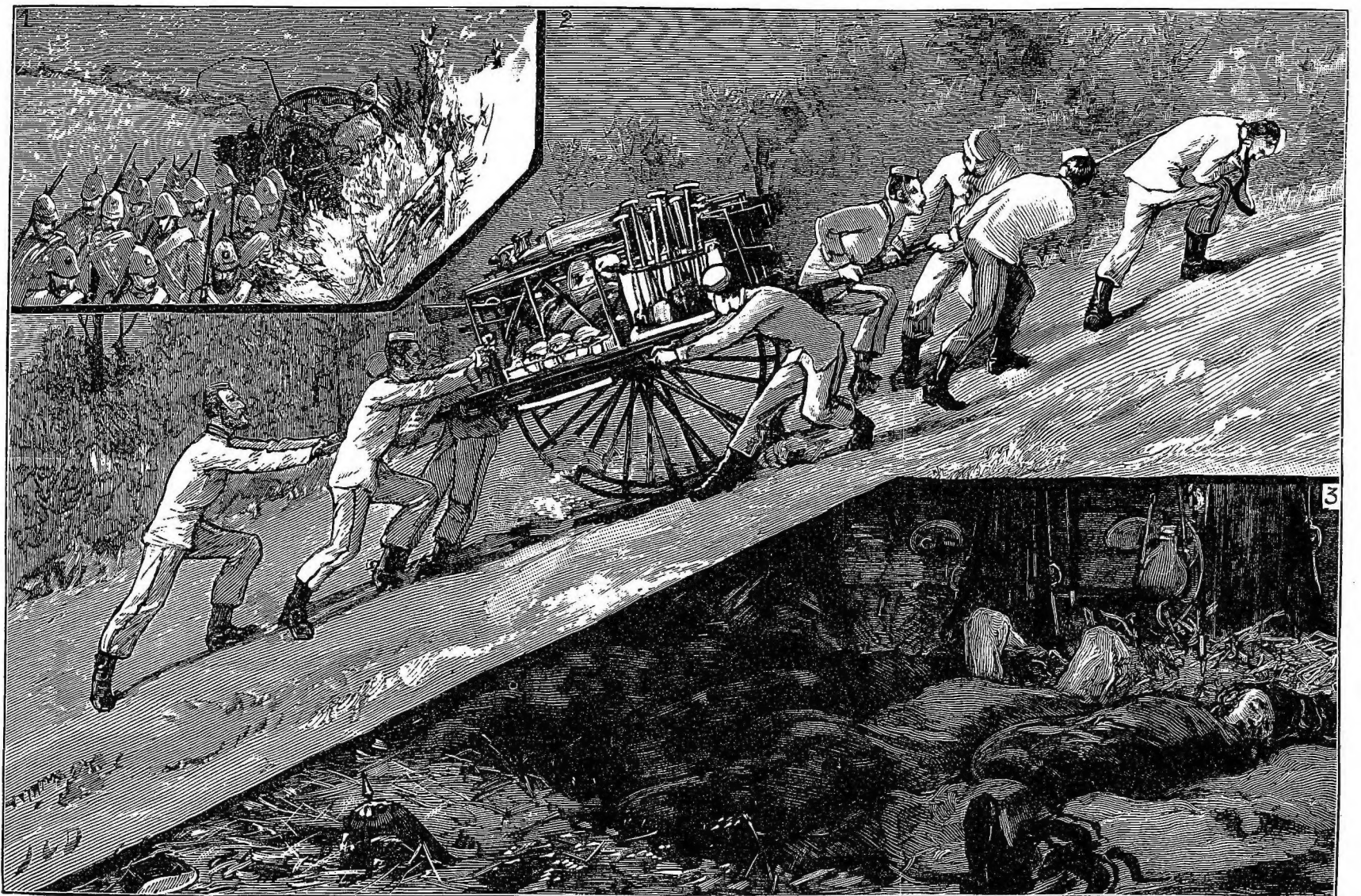
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SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1883

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STRAY NOTES IN AND ABOUT THE TOWN



1. A Snowstorm on Banstead Downs, Wednesday, the 21st Inst.—2. The Artists Dragging the New Army Carriage ("Moncrieff's Wheel").—3. Night Quarters in a Barn.

THE MARCH DOWN OF THE BAGGAGE GUARD OF THE ARTISTS' CORPS (20TH MIDDLESEX)  
THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON



## Topics of the Week

**THE NEW ARCHBISHOP.**—The Archbishop of Canterbury has been enthroned at last; and now the Church and the nation will begin to watch with interest the manner in which he discharges his difficult duties. The duties of the Archbishop of Canterbury have been difficult at all times; but never, perhaps, have they called for the exercise of so much tact and discretion as at the present day. The recent "scenes" in Vestry meetings at the Church of Holy Trinity, Bordesley, and at St. James's, Hatcham, may be taken as extreme indications of the antagonisms which have been aroused by the controversy about Ritualism. While the Ritualists regard themselves as the victims of oppression and persecution, the party represented by the Church Association conceive that an attempt is being made to destroy what they believe to be the most essential elements of the Church of England. It will not be easy for the new Archbishop to hold the scales evenly between two factions which have imported so much passion into an ecclesiastical dispute. Beyond the borders of the Church the outlook is not much less embarrassing. The Liberation Society profess to be more confident of ultimate success than they have been at any previous time; and Mr. Joseph Cowen, addressing a meeting summoned by the Society the other day at Newcastle, expressed his conviction that, if they would "strike strong, and hard," they would soon win. "Now that there is a Liberal Government in power, with a large majority behind them," said Mr. Cowen, "I am in favour of utilising the majority for forcing on this question." Besides the difficulties created by the agitation for Disestablishment and by Ritualism, we must take into account those arising from the prevalence of sceptical opinions—the most formidable, perhaps, although the least obtrusive, of the perplexities with which the Church of England, like every other Church, has now to contend. The new Archbishop recognises, no doubt, the significance of all these sources of trouble; and he has a great opportunity of making a mark in history by dealing with them in an energetic and prudent spirit.

**THE VOLUNTEER CARNIVAL.**—Amateurs cannot expect to be up to the professional standard, nor would it be fair to criticise the Brighton Review from the severe and unrelenting stand-point of a Prussian field-officer. It must never be forgotten that the essential note of our Volunteers is their voluntariness. They are not like some poor fellows we have heard of in India during the troublous days of the Mutiny, who being seen marching along with dismal faces, and questioned concerning their business, replied plaintively in their native Hindostanee, "We are Volunteers, but we are going to fight against our will." Nothing of this sort can be alleged against our Volunteers at home. They are as free as air. As for their enlistment, they enlist—as men do many other things in this world—from mixed motives. There is a spice of downright genuine patriotism; there is a touch of vanity (a soldier, amateur or professional, is, *per se*, popular with the fair sex), but the chief inducement is that Volunteering is a branch of athletics, and that it forms an agreeable contrast to the towny unmuscular existence to which the majority of young men are compelled by the exigencies of business. Hence the Volunteers look forward to the Brighton anniversary less for the display of soldiership which it affords than for the sake of the outing. To most of them the march down is really more interesting than the Review. The fresh air, the change of scene, the general camaraderie and good feeling which prevails, produce a buoyancy of spirit unknown in the counting-house; even the lying upon straw, with the wind blowing upon him so keenly that the victim cannot sleep, is delightful—in retrospect. As for the Review itself, the day is one of excitement and fatigue, of immense fatigue when we consider how different is the life led by these amateur warriors on most of the other three hundred working days of the year. About the sham fight itself it is difficult to feel very enthusiastic, because it is such a palpable sham. These mimic encounters are as much like real war as the Marchioness's orange-peel and water was like wine. In each case a good deal of make-believe is needed. Nor is the illusion heightened by the intrusion among the combatants of hundreds of curious spectators. Finally, without overrating their merits, the nation may reasonably feel proud of its Volunteers. These men represent a reserve fund of warlike energy which, if a real emergency came, could be multiplied tenfold.

**VICTOR HUGO AND PRINCE KRAPOTKINE.**—M. Victor Hugo has written "L'Art d'être Grandpère." "Those about" Victor Hugo seem to wish to teach him the art of being a grand-child, or at least extremely childish. A petition has lately been signed by certain English men of letters in which the French Government was prayed to release Prince Krapotkine, or at least to lighten the rigour of his imprisonment. To do so would be to make the best possible use of Prince Krapotkine, for to shut a geographer up without maps, pens, and paper, is to make him strictly valueless. It is scarcely necessary to say that the mass of the English people do not sympathise with the aforesaid "men of letters," who are mostly of the pronounced ultra-Radical type. They feel that there is much justice in the retort that Englishmen would look coldly on a French petition for the release of a

scientific Fenian, if such a being exists. However, setting this aside, the petition was signed by many Englishmen, and was sent to Victor Hugo in hopes that the foe of despots would add his valued autograph. But M. Hugo's friends thought it impossible for him to sign except above all the other signatures. As the greatest of human beings and poets he ought not to put his name below those of Mr. John Morley and Mr. Frederic Harrison. Could there be a more childish stickling for place and precedence? The wife of a knighted grocer might care for such precedence, but a poet! However, M. Hugo was wiser than those scrupulous friends of etiquette, and managed to write his name across the top of the petition, thus combining humanity with dignity.

**CONSERVATIVES AND THE GOVERNMENT.**—During the present week the Conservatives have given themselves the luxury of a "grumble" in true John Bull fashion; and there is no reason to doubt that the party have been encouraged and stimulated by the energetic appeals of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gibson. It is a more important question, however, whether these orators have made much impression on the nation generally. On the whole, it seems improbable that they have done any real harm to the Government. There are, indeed, a great many Liberals who would admit that Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have committed serious mistakes, and that there is a sad contrast between their promises and their performances. But this admission will help the Tories only if they can show that they are wiser than their opponents. This they have not yet succeeded in demonstrating. As a rule, they limit themselves strictly to criticism, leaving the country to guess what they would have done if they had been in power, and what they would do if they were in power now. About none of the great questions which are at present in dispute do they seem to have a clear and definite policy. Take the difficulties in Egypt, for instance. They say that the war was unnecessary, but they do not indicate in detail how it could have been avoided. They find fault with the course still pursued by the Government, but they do not distinctly assert that England should either annex Egypt, or establish a protectorate over it, or prolong the occupation of the country indefinitely. There is the same hesitation in their treatment of questions relating to the Transvaal; and although Mr. W. H. Smith, with the approval of Lord Salisbury, did venture at one time to suggest a positive scheme for the pacification of Ireland, he hastily withdrew it before it could be seriously discussed. Until the Conservatives have evolved something like a policy of their own, it may be doubted whether they will be able to recover much of the ground which they lost three years ago. The country may be amused, but it is not convinced, by mere criticism at a time when its attention is occupied by problems which must be solved in one way or another.

**THE DUBLIN MAIL SERVICE.**—Concerning Irish affairs it may fairly be said of Mr. Gladstone ever since that fatal April day when he came into power three years ago, "Nihil tetigit quod non maculavit." He has made a mess of everything he has touched. The last feat performed by himself and his colleagues is a remarkable one. They have contrived to crystallise all the warring and clashing elements of Irish opinion into a unanimous mass of discontent. Landlord and Land-Leaguer, Fenian and Loyalist, Papist and Orangeman all agree in denouncing the Government for accepting the tender of the London and North-Western Railway Company for the Dublin Mail Service. It is quite possible, as the precise terms of the agreement are as yet undisclosed, that the outcry has been raised against evils which are either exaggerated or non-existent. Still, two points appear pretty certain. One, that the Government has handed over to English capitalists an enterprise which it would have been more politic, if less politico-economic, to leave under Irish management; and secondly that, disregarding the terms of former contracts, while great stress is laid on the conveyance of mails, little regard appears to be paid to the convenience of passengers. The North-Western promise to quicken their land-journey, but, on the other hand, they propose to employ a smaller and less commodious class of steamers, in order that they may go up as far as the North Wall, instead of ending the journey at Kingstown. It seems to us that this is altogether such a purely Irish piece of business that, in case a vote is taken upon it in Parliament, the Irish members in the Lower House, and the Irish Peers in the Upper, should be left to decide it for themselves. The several nationalities of which the United Kingdom is made up should, in all cases where the common interests of the Empire would be unaffected, be allowed as much as possible to settle their own local business without interference from their neighbours.

**ARTIFICIAL PIGEONS.**—The new American clay saucer seems likely to take the place of the blue rock. The saucer is cheaper: it is not cruel to shoot saucers; and, with the first barrel, the saucer is as hard to hit as a pigeon. The machinery of the trap starts it in various directions, with much "work" or "twist" on it, and great velocity. Unluckily the initial force and twist are partly expended by the time the second barrel is fired. Still, the clay pigeon "takes a good deal of shooting." The Americans are not the first makers of artificial pigeons. Aulus Gellius mentions, on the authority of Favorinus, that Archytas made a wooden pigeon, which could fly, "so nicely balanced was it by weights, and put in motion by hidden and enclosed air." This pigeon, Favorinus adds, "had it ever settled, would not have risen again till now,"

which we can readily believe. One Turcarius, according to Strada, contrived, for the amusement of Charles V., "little birds, which flew in and out of the room. Such, and so great, was his skill in machinery." The artificial dove which flies out and lights the tapers in a church at Florence is a regular yearly show, and omens as to the success of the year's husbandry are taken from the flight of the bird. Pigeon shooting is not a modern or "Radical" sport. In the funeral games in the "Iliad," at the death of Patroclus, pigeon shooting (of course with bow and arrow) was one of the contests. Virgil introduces it in the "Æneid." But the antiquity of pigeon shooting is no argument in favour of the diversion.

**HOMES FOR CHILDREN.**—Many readers of the *Daily News* must have been grateful to Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie for the admirable letter she addressed to that journal the other day on the proper way of dealing with the unfortunate children who have to be brought up at the cost of the community. Everybody who has given serious attention to the subject will agree with her condemnation of district schools. Persons who preside over these institutions may have the best intentions, but it is simply impossible that they can do justice to the poor little creatures committed to their charge. A rigid system must be enforced, and the enforcing of a rigid system means the neglect of many wants at least as important as those which the officials are allowed to supply. It would be difficult to conceive a more dreary lot than that of the inmates of district schools; and the results are what might be expected—for Mrs. Ritchie says that one society to which she applied for information as to the number of girls who come to grief among paupers gave her an average of 25 per cent. up to the age of twenty. "Other figures I have seen," she adds, "even more serious." Fortunately there are good women who not only deplore this state of things, but who try to remedy it; and Mrs. Ritchie gives a graphic account of a visit she paid lately to two schools at Clapham—one for boys, the other for girls—the numbers in each case being limited to twenty. These schools were established by ladies, "who for eight years have worked and dispensed not only the better things, but silver and gold upon their Homes." The children are cared for with unfailing kindness, and, when the time comes for them to make their way in the world, they are not sent out to struggle for existence without help. Surely this is the true plan; and we do not doubt that if it were generally adopted there would be plenty of willing workers to give it practical support. Meanwhile, the Homes which Mrs. Ritchie describes are in difficulties, the Poor Law Auditor having refused to pass their accounts in 1882, although the guardians were, and still are, anxious to be allowed to pay for them, as they had done previously. The sum needed for the year's current expenses is only 100*l.*, and it will be surprising if much more than this amount is not quickly subscribed.

**EMIGRATION ITEMS.**—Several interesting points connected with emigration have lately been discussed in the newspapers. First, we are glad to learn, on the authority of the Philadelphia correspondent of the *Times*, that the American seaport officials are careful, when preparing their statistics, to sift genuine immigrants—that is, persons who intend to settle in the country—from persons who are merely travelling on pleasure or business. Nevertheless, at the best, there must be a certain amount of guess-work about all emigration statistics, and the Commissioner for Canada has shown that the inland interchange of population between the States and the Provinces is very erroneously estimated. A matter of far more practical importance is the best manner of encouraging a stream of emigration which shall be beneficial both to the country from which, and to which, it flows. It is quite true, as a correspondent has lately pointed out, that thoroughly competent, trustworthy men can always get on well at home, and are under no compulsion to emigrate. But even these precious beings—the nuggets, as they may be termed, of the labour market, for whom capitalists eagerly compete—often find their account in emigrating. They can save money more rapidly than at home; and, a matter which is valued by the artisan and labouring classes far more than is ordinarily supposed, they take in the colony a higher social status. Then, as for the multitude of indifferent workers, and even for those who are often unemployed, provided that they are not drunkards, and that they are fairly strong physically, their opportunities are decidedly better in the colonies than at home. Such people, however, instead of being left to struggle on in individual loneliness, want a helping hand after they land, and there would be far fewer emigration failures if the parties interested in promoting emigration, either from philanthropic or from other motives, were always to bear this in mind. Finally, in discussing emigration schemes, we ought to rise superior to all narrow jealousies. We ought to regard all Anglo-Saxondom as one country, split up here and there, it is true, by patches of herring-pond, but nevertheless, essentially one country. If, for example, we remove a Mayo peasant to Minnesota or Manitoba, not only do we make more room for those who stay behind, but we convert the emigrant into a far more profitable customer than he could ever be on that barren West Coast of Ireland. He will spend shillings in our markets where formerly he only spent pence. These remarks are as old as the hills, but they need repeating pretty often in order to make them produce any permanent impression.



**FROM SCHOOL TO UNIVERSITY.**—At the last meeting of the Head Masters' Conference it was proposed that some of the Public Schools should offer scholarships to boys who distinguish themselves at the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations. The scheme was adopted and has been matured; and now clever boys at grammar schools will have a chance of completing their education at higher institutions. It is said that the masters of some grammar schools do not quite like the plan; and no doubt the boys who will profit by it are those who would be most likely to do them credit. This is not a very serious objection, however; and to most persons interested in education it will seem that the Head Masters have given their sanction to a method which deserves to be rapidly developed. The ideal system would be one in which we should not only have good universities and schools, but in which the poorest children might hope, by ability and energy, to pass from the lowest grade to the highest. In that way the country would soon have the full benefit of all its "dormant talent," and a wholesome stimulus would be given to many classes of authorities who are at present too apt to assume that their institutions are already perfect. In Germany, in America, and even in Scotland, some approach has been made to this ideal; and England ought not to be behind these countries. The only important argument against the system is that it tends to foster cram; but that difficulty might be overcome by the appointment of sensible examiners, who would understand that their duty is not merely to test the memory of candidates but to detect evidence of general intellectual vigour.

**THE PREMIER'S EASTER RECREATIONS.**—There is a well-known story to the following effect. An old friend, after many years' absence, went to visit Archbishop Whately at the Palace in Dublin. On entering the grounds he espied an old man digging despite a pitiless storm of sleet. "I shall venture to rebuke the Archbishop for this," said the visitor to himself, "he should show more consideration for his servants." Presently on reaching the house he found out that the decrepit old digger was the Archbishop. One can fancy M. Clémenceau making a similar mistake if he had visited Holmbury on Easter Monday. He would hardly have recognised in the shirt-sleeved veteran vigorously assaulting the cherry-tree in the snow, the smiling spectator of the Nice Carnival. Let us hope, by the way, that the cherry-tree in question was past bearing, and was in fact a mere cumber of the ground; otherwise we should think it a wilful waste if even Mr. Gladstone, just for the sake of getting rid of his superfluous energy, were to be allowed to slay cherry-trees which, if left standing, might bear luscious fruit during the coming summer. However this may be, there is rather a painful side to this idyllic picture. Mr. Gladstone plays the rôle of Cincinnatus with great aptitude; but he has company with him at whose presence Cincinnatus would have stared. "A detective-sergeant from Scotland Yard is in constant attendance on the Prime Minister." There is a quaint mingling of comedy and tragedy in the conception of the Queen's principal adviser indulging in this homely handicraft, and at the same time threatened by possible assassins. The Cabinet Ministers evidently felt very keenly Mr. W. H. Smith's remarks on this unpleasant subject, or Sir W. V. Harcourt would not have retorted with such heat. Yet Mr. Smith merely reminded them that they had brought the mischief on themselves. They began to tread the downward path of revolution complacently enough; but now their former allies find the pace too slow. They have given hints—forcible hints—to that effect. Hence the skeleton at the feast of backwoodsmanhood in the person of the alert gentleman from Scotland Yard.

**THE "DUDE."**—The "Dude" sounds like the name of a bird. It is, on the contrary, American slang for a new sort of American young man, and the word is said to have been invented in a London music-hall. If this be true, the word "Dude" remained in its proper atmosphere, and did not come forth to engage in the struggle for existence with "Masher." The "Dude," as described by the social Buffon of New York, is a man of about twenty-five. The naturalist may study him in Fifth Avenue, between three and six in the afternoon. "His trousers are very tight," so is his shirt-collar, which is "clerical in form." His shoes are pointed. His cane has a silver handle. The "Dude" parts his hair in the middle, which, as Mr. William Black admits, "is not in itself a criminal offence," any more than writing triolets. But the "Dude" also wears a "bang," or fringe, which seems to verge upon the heathenish. "Dudes" are not agreed as to whether it is right to wear white gaiters. The better opinion holds that it is not right. The one object for which the "Dude" exists is to tone down the eccentricities of fashion. His attire is "subfusc," as if he took the Oxford Statutes in a literal sense. He never laughs, and never displays any other emotions. His existence is presumed to be a protest against cads, against the great 'Arryan race. Members of the 'Arryan race are said (painful is the rumour) to be getting into New York Society, where the loudness of their manner and attire is felt to be incongruous. The silent, subfusc, subdued "Dude" "hands down the traditions of good form." It is not well to be a cad, but perhaps it would be more enjoyable to be a cad than a "Dude." We have blameless stupidity in plenty without importing "Dudes" from our American cousins.

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Miss MARIOTT will sing—

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"Be thou faithful unto death."

Mr. FORINGTON will sing—

"Consume them all," in Mendelssohn's "St. Paul."

Miss MARIOTT will sing—

"A Golden Dream" and "Nobil Seigneur."

Mr. FORINGTON will sing—

"Best of all" and "The Whaler's Yarn" (New song).

Mr. KEARTON will sing—

"The Last Watch" and "Side by side to the Better Land."

Reserved Seats, 2s.; Unreserved, 1s.; Admission, 6d.—Tickets can be obtained of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. FRANK JOLLY, 66, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

**MR. RICHARD A. PROCTOR, Editor of "Knowledge,"** &c., will give his Third and Fourth LECTURES at ST. JAMES'S HALL, at 8 o'clock p.m., as follows:—Lecture No. 3, on WEDNESDAY, April 4, 1883, "The Moon, as Satellite and as Planet." Lecture No. 4, on SATURDAY, April 7, 1883, "Planets and their Families." Each Lecture will be illustrated by the Oxyhydrogen Lantern with over 40 Photographic Views. Tickets may be obtained of Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; Barr's, Queen Victoria Street, opposite Mansion House Station; A. Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly. 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.

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**THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW**

See page 330.

**A BOER WELCOME**

**EXTREMES meet**—this is not a scene in Arabia, where a distinguished chieftain is welcomed by excited Arabs caracolling on their slender-limbed steeds, and firing off long matchlocks in his honour, nor is it a sketch from some Indian Native territory, where quaintly and diversified-costumed myrmidons of the Rajah are creating Pandemonium in honour of a Sahib guest—it is sketched in Southern Africa, amongst folk who are ordinarily reckoned amongst the exceptionally stolid population of the world—the Transvaal Boers. Captain W. R. E. Dalrymple, to whom we are indebted for the sketch from which the illustration is engraved, tells us that this is the favourite mode amongst the Boers of welcoming any visitor of distinction. The custom is for the inhabitants of a town or district to go out to meet such a personage a few miles out in the open country, signifying their pleasure at the prospect of his company by firing off their guns and escorting him into the town in the manner depicted.

**CONVICT LIFE AT PORTLAND**

**UNTIL** they are instructed by their grown-up friends, children feel no instinctive horror of convicts, so the little girl with a hoop is having quite a friendly talk with one of these unfortunates, and the intercourse, let us hope, produces a humanising effect. In another sketch, a stalwart policeman is bringing back a boy deserter, while the convicts above are busily banking up a slip on the roof-line. The reapers are engaged in an Arcadian occupation, but with little, it is to be feared, of the innocence of that mythical people. Some others are employed in a good work, namely, squaring the stones for building a chapel. The prisoner who is mending the road stamps with such vigour and goodwill as to suggest ugly thoughts of other stamping of a mere heinous character. Lastly, we see the gang returning from their enforced day's work.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr C. W. Cole, Paymaster, H.M.S. *Boscawen*, Portland.

**SIR GEORGE JESSEL**

**THE** late Master of the Rolls had been for some time in failing health, and had been ordered to take a rest in the South of France; but, feeling rather better, with characteristic energy he stuck to his post, and sat in Court as recently as the 17th inst. Those who then saw and heard him felt that he was a dying man; on the Sunday he had a serious relapse; and on the morning of Wednesday, the 21st inst., he died. Sir George Jessel was the son of the late Mr. Zadok Aaron Jessel, a wealthy Jewish merchant, who lived in Savile Row. He was born in 1824, and was educated at University College, Gower Street, graduating subsequently at the University of London with the highest honours in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. He then entered as a student of Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the Bar in 1847. For some years he had only a moderate practice, and even thought of quitting the Bar, where his occupation hitherto had been principally in conveyancing. But, being taken into Court, his profound knowledge, his readiness, and his self-confidence soon marked him out; and in the Court of Lord Romilly, Master of the Rolls, he speedily attained a leading position. In 1868 he was returned to Parliament for Dover in the Liberal interest, and became Solicitor-General in 1871. At this time he was earning upwards of 20,000l. per annum. This income was necessarily reduced to 6,000l. when he was raised to the Bench; but, as his private means were ample, he could afford to disregard pecuniary loss. As Master of the Rolls he quickly made his mark. Never within historical memory had there been such rapid, such satisfactory, such punctual discharge of legal business. On the day of his death all the Courts adjourned out of respect for his memory, and the various judges and leading members of the Bar concurred in eloquently lamenting his loss. We will here only quote a portion of the eulogium delivered by Mr. Justice Chitty. His lordship said:—"To the public his loss is almost irreparable. The extraordinary swiftness of his apprehension, his complete mastery over facts and law, his grasp of principles, and the marvellous certainty of his judgment, mark him out as one of the most illustrious judges who ever sat upon the English Bench." Sir George Jessel's remains were interred on Good Friday in the cemetery of the United Jewish Synagogue at Wimbledon.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street and Cheapside.

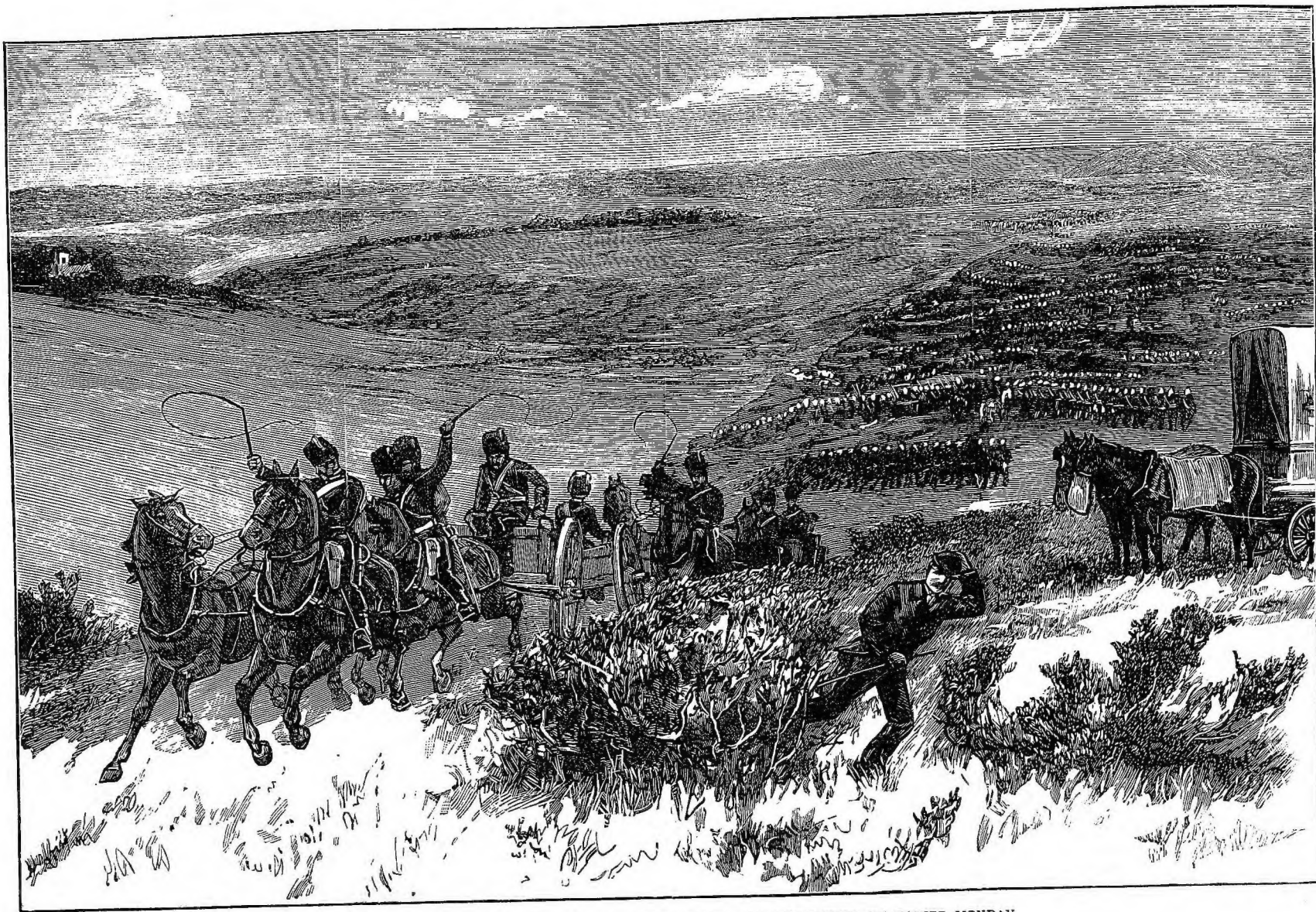
**MR. JOHN MORLEY, M.P.**

**MR. ASHTON DILKE** (who is since dead) having resigned his seat for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, through ill-health, the vacancy was contested between Mr. John Morley, in the Liberal, and Mr. Gainsford Bruce in the Conservative interest. The former, who was an unsuccessful candidate for Westminster at the last General Election, was chosen by a majority of 2,256. Mr. Morley is the eldest son of the late Mr. Jonathan Morley, of Blackburn, Lancashire, and was born in 1838. He was educated at Cheltenham College, and at Lincoln College, Oxford. He entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the Bar in 1873. He is an honorary LL.D. of the University of Glasgow. He was for many years editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, is still editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and is the author of various works on the French philosophers of the eighteenth century, of an essay on "Compromise," and of a "Life of Cobden."—Our portrait is from a photograph by Downey and Carver, Newcastle.

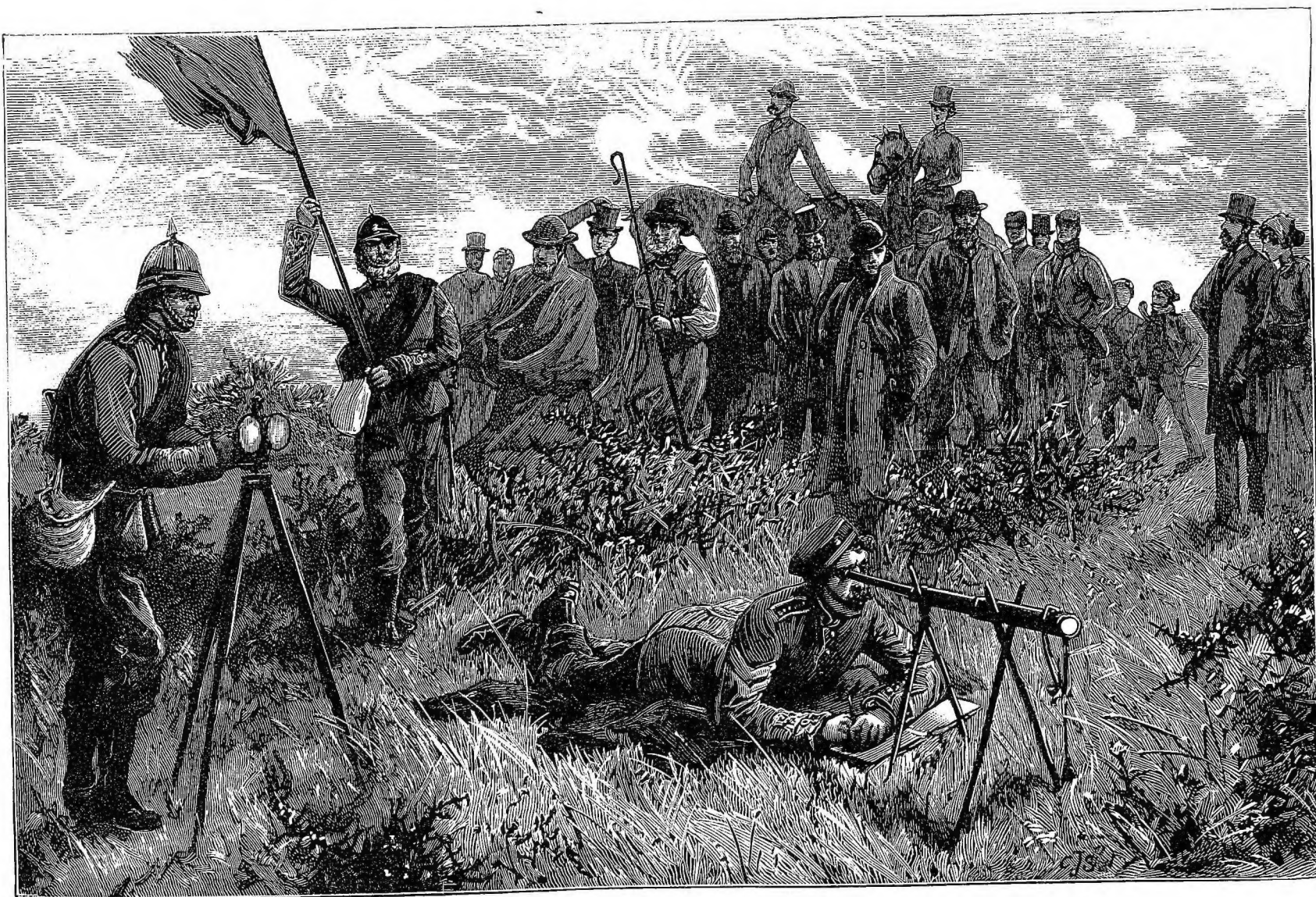
**DR. KARL MARX**

**DR. KARL MARX**, who died in London on the 14th inst., and whose portrait appears on page 329, was born at Treves in 1818. His parents were of Jewish descent, and occupied a good social position, his father being a local official of the Prussian Government. Marx received his education at Bonn and Berlin, attaining the highest honours at both of these Universities. Upon leaving college in 1839 Marx refused to enter official life, and betook himself instead to socialistic literature. In 1842 he commenced to edit the *Rheinische Zeitung* at Cologne, and attack the Government. In the following year the Government retaliated by suppressing the paper and expelling its editor from the country. In the meantime Marx had married a sister of Herr von Westphalen, member of the Manteuffel Ministry, and accompanied by her, he went to Paris. There he made the acquaintance of Heinrich Heine and Arnold Ruge, and with their help resumed his warfare against the Prussian Government through the columns of the *Deutsch-Französisches Almanach* and the *Vorwärts*. The result was that in the following year, 1844, he was, at the request of the Prussian Government, expelled from France. From Paris he went to Brussels, and settled down for a time to his favourite economical studies. It was at this time that he wrote his famous "Misère de la Philosophie," in reply to Proudhon's attack, "Philosophie de la Misère." He returned to Germany in the spring of 1848, the rising of that time having unlocked the frontiers for him; but, taking part in the Baden





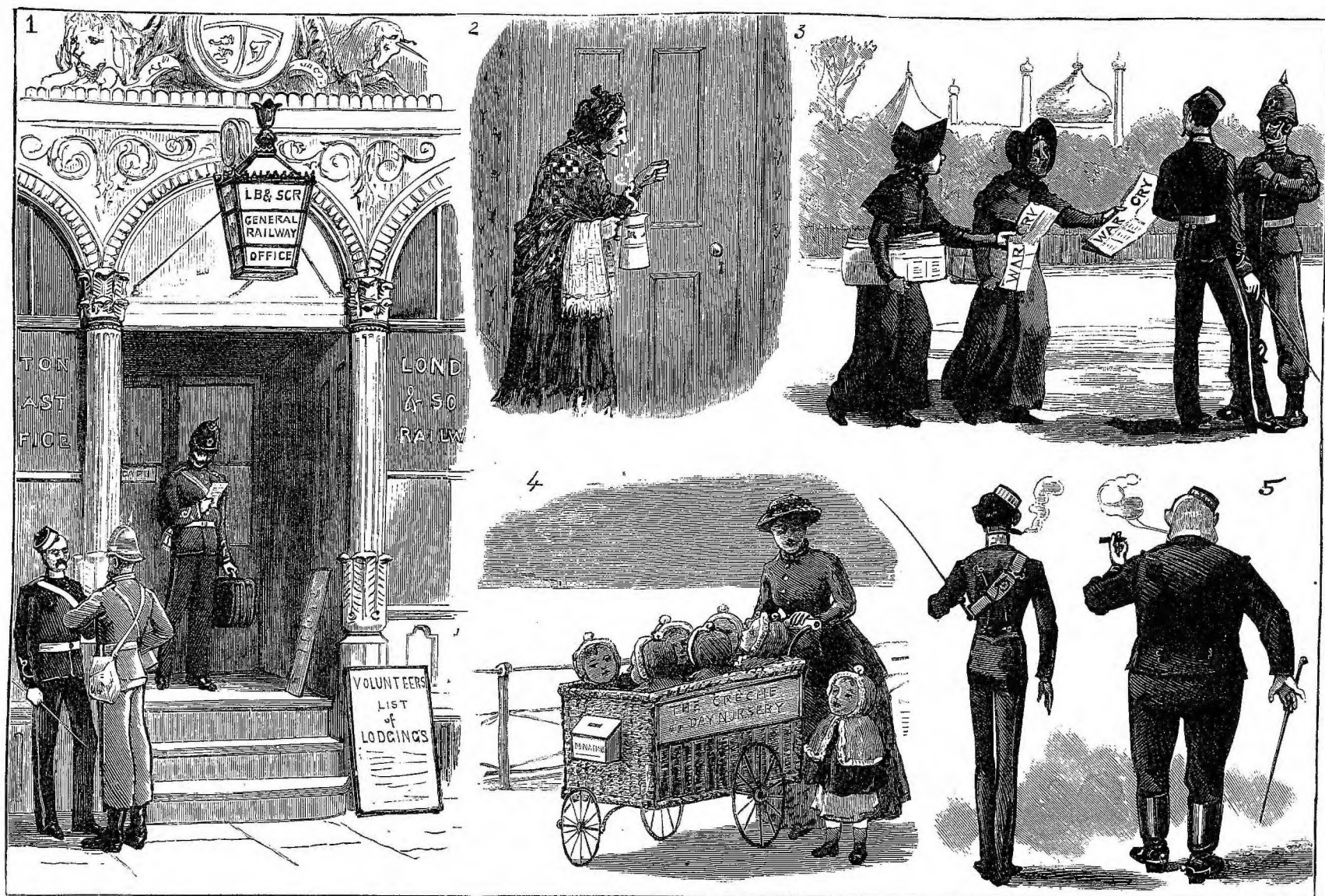
THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY GOING INTO ACTION ON THE DOWNS ON EASTER MONDAY



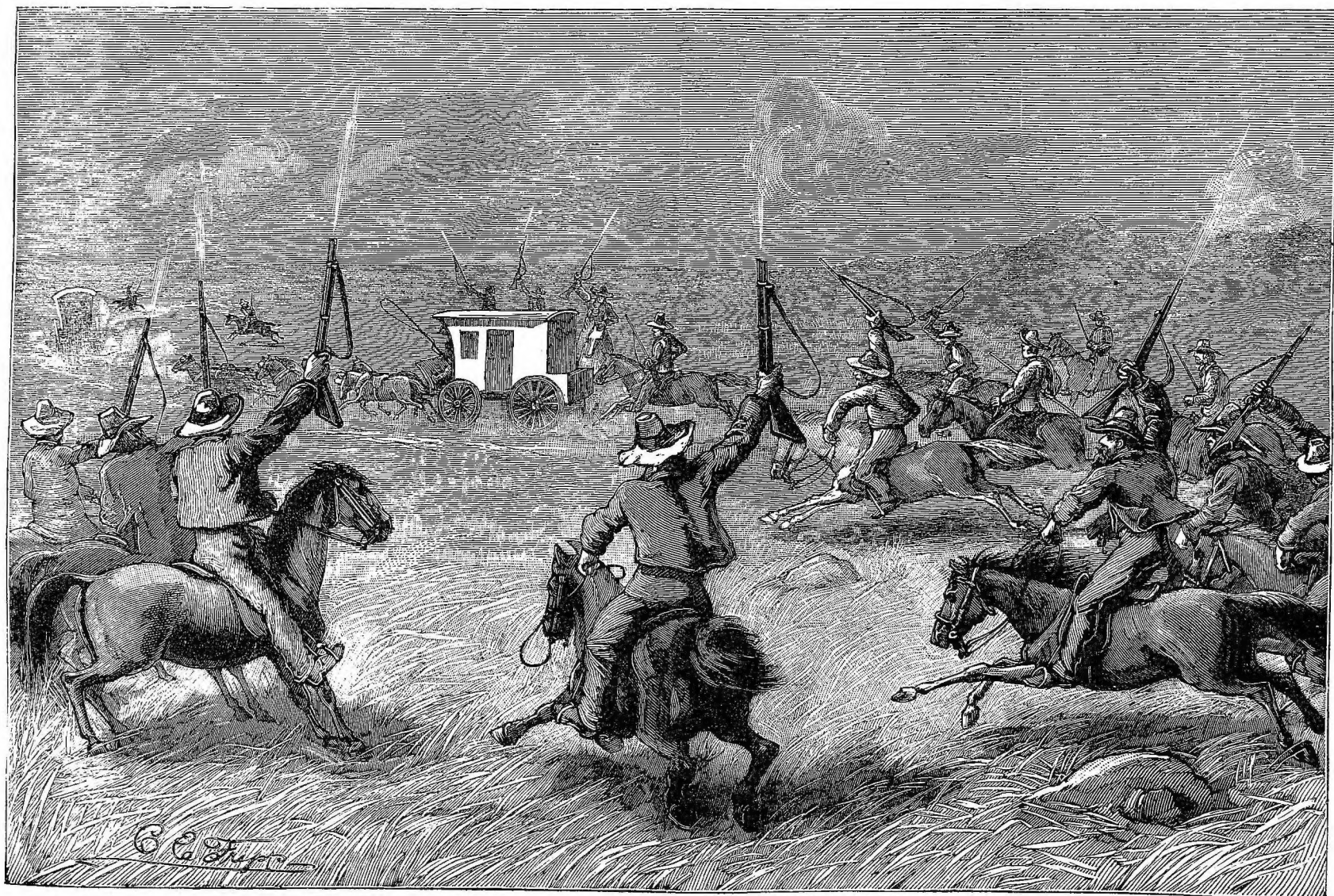
A SIGNALLING PARTY

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON





1. The General Agency for Lodgings.—2. Reveillé.—3. The Rival Armies.—4. Another Uniform.—5. Early Arrivals.  
THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON—SKETCHES IN THE TOWN



THE TRANSVAAL DIFFICULTY—LOYAL BOERS RECEIVING A VISITOR OF NOTE



emette, he was compelled once more to fly to Paris. The June rising quickly followed, and on its suppression Marx escaped to England.

The era of open revolution was now for the moment closed, and Marx took up his permanent abode in London. For the next fifteen years of his life he made no public appearance, devoting himself exclusively to the construction of his great book, "Das Kapital." In 1864, however, although his book was not finished, Marx emerged from his study, and founded the International. He summoned to his side the revolutionary refugees resident in London, and invited the co-operation of the English trades unions. The object was the universal organisation of labour as a separate and militant political party. The late Mr. George Odger was made its first President, and the best known working-class leaders of that time were placed upon the General Council. Its first steps were attended with singular success. Branches were established in all the large towns in the old European countries, in America, and in Australia; annual congresses were held in Continental cities; strikes, both in England and abroad, were helped and directed; and when the Paris Commune arose the world described it as the work of the International. From this point its power dwindled. Internal dissensions rent it in twain; and in 1872, matters having been brought to a dead-lock by the conspiracies and intrigues of the hostile factions, Marx retired from the directorship; the General Council was moved to New York; the Association, so far as Europe was concerned, came to an end; and the great dream of Marx's life vanished into thin air.

On the disruption of the International Marx returned to his book. A German edition had already been published in 1867, and, to overtake and meet the criticisms it provoked, a second edition followed. A Russian edition was finished in 1872, a Serbian one followed, and in 1874 a very full and excellent French edition was issued at Paris. No English translation has yet appeared. Marx always declared he had not the time to do it himself, nor was he willing to entrust the task to other hands. Now that he is dead it is not improbable that an English version of "Das Kapital" may shortly be published. The theory of "Das Kapital" is simply State Communism. The State, being itself the embodiment of the national will, is to own and cultivate all land, to possess all capital, and monopolise all instruments of production. The landlord and the capitalist are both abolished, the State taking their place. The selfish enterprise of competing individuals gives way to national co-operation. No man shall labour for another, but all shall work for all. The day when such a theory shall be applied to England is probably remote, yet the fact that it is the acknowledged creed of the whole of the Revolutionary Party is not without significance.

Dr. Marx was not in good health for some years before his death. He suffered from an affection of the throat, both painful and irritating, the result of our variable and inhospitable climate. His excessive mental labours also induced pains in the head that often forced a suspension of work. But it was not until his wife died, about a year and a half ago, that his friends became anxious about him. Six months afterwards his favourite daughter, Madame Longuel, also died, and then he seemed to give up the struggle. By a strange blunder his death, on Wednesday week, was not announced for two days, and then as having taken place at Paris. Next day the correction came from Paris; and when his friends and followers hurried to his house at Haverstock Hill, to learn the time and place of burial, they learned that he was already in the cold ground. But for this secrecy and haste, a great popular demonstration would undoubtedly have been made over his grave. Dr. Marx leaves two daughters and several grandchildren, but no sons.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mayall, London and Brighton.

#### THE PROJECTED RAILWAY IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

DERWENTWATER, the most beautiful of the English lakes, and the valley through which runs the rocky stream which feeds it, are now threatened with a railway, the purpose of which is to carry slates from near the head of the valley to the Keswick and Cockermouth Railway. The line would run from the Quarries on Honister Pass, whose elevation is upwards of 1,000 feet, through the Valley of Borrowdale, and along the hills and enclosures which skirt the western shore of Derwentwater; then across the Vale of Newlands to Braithwaite Station on the above-mentioned railway. This line will not answer for passenger traffic, except for quarrymen, and it does not appear to be intended as such. It would be only eight miles long, and its terminus would be at least three miles from Keswick, so that tourists under no circumstances would be likely to use it, particularly as it would take them on the least attractive side of the lake and valley, far away from the celebrated Barrow and Lodore Falls, and the scarcely less celebrated Bowder Stone, and would also render the often-made detour to the singularly primitive hamlet of Watendlath simply impossible.

There would thus be no public advantage in the line. It will be strange then if Parliament consents to the destruction of landscape beauty of so exceptional a character for the benefit of a single quarry-owner or his lessees.

About one-third of the route of the intended line is represented in our Panoramic View of Derwentwater, this lake being about three miles in length.

The desire to preserve this beautiful locality free from the destructive agencies of steam and dynamite has met with a hearty response all over England, and the names of some of the most eminent men in art and letters are attached to the appeal of the Defence Committee. Mr. Ruskin is there as a matter of course, and is supported by Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning, the President of the Royal Academy, Alfred W. Hunt, and a host of eminent professors, scholars, and artists, as well as the Duke of Westminster, and several influential Members of Parliament. They are acting in unison with the Commons Preservation Society in a determined opposition to the Bill, which is now pending in the Lords. Messrs. Roberts, Lubbock, and Co., 15, Lombard Street, receive subscriptions.

#### OPENING OF THE MALTA RAILWAY

HITHERTO the Island of Malta, which only measures seventeen miles in length by nine in breadth, has been one of those delightful spots in Europe out of hearing of the snorting of the iron horse. The Maltese, however, are by no means disposed to remain behind the rest of the world in the advance of civilisation, and accordingly a line has been laid from Valletta to the foot of the eminence on which stands Citta Vecchia, the ancient Maltese capital, of which the modern name is Notabile. The distance is about seven miles, but several tunnels had to be cut in the solid rock. The work also presented various other difficulties of a technical nature. Branch lines are to be constructed to St. Paul's Bay in the North, and to the different Casals in the South. The official opening took place on February 28th, the proceedings beginning with the Archbishop, Bishop of Malta, Mgr. Scicluna, and a long retinue of clergy going in procession to the terminus, and pronouncing a solemn benediction on the work. They then went by train to Citta Vecchia, returning almost immediately. In the afternoon the Governor, the chief officials, and naval and military commanders went in a gala train, accompanied by Mr. Geneste, the General Manager of the Railway. At the terminal station at Notabile a grand luncheon was served in marquees, and the Governor, in proposing the toast of Mr. Geneste and the Malta Railway, highly eulogised the undertaking, declaring that, "if the earliest founders of the capital could but look down upon the scene, I cannot but think of the amazement which they might feel in drawing a parallel between the rapid locomotion of

modern science and the slow and painful traffic of past ages, of which we still see such interesting and mysterious records in the numerous cart-ruts, cut deeply in the solid rocks throughout the island." At the same time he threw out hints that the railway might not at first receive its proper meed of appreciation from "a somewhat Conservative people;" but declared that they would speedily appreciate its benefits, and foreshadowed the time when "villas will arise on all sides, to which those who are chained to their desks during the day in Valletta will be only too glad to resort during the summer months when their work is over, to sleep in a purer atmosphere."

#### "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA"

MRS. FRANCES TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by Sydney Hall, is continued on page 333.

#### THE CITY AND CATHEDRAL OF CANTERBURY

See pp. 335 *et seq.*

#### SOME CANTERBURY VISIONS

OUR artist tells us that after wandering all day about Canterbury, visiting the Dane John; St. Augustine's, Old and New; the church, the oldest in the city, where Charles Dickens was married; the gates; the old inns, "Falstaff," "Dragon," "Fleur-de-Lys," &c., and then with veneration approaching the Precincts; winding up seriously, as a relief, after so much antiquarianism, with Whitstable natives and Canterbury ale, he began to muse on Thomas à Becket, Thomas Ingoldsby, and Anthony Trollope, and fell asleep. Strange visions crossed his brain, not always in chronological order, and he endeavoured when he awoke to set down some of them on paper for the benefit of the readers of *The Graphic*. A voice seemed to whisper in his ear, "They break down the carved work thereof with axes and hammers;" and thereupon he beheld, with that powerlessness to interfere which appertains to Dreamland, a shovel-hatted Roundhead spitefully smashing the beautiful stained glass windows of the Cathedral. Anon, the scene changed, and he was peeping into the monks' refectory, and there was the Abbot about to partake of the warden-pie which treacherous Nell Cook had doctored. He knew it was poisoned, but when he would fain have said "Forbear!" his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. Suddenly another vision appeared; it was Chaucer gliding along, surrounded by a retinue of his own immortal Pilgrims. Then the bell tolled solemnly for the burial of the Black Prince—a moment later a burst of laughter ushered in a corpulent man on horseback, who drew rein, and relished mightily a draught from a tankard. After this he saw King Henry the Second kneeling, humble and bareheaded, to receive the monks' scourge; and finally he awoke in terror, feeling like a *particeps criminis*, for he had been an actual eyewitness of A Becket's murder. But perhaps it was worth enduring the dyspepsia caused by that ale and those oysters, for the sake of such an interesting historical phantasmagoria.

#### A CHILD'S FUNERAL IN PARIS

A CHILD'S funeral is a touching spectacle at all times; but our illustration, from a sketch in the streets of Paris, portrays a scene even sadder than usual. As a rule, across the Channel, the last offices to the dead are not conducted with the oppressive gloom which attends such ceremonies in England. Frequently, indeed, amongst the humbler classes, and especially so in the case of a child, the coffin is placed in a room open to the street, or in a doorway, which is transformed into a prettily decked chapel for the occasion; while, by the side of the deceased, a benevolent Sister of Charity prays for the repose of the departed soul. At the entrance is a little basin of holy water, a few drops of which many passers-by sprinkle on the coffin as the last kindness they can show to one gone from earth. In the provinces, and particularly the seaport towns, the body is followed on foot by many sympathising friends, both young and old; while a child is always attended to its last resting-place by its little playfellows, some of whom frequently themselves carry the bier. In the present instance, however, we are taken away from the warmer sympathies of country life, and transported to the cold, selfish atmosphere of a large capital, where, though, as in Paris, a dozen different families may be living in one house, they are less to be called neighbours than folk who live twenty miles apart in the open country. Probably this poor little child lived *au sixième* in some out-of-the-way quarter, with few or no companions, save a hard-worked mother, all of whose care could not avert the consequences of those terrible east winds, which laden with infinitesimal fragments of stone from the grand buildings of the boulevards, have sent many a Paris infant to an untimely grave. Now all is over, and the little one has no other mourner than her heart-broken mother, who weeping follows the tiny bier as it is hurried along by the *employés* of the Pompes Funèbres—for in Paris all funerals are conducted by one central organisation—to Batignolles, Irvy, or Montmartre, perhaps to be interred in that dreaded bourne of the Paris poor, a nameless grave, with no cross to mark its locality, and no inscription asking the charitable passer-by to pray for the soul of the little body which lies beneath.

#### ATHLETIC SPORTS BY BOYS OF A TRAINING SHIP

THESE sketches are comprehensible by everybody who has seen one of these athletic gatherings, and who has not nowadays? There is generally some fun in such meetings, whoever the competitors may be; more fun than usual when sailors are in it; most fun of all when the sailors are only in the cub or embryo stage. Sailors tumble down more comically than landmen; they infuse a grotesque grandeur into the three-legged race; and in the sack-race they appeared so awful and supernatural to the simple mind of little Jenny Giles, that she actually thought they were "ghosties." The most comical tumble of all was of course that of the defeated party in the tug of war, when myriads of legs were seen kicking convulsively in the air; and there was a touch of humour even in the closing scene, when they shouldered and carried off the chairs in which the spectators had been seated.

#### SKETCHES AT ALDERSHOT

AMONGST the many places of general interest at Aldershot Camp the Pavilion of Her Majesty the Queen is most worthy of notice, being very little known to the public.

It is a gigantic bungalow, built under the direction of the late Prince Consort, to whom, together with the Queen, it was a very favourite resort during the summer months. It is so strictly guarded that, despite its near proximity to the South Cavalry Barracks, the building is quite isolated, and in the grounds, which are a little forest of fir-trees and heath, wild rabbits run fearlessly.

The Pavilion contains Reception Room, Banqueting Hall, Her Majesty's private rooms, and the kitchens, besides sleeping accommodation for the Royal Family, the lords and ladies of the Court, and a large staff of servants.

The reception rooms, as well as the long corridors, contain a very large and valuable collection of engravings representing all the military commanders who have lived, and battles which have been fought, since the time of William of Orange, whose portrait heads the list.

The kitchen, which is represented in our illustrations, is a perfect exhibition of the skill which science can apply to the culinary art. The screen in the foreground stands in front of a fireplace of huge dimensions, with a spit calculated to roast a Royal joint of olden

days, but the ancient office of turnspit is superseded by a mechanical contrivance in the chimney, by which the smoke ascending turns the spit.

The Pavilion is under the charge of Mr. Laman, formerly of the Royal Engineers. Close to the grounds of the Pavilion stands the church of All Saints, known as the "Red Church," from the colours of the building and its red-coated congregation. Morning service on Sundays is conducted with a band instead of an organ, the regiments coming in turns for a short service each. The colours of many regiments which have been shot to pieces in action are seen hanging in the centre aisle.

Passing from the church down the Avenue are seen the blocks for the accommodation of infantry regiments. Each block holds three regiments, and the wide wooden balconies exhibit amusingly the life of a soldier at home.

The canteens show with equal interest the life of a soldier enjoying the amusements which are encouraged by Government to counteract the attractions of objectionable entertainments. Here, and here only, can a soldier be as careless and untidy in appearance as he may please to be. No sergeant startles him with an inquiry as to the whereabouts of his collar, no provost drives him home to barracks; the canteen is the soldier's liberty hall.

Our illustrations are by Miss Jane Conway Brown, of Newport, Mon.; those of the Queen's Pavilion having been drawn by gracious permission of Her Majesty, obtained through the kindness of Colonel Sir Howard Elphinstone, V.C., K.C.B., Comptroller of the Household to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, K.G.



BRIGHT SUNSHINE so far prevailed over nipping winds that the Easter Holidays proved fairly enjoyable, though neither road nor rail were patronised as in the previous year, and pleasure resorts like the Crystal Palace were more appreciated than the glades of Epping Forest, or the grass plots of Kew. Holiday charges at the police-courts have been few and unimportant, and on Good Friday and Easter Day the Metropolitan churches were well attended. The strange outrage at the Saturday afternoon service at St. Paul's has been noticed under our Legal News. In the country the cold nor'easters of the past week have been followed in many southern counties by sharp falls of snow melting almost as swiftly as it fell, and at night the temperature has usually been below freezing point. In the north of Scotland and in Wales the mountains are clothed in snow, and the general aspect of the country is cheerless in the extreme.—A sad accident to a Good Friday excursion party is reported from the Cumberland Hills. A youth named Walker had started from Whitehaven with three companions for the ascent of the Pillar Rock, a precipitous spur of the mountain of the same name which a few years back was considered inaccessible. The way was covered with fresh-fallen snow, beneath which was an under-layer of snow that had frozen again after a thaw and made the climb additionally dangerous. When about to descend the gully at the base of the rock the party were halted by two tourists bound on the same errand, who desired to know the best way to the top. In his eagerness to make himself heard by the strangers Walker tried to slide down to a projecting ledge, but, missing his footing, glanced aside and rolled over a precipice 200 feet in height. His companions and the two tourists reached the place by a circuitous route, and bore the mangled body down the hill till they were met by assistants from a farm in the valley, whither one of the lads, unable from exhaustion to keep up with the rest, had gone for help. The head of the unfortunate youth had been completely crushed by the fall. Young Walker had climbed the fatal rock last year, and was looking forward with much eagerness to accomplish the feat again. He fell not far from a rude monument which marks the spot where the body of a clergyman was found four years ago.—Some twenty-three smacks of the Hull fishing fleet are now believed to have been lost in the storms during the earlier weeks in March. Of the fate of many, indeed, there is convincing evidence in the wreckage picked up by the other boats. Amongst this flotsam and jetsam of the sea were the bodies of a man and woman tied together with their eyes bandaged. Many small smack-owners are nearly ruined, the loss of property being estimated at 40,000*l*. A subscription has been started for the widows and orphans of the 135 "toilers of the sea" who must almost certainly have perished.

MR. GLADSTONE was on Friday to be the guest of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham. The rumours recently circulated with an air of authority touching his desire for retirement have to some extent confirmed by the Rev. Stephen Gladstone of Hawarden in an interview with a correspondent of the *Daily News*. "He has long felt the wish," was the answer to the inquirer, "and it may be that he now sees his way to retirement more clearly." As to a peerage that, said the Rector, was "all speculation." In my opinion he will never take a seat in the House of Lords, having done all his work elsewhere.—Mr. Mundella, seriously ill last week from an abscess in the back of the head and enfeeblement from loss of sleep, is now, according to the bulletins, "making good progress towards recovery, but absolute quiet is enjoined until he is in a less exhausted condition."

AN OFFICE WORTH 1,500*l*. a year is now at the disposal of Government through Lord Colchester's resignation of the post of Charity Commissioner in the Endowed Schools Department. The retiring Commissioner succeeded Lord Clinton under the Beaconsfield administration.—The extra-Parliamentary harangues which imperious custom exacts at Easter wherever patient audiences can be brought together were commenced last Tuesday with unflagging spirit by a number of speakers, Liberal and Conservative, amongst whom Mr. Dodson and Sir Arthur Otway (the newly-appointed Chairman of Ways and Means) were most conspicuous on the Ministerial side, Mr. Gibson and Mr. J. Lowther for the Opposition, and Mr. Joseph Cowen for the Independent Radicals. The most interesting points in these iterations of ancient arguments dressed up anew, with more or less skill, to resemble novelties were Mr. Gibson's admission—the member for Dublin University is rapidly becoming the representative of militant Conservatism in the Commons—that the Affirmation Bill will be chosen by his friends for a trial of strength, with some advantage of ground against the Government, and Mr. Cowen's vigorous declaration to the Liberation Society at Newcastle that "Disestablishment and Disendowment" must now "be forced into the position of a Parliament question." . . . If the party suffered, so much the worse for the party. He and his friends would go on with their purpose all the same.—Mr. Jesse Collings, in a letter to a Welsh correspondent, throws cold water upon everything. "Property and class interest," he writes, are dominant in Parliament, and Tories and moderate Liberals alike "have no burning desire to see things different to what they are." Unfortunately the classes that have this burning desire are not those whom holders of property would willingly trust further than they can see.—Lord Salisbury arrived at Great Barr Hall, the seat of Sir A. D. Scott, on Tuesday, and with Mr. Gibson was entertained by the Birmingham Conservatives at a banquet in Town Hall on Wednesday evening. On Thursday he was to open the New Midland Conservative Club in the Colonnade, receive



addresses in the Conservative Club in Union Street later in the day, and in the evening attend a meeting at the Town Hall, where both he and Mr. Gibson were to deliver addresses.

MR. BRIGHT'S Glasgow visit was a fair success, the students, red and blue caps alike, welcoming the long-deferred address with an enjoyment of its retrospective survey of past times, in which party feeling only displayed itself in an occasional tendency to chaff. On the same evening he spoke again on the Reform Bills of the past and the future.—The Conservatives intend to propose the Marquis of Bute for the new Rector. The election will take place in November.—Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Russell Lowell, and Mr. Herbert Spencer are the three names selected by the students of St. Andrew's for their next Rector on the retirement of Sir Theodore Martin. The choice, however, will practically be confined to two, for Mr. Spencer's state of health will compel him to decline the honour, even if elected.

A POLITICAL SECTION, it is stated on good authority, will shortly be added to the Criminal Investigation Department in Scotland Yard, and will carry on its work in a new building which is being prepared for it. This approach to Continental practices is considered necessary in presence of the numerous secret societies. A number of Irish inspectors hitherto stationed in different parts of London have also been drafted into an extra detective staff, to watch the movements of certain suspicious persons now in London.

THE FIRST BATTALION OF THE COLDESTREAM GUARDS has been marched from the Tower to the barracks in Trafalgar Square, and an extra battalion stationed at the West End to furnish additional sentinels for the protection of public buildings.

THE MYSTERY OF THE ATTACK on Lady Florence Dixie still defies the investigation of the police, and her ladyship complains bitterly of the ridicule and the misrepresentation of which she has been the victim before Parliament and in the Press. Some important evidence as to the fact of two women of unusual stature having been seen coming apparently from Captain Brocklehurst's grounds a little after four on Saturday afternoon, has been furnished by the butler of a neighbouring gentleman, Colonel Harford. The dog Hubert was exhibited, though not as a competitor, among the St. Bernards in this week's Dog Show at Warwick.

AN ANONYMOUS WARNING of a Fenian plot to blow up the Houses of Parliament two weeks after Easter has been received by Mr. St. Aubyn, M.P. for Helston. The writer sends him warning because he defended her husband three years ago at the Old Bailey.—The sacks of gun-cotton, found under a seat in the waiting-room of the Dover Railway Station, turn out to have been left there by the carelessness of some labourers.

THE CONTRACT for the conveyance of the mails between Dublin and Holyhead is still the topic of the day in Ireland, stirring even the authorities of Trinity College to protest. On Tuesday there was a special meeting of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, at which resolutions were passed expressing dissatisfaction at the sanctioning of vessels of inferior size and power to the present boats, declaring it a matter of national importance that communication with England should be as perfect as possible, and requesting the Committee to appoint a deputation to urge their views on the Prime Minister. A crowded meeting of the citizens of Dublin was held for the same end in the Mansion House on Wednesday.

THE TRIALS OF THE PATRIOTIC BROTHERHOOD of Crossmaglen for treason-felony and conspiracy to murder Mr. Brooks, Mr. Bond, and other landowners and agents, was concluded on Tuesday at the Belfast Assizes. The prisoners, reduced to twelve, by the consent of the Crown to a *nolle prosequi* in the case of John Donnelly, were tried in two batches. The Brotherhood had been formed by an American patriot of the name of Burns, and among its schemes was one for blowing up Dublin Castle. For the best means of effecting this bold stroke it was proposed to offer a prize of 100. Unfortunately, one of the fraternity, a schoolmaster and a poet, Michael Walters, kept a full account of all its proceedings in certain memorandum books, and these falling into the hands of the police so fully bore out the testimony of the Crown informer Duffey, that a verdict of guilty was in each case returned without much hesitation. A sentence of ten years' penal servitude was passed on ten of the prisoners, and of seven and five years on the other two.—The funeral of Rowles, the Kilmainham prisoner, took place at Glasnevin on the 21st. The attempt at a demonstration was a failure, though considerable sums had clearly been supplied for the occasion.—"No. 1" is now said to be a man named Tynan, who had raised himself from the humble calling of a newsboy to be the chief traveller of a wealthy firm. He is now in Mexico, where extradition treaties would not touch him even if we had there an accredited Minister.—Dr. Ward has been returned for Trinity Ward in the Dublin Town Council. James Carey's name was purposely suppressed at the election.—The first batch of 200 emigrants from Galway left last week; the first from Mayo was to leave upon the 30th. Two more detachments will be sent out in April. The emigrants, who are under the charge of the secretaries to the Tuke Fund, in all cases go out in families, and generally to places where they have friends already.—Entries for the Cork Exhibition exceed 800, including some from Canada and the United States. Belfast and Dublin will be largely represented.—Mr. Mayne's return for Tipperary, it is said, will be disputed on the ground that no objection should have been taken to Mr. Bagnell's nomination paper, which was the first handed in.

FRESH DISTURBANCES seem to be apprehended in Skye, where the Glendale men have again driven cattle off the Waterstein grazings, and have announced their intention of paying no more rent; and in Lewis there has been a meeting of 2,000 Crofters, presided over by the Rev. A. Maciver, at which a petition was adopted to Mr. Gladstone, setting forth their hard condition as tenants at will, without leases or compensation for improvements, and asking for the appointment of a Parliamentary Commission. The latter portion of the prayer the *Gazette* of the 19th shows to have been already granted, though Scotch Radicals affirm that the landlord interest is much too strongly represented on it.

THE FIFTY SCHOLARSHIPS offered by the Royal College of Music have called forth 1,581 applicants from 160 places. Of this grand total Scotland sends 48, Wales 47, and Ireland 40. The preliminary examinations at the local centres began on Wednesday. The final examination before the professors of the College is on April 16. The pianoforte players are 922, and the singers 386. Of harpers there are only two.

THE EISTEDDOD for 1883 will hold its meeting in South Wales, when a prize of 100*l.* for the best history of Welsh literature will be given by the National Eisteddfod Society. Indignation has been aroused among the nobler bards by the acceptance of a stage manager's offer of a prize for a "Pantomime libretto" of *Sinbad the Sailor*. The Eisteddfod for 1884 will be held in Liverpool.

MR. PLIMSOLL has espoused the cause of the Embankment ventilators in a document which now lies to receive signatures at all the stations on the District Line, and a preliminary meeting of working men was held on Tuesday to protest against any attempt to close the ventilating shafts. 93,418 persons, says the ex-M.P. for Derby, travel daily over the railways, while perhaps there are only sixty or seventy in the Embankment Gardens. The fact that millions have contributed to make the Embankment a "thing of beauty" is, of course, a matter of no consequence.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE—not Lord Salisbury—will unveil next month the memorial statue of the late Lord Beaconsfield.

CAPTAIN JAHLEEL BRENTON CAREY, the officer in command of the party when the Prince Louis Napoleon was killed in Zululand, died on the 22nd ult., at Kurrachee, in his thirty-fifth year. After the Prince's death he was ordered home, but was honourably acquitted on every point by the Court of Inquiry held upon his conduct.

MR. JOHN BROWN, the personal attendant of the Queen, so often mentioned in "Leaves from Our Journal in the Highlands," died on Tuesday night in the Clarence Tower, Windsor Castle, from erysipelas in the face, supervening on a cold contracted in a drive from Windsor, in the late inclement weather, to the scene of the attack on Lady Florence Dixie, and a long search for traces of the alleged struggle. Mr. Brown entered the Royal Service as one of the Balmoral gillies in 1849, was raised to the position of Queen's personal servant in Scotland in 1858, and in 1865 to that of permanent personal attendant on Her Majesty. For the last eighteen years he had never absented himself from his duty for a day. He was described in the "Queen's Journal" as "singularly straightforward, simple-minded, kind-hearted, and disinterested; always ready to oblige, and of a discretion rarely to be met with." The stalwart Crathie man, whose death has been so sudden, was only in his fifty-eighth year.



THE House of Commons met on Thursday after the Easter Recess. The lot of the legislator of to-day is worse than that of his predecessors of a period only nine years back. When the Parliament of 1874 was summoned, it followed the wholesome practice, long established, and very leisurely approached the commencement of real work. In those days, which to wearied Ministers seem to belong to a fabulous age, the Address was invariably agreed to on the first night of the Session, at a late hour if there were any serious criticism; before dinner if intention was limited to a ceremonious parade of opposition. After this came the introduction of the measures named in the Queen's Speech. Then there must of necessity lapse a certain time between the stages, and as there was nothing to be done in the mean time, the House went home to dinner. Thus the opening days of the Session passed pleasantly enough, members being as it were got into training for the period when, with second readings and Committee work, real business would commence. Whereas now, from the first night of a new Session when the Address is moved, up to the fifteenth night when the Address is agreed to, there are incessant talk, occasional scenes, and unintermitted late sittings. If anything came of this in the way of additional work accomplished, there would be less room for complaint. But the precise contrary results.

The meeting of the House on Thursday was clouded for Ministers with the consciousness that they were entering upon a new and critical portion of the Session, unsupported by hope. In the life of an Administration, it is the fourth Session that is regarded as the critical one. In the life of a Session much, if not everything, depends upon the progress made between Easter and Whitsuntide. Bills that have not obtained a second reading before the House adjourns for the Whitsun Recess have but small chance of finding a place on the Statute Book during the current year. After Whitsuntide, the pressure of Supply becomes imperative; and, according to the fashion of the day, Supply is utilised as the great opportunity either for wilful obstruction or simple boredom. In this respect assistance is not unreasonably looked for to the New Rules. Formerly a Minister in charge of Estimates was at the mercy of any individual member, who might leisurely grind his axe whilst the whole machinery of the State stood still. Notices of motion on all kinds of subjects, from the Peruvian Debt to Patent Medicines, and from the Transvaal to trichinosis, appropriated all the working hours of the sitting, and the Minister was happy if, between midnight and one in the morning, he could steal a vote or two. That, at least, is changed. Hereafter, through the Session, on the nights for which Supply is put down, the House will forthwith go into Committee and set about the business of the Estimates. It is quite true that obstruction, whether wilfully designed or born of ineradicable verbosity, will not be altogether powerless. It may raise questions on particular votes, and discuss them at length. But these opportunities will be limited by certain fundamental rules of debate in Committee. For example, Mr. Biggar cannot, on a vote for the Diplomatic Salaries, set forth the too familiar claims of Mr. John Clare; nor can Mr. Warton, on a vote for payment of the Navy Chaplains, discourse, with the aid of samples and illustrations, upon the effect on the British Constitution of the unrestrained sale of patent medicines. Whereas these gentlemen could and did so occupy the time on the motion to go into Committee on the Army and Navy Estimates respectively. When a man speaks in Committee, his remarks must be limited to the vote actually under consideration. In other words, he must speak to the point, which may appear to the general public a requirement ordinary enough, but the enforcement of which, in the House of Commons, would of itself remove the deadlock in legislation.

It is well known that it is the intention of the Government to press forward up to Whitsuntide the second reading of the Bills on which they have set their minds. The Patents Bill and the legal measures which it is intended to refer to Grand Committees will forthwith pass this stage, so that the House may from the earliest practical date be working its double shifts. The time that would have been occupied in Committee on these measures will, except in the case of determined obstruction, be actually saved, and may be utilised in forwarding other measures, or getting on with Supply. But if Obstruction is seriously meant, the advantages to be derived from Grand Committees will be seriously curtailed. With the care of freedom of speech and fulness of debate which marks all the arrangements of the House of Commons, there is provided, after the stage of Committee, another stage at which the proceedings in Committee can be followed and reviewed line by line. This is known as the stage of Report, and is practically Committee over again, only, the Speaker being in the Chair, a member may rise only once to speak to the question, whereas in Committee he may do so as often as he pleases and the patience of his fellow-men endures. If, therefore, it is determined, at whatever cost, to curtail the accomplishments of the Session, as much time may be taken upon the Report stage as has been saved on the Committee stage.

This is an important consideration in view of the point now reached in the career of the present Administration and of the attitude of a section of the Opposition. If in this, their fourth Session, the Government do not manage to fulfil some of their pledges in respect of practical legislation, there is no question that they will be seriously discredited in the eyes of the constituencies. It may be clearly shown that this failure is due rather to their misfortune than their fault. But Government has no business to be unfortunate, and certainly a nation has no patience with one that is. Lord Randolph Churchill has taken account of the situation, and discusses it with his accustomed frankness. He roundly declares that if he can help it, the Government shall find themselves at the end of the Session with their work on their hands still unaccomplished. Lord

Randolph, with all his extravagance, has a following on the Conservative side which far outnumbers the faithful three who sit beside him and visibly support him. His policy is more attractive than the older fashioned ways of Sir Stafford Northcote. If he will boldly lead, he will not lack a following, and hesitation is certainly not the young lord's most prominent foible. Even without taking the extreme step of minutely re-discussing on Report that has passed through Grand Committee the coming days and weeks will afford many opportunities of deftly delaying the progress of business. Amongst other things yet to be grappled with there is the Affirmation Bill. That may be counted upon more or less cheerfully to wile away a fortnight or three weeks. On this point Lord Randolph will naturally, and without challenge, assume the leadership of the Conservative party. Sir Stafford Northcote is absolutely disqualified by the awkward circumstance that he was last year most insistent in his demands that the Government should deal with the subject by legislation. He was not the only prominent Conservative who took the line supported by loud cheers from the party. Lord Randolph had the great good fortune to be absent during the debates of last year when this question was prominently to the fore. He comes fresh to the work now, and approaches it with great cheerfulness.

This Bill of itself may be counted on to do great things in the way of appropriating the time of the Session. It will dovetail in with others, and the prospect as seen on Thursday from the Opposition side was most hopeful. But over the cheerfulness of the Conservatives there hangs a great cloud, which on the contrary is exceedingly refreshing to sturdy Liberals below the gangway. Mr. Gladstone was not to be drawn into premature confidence when, just before the House rose, Mr. Jesse Collings questioned him on the subject. But it is known that the Government have a rod in pickle for Obstructionists, and that they mean to use it, prolonging the Session till a reasonable amount of work has been accomplished.



THE TURF.—In Arctic weather—at least, during the earlier part of the week—over twenty race meetings have been held since our last Notes, and the flat racing season once more begun. Kempton Park, on Monday, must be credited with having set the ball rolling; but, of course, it is only orthodox to speak of "the saddling bell at Lincoln" as sounding the return of "legitimate" sport. For coldness in cold weather it would be almost a dead heat in a meteorological contest between the Liverpool and the Lincoln Racecourses, though perhaps the former would have the call. Anyhow it was cold enough on the Carholme on Tuesday, when the first great handicap of the season, the Lincolnshire Stakes, was decided by the victory of the Knight of Burghley, who thus opened the campaign this year in favour of Mr. Peck, as Hackness closed it last year by winning the Cambridgeshire. There were seventeen runners, of whom Lowland Chief and Nesscliffe started first favourites, with the winner next in demand. The comments which have been made on his performance as an aged horse with only 7 st. 7 lb. on his back, to the effect that it was nothing very grand, are fair enough, but the lamentations that a "first-class handicap horse" has not won this important race are simply ridiculous, as in a handicap the weights are supposed to put all horses on an equality. Admiral Rous was credited with saying that "weight" would bring Eclipse and a donkey together. The Brocklesby Stakes, the first important two-year-old contest of the season, which has often shown us some good animals, produced a field of fourteen, and was won by Lord Vivian's Primavera, who was but little fancied owing to the report that she was slightly amiss. Scobell, who ran second for the Lincolnshire Handicap, meets with strong support for the City and Suburban.

COURSING.—This sport may now be said to be at an end, and March hares will henceforth be left to their own devices. But the season closed with a sensational match and downright sporting event, so rare nowadays, at Haydock Park Meeting, between Mr. W. Reilly's Destruction and Mr. Osborne's Wild Mint, the recent winner of the Waterloo Cup. The stakes were for 500*l.* a side, best two out of three courses. The first trial was won by Destruction, and more than 2 to 1 was laid that he would win the match. But on the next day Wild Mint turned the tables easily enough, and when it came to the decider 2 to 1 was in turn laid on her. Her decisive victory showed that the Waterloo Cup was no great fluke after all; though doubtless if a match were made against Snowflint, Wild Mint would not be the favourite.

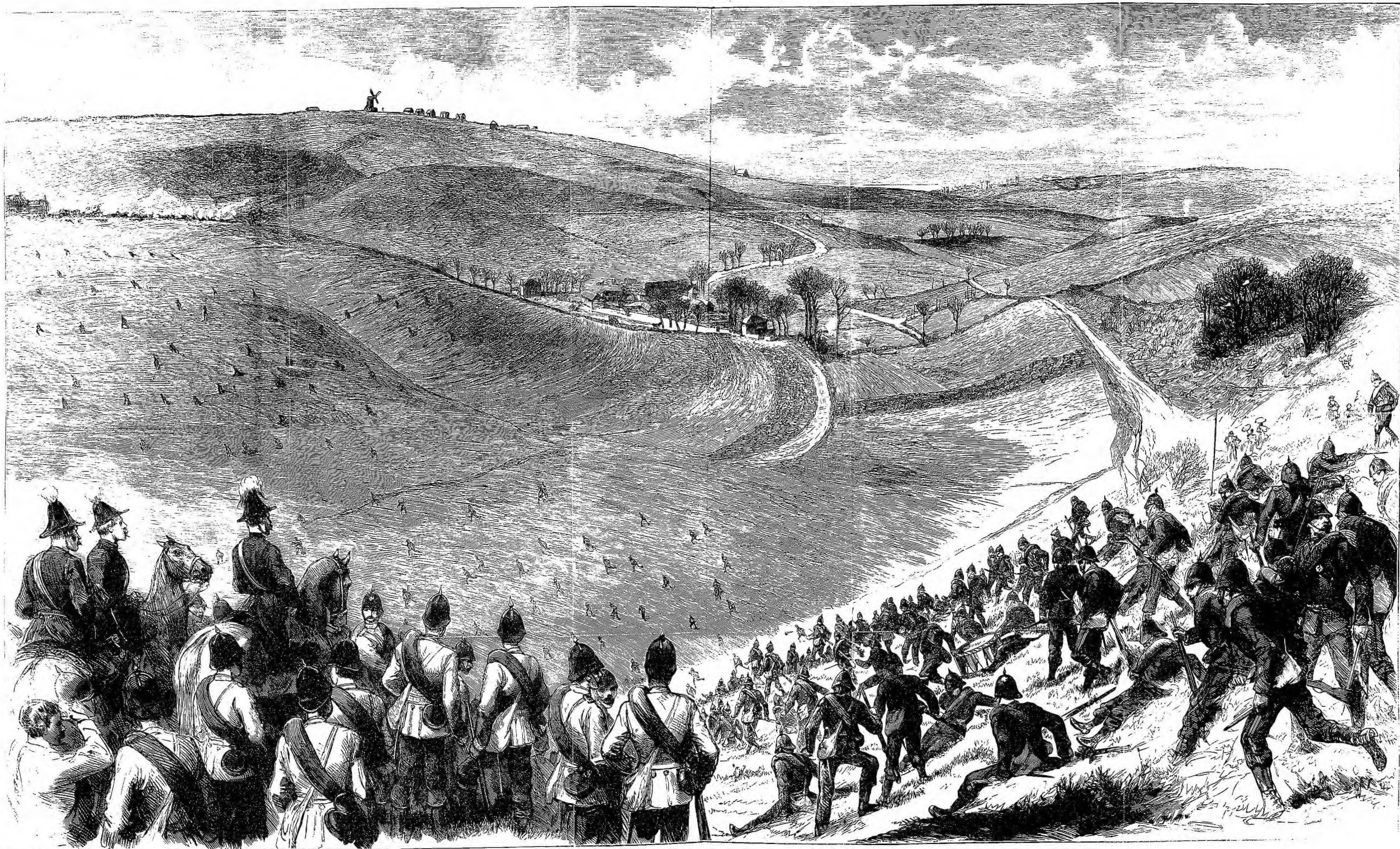
FOOTBALL.—As some hunts hold to the tradition of killing a May fox, so several football clubs persist in playing on till spring has well nigh merged into summer; but all interest in the game, as far as rivalry is concerned, dies out with this month. But on the last day of it, the 31st, the grand game of the season, as many hold it to be—namely, the decider in the Association Challenge Cup contest—will be played at the Oval, commencing at 3.30 P.M. The Old Etonians, the holders, it is hardly necessary to say, have shown the very best of form all through the struggle, but critical opinion seems rather to incline to the Blackburn Olympic team, which for some days has been in very strict training at seaside quarters.—Great interest was felt in the second annual Association match between London and the two Universities combined, played at the Oval on Saturday last. It resulted in the victory of London by four goals to none.—In Association games Middlesex and Essex have twice antagonised since our last Notes, and both times in favour of the latter.—Up northwards in Association games Darwen has beaten Walsall; Blackburn Rovers Edinburgh University; and Rangers Aston Villa.—The tour of the Oxford Association team has not been as successful as might have been anticipated, as, although they have beaten the Blackburn Rovers, they have been defeated by Queen's Park (Glasgow), and a few days ago by Darwen. Last week, in our Notes, it was inadvertently implied that Queen's Park had been beaten.—The Scottish Association Cup contest has now been reduced to its last stage by Dumbarton having beaten Pollokshields Athletic and Vale of Leven Kilmarnock Athletic.

LACROSSE.—In their return match Sale and Ashton have beaten Rock Ferry, and South Manchester has shown too clever tactics for Heaton Mersey.—The important match between London and Clapton, played at Willesden Green on Saturday, resulted, after a capital game, in favour of London. The greatest credit, however, is due to the Clapton team which, as entirely home-trained, shows very high efficiency.

RACQUETS.—The double game, as we noted last week, between Oxford and Cambridge was decided in favour of Cambridge. The single game was still more easily won by the Light Blue representative, J. D. Cobbold, of Trinity, and the score for single games now stands—Oxford fifteen, Cambridge eleven.—The Public School Challenge Cup contest will commence at Prince's on the 9th of next month.

CRICKET.—The last mail from Australia brings us another of the English cricketers' scores, namely, the 179 made against an Eighteen of Wide Bay and District, when the English won in one innings with fifty-eight runs to spare. Mr. G. B. Studd scored forty-three, Mr. Vernon twenty-three, and Mr. W. W. Read sixty-six. For this latter, the highest score in the match, Mr. Reed was at once presented with a plot of land of the value of 25*l.*





THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON—THE END OF THE BATTLE ON EASTER MONDAY



## FOREIGN

EASTERTIDE this year has been characterised by an almost complete calm in political circles throughout Europe, and nowhere is this more marked than in FRANCE, where the holidays have been marred by no sensational or untoward incident. The Anarchist scare has died away, and the five Socialists—Allemane included—who were arrested last week have been released, together with Mdle. Darlingcourt, the singer. There has been great rejoicing in the Socialist camp over this, as also over the Irreconcilable victory in Belleville, where M. Gambetta's seat has been wrested from the Opportunists by a considerable majority by M. Sigismond Lacroix. Some hope is also entertained that Prince Krapotkine will be released, or, at all events, that the rigours of his imprisonment will be lightened, thanks to the petition addressed by sixty English *littérateurs* and scientists, recapitulating the services the Prince has rendered to geographical research, and urging the importance to science of his being restored to his studies. The petition is signed, amongst others, by Mr. T. S. Baynes, Dr. Robertson Smith, Dr. Maudsley, Dr. Richardson, Mr. J. Payne, Mr. J. Morley, the Rev. Stopford Brooke, and Mr. A. C. Swinburne. As might be expected, this petition is not hailed with extreme favour by the more moderate Press, who ask with some justice what the British Government would say to a similar petition to release a convicted Fenian. Nor can they forget the uncompromising nature of the Prince's defence, his bold avowal of the most advanced Socialist doctrines, or his closing prophecy that in ten years all existing social institutions would be overturned.

In PARIS, Good Friday was kept by the devout with the usual solemnities, and by the Socialist Freethinkers with the numerous "protestation" banquets, at which all viands forbidden by the Church on that day constituted the *menu*. Eastertide, however, was celebrated joyfully by believers and unbelievers alike, and even more British visitors than usual thronged the Boulevards and principal streets. There is little actual news to chronicle, save that the Municipality Committee on the Restoration of the National Guard have decided to report in favour of the reconstitution of that body; that the Liberal section of the Paris Protestants having obtained a secure footing in one of the eight Districts, the Oratoire, has decided to close the Salle St. André, where its services have been held for the past eight years; and that another *cause célèbre* is attracting the lovers of sensation. A certain Madame de Monasterio is charged, together with her illegitimate son, with abducting her daughter, Mdle. Fidélia de Monasterio. Both mother and daughter originally were possessed of a considerable fortune. The former, however, had squandered her money, and for many years had lived upon her daughter, whom she ill-treated, and at one time, indeed, sent to a lunatic asylum. One day Mdle. Fidélia eluded her mother's vigilance, and took refuge with a friend, Madame Chaleton. From this lady's care she was recently forcibly taken by two keepers of a lunatic asylum, whence it appears she has been removed to England. There have been two Easter novelties, a screaming Palais Royal comedy, *Le Fond du Sac*, by M. Pierre Decoucelle, and *Le Premier Baiser*, a three-act operetta, at the Nouveautés, of which the music is by M. Emile Jonas and the libretto is by MM. Emile de Narjac and Raoul Toché.

In ITALY considerable interest has been excited by the threatened eruption of Mount Etna. On Thursday week a stream of lava began to flow down the mountain towards the villages of Nicolosi and Mascalucia, and on Good Friday the lava was flowing actively from eleven openings on the southern side, accompanied by showers of ashes, scorix, and small stones, the discharges being attended by rumbling sounds and by a trembling of the ground. Strong earthquake shocks were also felt in the neighbouring towns. The inhabitants of the surrounding villages, panic-stricken, passed the nights in the fields; and though at the present time the eruption appears to be decreasing, and Professor Silvestri, director of the Mount Etna Observatory, declares it to be of small importance, there have been further earthquake shocks at Biancavilla, where the inhabitants are building huts in the open country and the prisoners removed from the gaol. The denizens of Nicolosi, Belpasso, and Borillo also have nearly all left the neighbourhood, and the few who remain sleep in the fields. The trees in the threatened districts are hung with offerings and wax candles, devoted to patron saints. The only political news is that bottles of explosive material have been found outside the Quirinal and Ministry of Finance, and that the Committee on the Italian Mercantile Navy have drawn up their report, which, in addition to other recommendations, advises the creation of a Ministry of Mercantile Marine, the awards of bounties to constructors of steamers built in Italy, and for ten years to steamers and for eight years to sailing vessels which are either ocean-going or are engaged in the coasting trade on a large scale.

The quarter-centenary of Raphael's birth was commemorated with considerable ceremony, both in Rome and his native place, Urbino, on Wednesday. At Rome there was a grand and comprehensive procession to the Pantheon, where a bronze bust of the painter was inaugurated and wreaths sent by various European artistic bodies were laid on Raphael's tomb. Subsequently a cantata was sung, and various speeches made in the Hall of the Horatii and Curiatii in the Capitol, the King and Queen being present. In honour of the day, also, the Farnesina Palace, so well known for its splendid collection of Raphael's frescoes, was reopened by its owner, the Duke Ripalda, who for some years has closed its doors, owing to the annoyance he felt at the new Tiber Embankment works. Thousands of people streamed through the rooms, thus thoroughly testifying their appreciation of the Duke's permission. In the evening the Trastevere and the House of the Fornarina were illuminated.

The weather in GERMANY and AUSTRIA has been singularly severe, and the Emperor of Germany has been ill with a severe cold. He kept his eighty-sixth birthday last week—a family dinner being the only festivity owing to Holy Week. The perpetrator of the cruel murder of a postman, for the sake of the money he carried in his bag, has at last been discovered, and brought to justice. The culprit is an ex-corporal named Sobbe, who by addressing a post-office order to himself thus secured the visit of the postman, whom he at once murdered in cold blood. Naval circles are still agitated by the appointment of General Caprini as Marine Minister. The General wished not to accept the office, but the Emperor insisted, as also upon the withdrawal of the resignation of Vice-Admiral Batsch, the second in command, who strongly objected to serving under a military officer. The inhabitants of Stuttgart were startled on the anniversary of the Paris Commune by finding a large blood-red flag hoisted on a tower in the middle of the town. It bore the inscription "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity; in Memory of the Paris Commune, 1871." The flag had been hoisted by some Socialists who had gained admittance by means of skeleton keys, and who barricaded the entrance before leaving, so that the police had to scale the tower by means of ladders in order to remove the obnoxious ensign. In AUSTRIA the Socialist trial ended in the condemnation of the two men, Pfägel and Engel, charged with robbing the shoemaker, Merstallinger, to fifteen years' imprison-

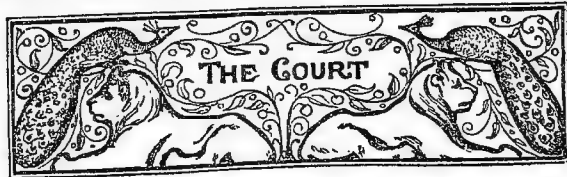
ment, and a third, Berndt, to two years' imprisonment as an accomplice. The other prisoners were acquitted, and those sentenced were not punished for Socialism, but for robbery.

In EGYPT the chief topic remains the organisation of the new army, which seems to be prospering apace under the fostering care of Sir Evelyn Wood. The total strength is to be 6,000 men, but at present the force consists of 5,554 of all arms. The cavalry is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor (19th Hussars), and the artillery by Lieut.-Colonel Duncan, R.A. One brigade of infantry is commanded by Brigadier General Grenfell, and the other by an Egyptian General, Ali Pasha Tschudi. Sir Evelyn Wood himself ranks under the War Minister, and is Chief of the Staff. The selection of the British officers has been entirely left to him, while the native officers have been chosen with great care by the Egyptian authorities. Like the non-commissioned officers, they all belonged to the old army, and many fought against the English. The use of the stick is now strictly forbidden, and by attention to the wants of the men the British officers have already, in a great measure, won their confidence. The conscription is closely watched by the British officers in order that no injustice may be committed, and every care is taken to make the soldiers as contented with their lot as possible. The infantry are armed with the Remington rifle, and the artillery are equipped with Krupp's 8-centimetre gun of the old pattern. The cavalry are to carry lance and carbine. One half the artillery is being organised into camel batteries, as being more suitable for the desert than wheeled artillery. To turn to civil matters, the Indemnity Commission is still hard at work, and some 400 claims have now been passed—about one-fifth of the whole. From the Soudan Hicks Pasha has telegraphed that he intended to start on Wednesday last to reinforce the troops at Kouah, and adds, "I have ordered Abd-el-Kader to co-operate with me in an attack on the rebels who are at Djebelain under the Fakir Moussa." The rebels are supposed to number 40,000, while the Egyptian force only amounts to 6,000 men.

TURKEY is considerably exercised respecting the proposed purchase of the Varna Railway by Bulgaria, and the further construction of a network of railways in that Principality. The Porte has not been consulted on the matter, and fears that once the railway completed Bulgaria would become merely an outlying province of Russia, who would use the line for another invasion. The Lebanon question is still unsettled, and the powers of Rustem Pasha, the present Governor, which will expire on April 23rd, will probably be extended for a month. The Powers are willing to accept any candidate upon whom France and the Porte can agree. The difficulty with Russia regarding the Commercial Treaty continues. In MONTENEGRO considerable excitement has been caused by the murder of M. Stephan Vrbitz, brother of the late Montenegrin Minister, by Albanians, at Scutari, and reprisals have followed.

The agitation against the Native Magistrature Bill continues unabated in INDIA, and a Ladies' Committee has now been formed for the purpose of obtaining signatures by European ladies throughout India to a memorial against the Bill. The newspapers treat of little else, and the greatest popular pressure is being brought to bear upon the Government to compel the withdrawal of the measure. The official railway returns to the end of 1882 show that at present there are 10,251 miles of line open, showing an increase of 290 miles last year. There are 2,332 miles in construction. The net returns from the traffic, excluding the lines in the native States, show an average return of 5.07 per cent. on capital and cost.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the new Danubian Treaty has not been wholly received with favour by RUSSIA, where the stipulation that the Commission should inspect the Kilia mouth is by no means liked. The forthcoming coronation, however, remains the foremost topic, and it is now stated that Foreign Powers will be doubly represented—by their Ambassadors and by some member of the reigning family.—SWITZERLAND is agitated by religious feuds. The Grand Council of Geneva refuse to permit the new Bishop of Geneva and Lausanne, Mgr. Mermillod, to exercise his functions. Emigration from some parts of Switzerland, the *Times* tells us, is becoming a veritable exodus, and several communes in the Bernese Oberland are almost depopulated, owing to bad trade and agricultural distress.—SPAIN, after seventeen years, has resumed diplomatic relations with Chili.—There has been a great fire in BUENOS AYRES.—From the UNITED STATES come more fierce denunciations from the dynamite party, and angry comments from the New York Press on a report that the British Minister had informed the Government that the violent language of the orators and journalists might disturb the amicable relations between the two countries. Mr. Timothy O. Howe, the Postmaster-General, is dead. General Porfirio, the President of Mexico, is at Washington as the guest of the nation.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Cape Premier has had an interview with Letsea, the paramount Basuto Chief, who expressed a wish for peace, and declared that he desired to remain a British subject. He protested against Mr. Orpen's removal, and against Captain Blyth's appointment. The Cape Government are going to enforce the law against squatting farmers in Tembu Land, owing to the Boer invasion. The Boers are now pressing Mapoch hard, and it is reported that he is suing for peace. According to Wednesday's *Times* utter confusion prevails in Northern Zululand. The Zulus have raided into the Transvaal territory, destroyed four kraals, and captured a quantity of cattle. The Boers threaten reprisals. Usibepu and Masupha are still at loggerheads. The Reserved Territory, however, is perfectly quiet.



THE QUEEN has nearly recovered from her late accident, but has suffered more than was at first anticipated from the nature of the sprain. Thus Her Majesty was confined to her apartments for some days, and was unable to take her usual drives, but now goes out daily in a pony chair, the Princess Beatrice walking by her side. Further, the Queen has been obliged to give up her intended visit this week to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham, where Her Majesty has not stayed since the Prince's dangerous illness in 1871. It is hoped, however, that the Queen will be sufficiently well to leave Windsor for the Isle of Wight to-day (Saturday). Her Majesty did not go to church either on Good Friday or Easter Sunday, but the members of the Royal Family staying at the Castle attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel on both days. On Monday the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Albany was christened in the chapel, the various members of the Royal Family and a number of guests attending the ceremony. The baby was named Alice Mary Victoria Augusta Pauline, and had for sponsors the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Waldeck—her maternal grandmother—the Empress and Crown Princess of Germany, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Hereditary Princess of Bentheim, Prince William of Württemberg, the Duchess of Cambridge, and the King of the Netherlands; the Princess of Wales, Princesses Christian and Beatrice, and the Dukes of Edinburgh and Teck representing the absent sponsors. The Queen herself gave the child to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who officiated. After the ceremony

Her Majesty received the guests in the Green Drawing-Room, and the Queen and the Royal Family lunched in the Oak Room, whilst the remaining visitors were served in the Waterloo Gallery. On Tuesday the Princess of Waldeck left Windsor on her return to Germany.

The Prince and Princess of Wales also spent Easter in London, instead of at Sandringham as they originally intended. They attended Divine Service with their daughters both on Good Friday and Easter Day. On Monday they went to Windsor for the Royal Christening, and in the evening took their daughters to Her Majesty's Theatre. Next evening the Prince of Wales went to the Avenue Theatre. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess and their daughters went to Sandringham. The Prince has declined the offered banquet at the York Guildhall during his visit to the coming Agricultural Show, stating that, as he yearly visits this Show, he does not wish to create a precedent of this kind for other towns.

The Duke of Edinburgh has paid a private visit to Warwick, this week, to see the Dog Show, and has stayed with Mr. Ferdinand Arkwright. Arriving on Tuesday, he spent the afternoon with Lord and Lady Brooke at Warwick Castle, and inspected Lord Leicester's Hospital; while on Wednesday and Thursday he went to the Dog Show, leaving on Thursday evening for town. Before going to Warwick, the Duke accompanied the Duchess to the Comedy Theatre on Saturday night, and to the Gaiety Theatre on Monday night, while the Duchess, on Tuesday, went to the Court Theatre. On Wednesday evening the Duke and Duchess went to Toole's Theatre. The Duke will preside at the dinner given to Lord Alcester by the Empire Club on the 9th prox., and on the 11th will be present at the City banquet to Lords Alcester and Wolsley.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are expected home to-day (Saturday) for the Duke to resume his Aldershot command. During the few last days of his stay in Berlin the Duke inspected the Fire Brigade, and went to Rathenow, the garrison town of his honorary regiment, the Ziethen Hussars.

The King and Queen of the Netherlands are expected in London on Tuesday. They will travel from Flushing to Queenborough in their yacht *Valk*, and will stay here about a fortnight.



THE NEW ARCHBISHOP arrived in Canterbury on Wednesday afternoon, accompanied by the Bishop of Rochester. He was received at the station by the Dean, the Town Clerk, and other local celebrities, and escorted by a guard of yeomanry to the Guildhall, where he was presented with an address by the municipal authorities. The ceremony of enthronisation—often in a laxer age performed by proxy—consisted of three acts; the installation in the archi-episcopal throne at the end of the First Lesson; the conducting of the Primate at the close of Morning Prayers—attended by the Bishops of London, Winchester, Lincoln, Salisbury, and Rochester as Provincial Dean, sub-Dean, Chancellor, Precentor, and Chaplain—from the throne to the patriarchal chair of Purbeck marble, the fabled seat of the Saxon Kings of Kent, in token of his "induction, installation, and enthronisation," not only as Archbishop, but as Primate and Metropolitan; and, last of all, his enthronement in the Dean's stall as a sign that he is now in possession of the "See of Canterbury and all the rights and privileges thereof." The rest of the Service ended, the procession formed again and left the Cathedral for the Chapter House, where the Primate was conducted to the chief seat, and received from all the Cathedral body individual promise of canonical obedience.—The assemblage of visitors was turned to account to raise subscriptions for a nobler organ in lieu of that which, after being many times rebuilt and added to, is still, in the judgment of the Secretary of the College of Organists, "the worst in any of our Cathedrals." The fund was started by Dr. Longhurst three years ago, and amounts at present to 650*l*. The total cost of a new first-class organ with cases as designed by the late Sir G. Scott will be about 3,150*l*.

THE DISTURBANCES AT BORDLESLEY broke out again on Monday evening at a Vestry meeting for the election of churchwarden. Notice had been given that the late Vicar, Mr. Enraght, would propose, "as a parishioner," a Dr. Taylor as "the people's warden," and the friends of Mr. Watts had agreed to offer no opposition. Dr. Taylor was therefore nominated (after a conciliatory speech from the new incumbent) by the ex-Vicar in a vehement harangue, in the course of which he declared that he was there because he feared the parishioners were disheartened, and that it would go forth to the world that there had been a quiet meeting in favour of Mr. Watts (decisive cheers from the Low Church party). Dr. Taylor now leaped upon a stall, and moved that the recent appointment of Mr. Watts was illegal, and that the parishioners respectfully refuse to accept him as their canonically appointed Vicar, and call upon him to resign a post to which he has no right. The Vicar justly ruled that Dr. Taylor was out of order, and left the church with his supporters. The resolution was then carried on the motion of Mr. Enraght and a Mr. Harris amidst a frenzied uproar, which fairly drowned the voices of the speakers.—At St. James's, Hatcham, where the Vicar has been for some time at variance with parishioners and Diocesan, Mr. Sanders, the "people's warden" did not seek re-election, but nominated Mr. Thorman, who was opposed in the Vicar's interest by Mr. Forbes. The voice of the meeting was in favour of the former, and a poll was demanded. In the course of mutual recriminations it came out that filthy letters had been sent anonymously to the retiring warden, and others, purporting to come from him, to various distinguished personages. One of these threatened the life of the Prince of Wales, and led to an inquiry, in consequence of which Mr. Sanders received a letter from the Prince, expressing his regret that "he and Mr. Thorman" should be subjected to "such a disgraceful and cowardly persecution."

THE PUSEY MEMORIAL FUND has now reached 21,000*l*, and much is expected from the United States, where the friends of the great Anglican divine have taken up the matter warmly. His library has been bought, and a house secured over against St. John's College, and there is also enough for one resident librarian, who will be a keeper of books and "something more." A suitable fabric for the library and funds for "a band of associate workers" are still needed.

THE SALVATION ARMY opened their "Grand Easter Festival" with a "Holiness Convention" in their Hall at Clapton on Good Friday. The services, conducted by General Booth, lasted from 10.30 to 5.30, discourses alternating with grotesque hymns, and terminated in a public tea. The Festival closed on Tuesday with "Shouts of praise."—At Liverpool the General's son conducted the campaign, and there was a monster procession in the streets.—The Theatre Royal Rochester has now become the property of the Army.

THE BISHOP OF RIPON, who requires rest, has been granted a suffragan, who will take the title of Bishop of Hull. The office has been accepted by the Right Rev. Dr. Helmuth, at present Bishop of Huron, Canada.

THE PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL FUND now amounts to 13,000*l*, of which 5,000*l* have been raised in the city and neighbourhood.—A sum of 30,000*l* seems also to be needed for the restoration of the Cathedral at Manchester. 13,000*l* was promised



at a meeting held on Wednesday, and a public appeal will be issued to the Diocese.

THE CHAPEL OF LINCOLN'S INN, which has been closed since August, 1881, will be reopened on April 8 by the Archbishop of York, formerly preacher to the Society.



MR. PINERO'S new play, entitled *The Rector: a Story of Four Friends*, produced at the COURT Theatre on Saturday evening, is unfortunately wanting in that clearness and interest of story which contributed so much to the success of *The Squire*. Audiences, as a rule, will forgive any offence in a dramatist rather than that of unnecessary mystification; but this is precisely the quality by which this somewhat irritating production is most distinguished. Down to the close of a rather long first act, which passes in the parlour of a country inn, the essential feature of the plot appears to be a contract made between four college acquaintances—of whom the local Rector is one—under which they have mutually bound themselves to meet on the 1st of December in every year in token of old friendship. The spectators, however, soon discover that, in spite of the title of the play, they have not been invited to see in action a story of four friends; but only to contemplate the distresses of a reverend gentleman who, by a curiously artificial accumulation of circumstantial evidence, is induced to believe that he has married a very wicked young person—though, as a fact, she is an irreproachable young person. On the stage, no doubt, the strict rule of probability may often be departed from without any very serious offence; but in this case the Rector's infatuation is really inconceivable; while his conduct towards his young wife is not to be justified on any grounds. That he should refuse to hear from her own lips the secret of which so much is made is no doubt a piece of delicate forbearance for which credit may be claimed; but that he should, at the same time, continue to upbraid his wife, listen to scandal from others regarding her, and finally order her, with her father, off the premises, without giving her an opportunity to explain, is conduct clearly unworthy of a Christian clergyman. As it proves, it is not Miss Hennessey, but her father, whose antecedents are disgraceful. But, when the abject confession has been wrung from the penitent old gentleman that he has been "a blackleg—ay, a thief!" and that his wicked act in cheating at the gaming table had been the cause of Clive Morrison's act of self-destruction, the Reverend Mr. Sharland still clings to his belief in his wife's guilt, and sternly admonishes the pair to "tell the rest." Yet, after all, there is no "rest" to tell, save in the perverted imagination of his informant, the gentleman from India, whose eccentricities have already been referred to. This erratic personage has assured him that Clive Morrison's profligate mistress was identical with Miss Hope Hennessey, and has certified to a *carte de visite* portrait of the latter lady as undoubtedly the same. For this reason it is, and for this reason only, that the Rector is to find himself in the humiliating position of having to acknowledge that he has slandered and persecuted his virtuous and faithful wife. When the final explanation was offered, and the audience learnt that the Anglo-Indian gentleman had suffered from "sunstroke," and was therefore not responsible for his statements, it is hardly to be wondered at that a patient and a good-natured audience first laughed and then gave vent to less agreeable tokens of their displeasure. The failure of Mr. Pinero's play is the more to be regretted because it has many amusing passages of dialogue and one or two still more amusing types of character. It is, moreover, admirably acted. Mr. Clayton's performance of the part of the Rector exhibited a fine self-restraint and manly dignity, but these were unhappily in strong contrast with the weak and unreasonable acts and utterances assigned to him. As regards Miss Marion Terry's performance as the wife, nothing could be better than its sweet resignation and genuine grief, but this again seemed only to heighten the offences of her strangely misguided husband. As a tattling, ignorant, self-willed village postmaster, that excellent actor Mr. Mackintosh again greatly distinguished himself by an admirable study of character, and there are some incidental parts extremely well played by Miss K. Rorke, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Day, and Master Phillips. The play is put upon the stage with the care and good taste for which the Court Theatre enjoys a well-deserved reputation.

The Easter novelties at the West End theatres, though not few, have for the most part been of the class of comic opera. Prominent among these is *A Trip to the Moon* at HER MAJESTY'S—a version by Mr. H. S. Leigh, the witty author of "Carols of Cockayne," of Offenbach's *Voyage dans la Lune*. This, by the way, can hardly be considered a novelty, since it is in all essentials identical with a version brought out at the ALHAMBRA some years ago. It has, however, had the advantage of the adaptor's revision, is supported by a strong company, and is put on the stage in a brilliant fashion. —At the STRAND the new opera is called *Cymbia*; or, *The Magic Thimble*, and is an original piece by Mr. H. Paulton, with music by Florian Pascal. It was supported by the entire strength of the Strand company, and was very favourably received by a holiday audience. —In the same category is the ROYAL AVENUE Theatre, now under the management of Mr. John Hollingshead and Mr. Michael Gunn, where, on Saturday last, a version of Offenbach's *La Belle Lurette*—performed in French at the Gaiety last year—was produced with complete success, Miss Florence St. John, M. Marius, Miss Lottie Venne, and Mr. Bracey sustaining the leading parts.

At the SURREY Theatre the new Easter piece is an original drama, entitled *The Miracle*, written by Mr. W. H. Poole, and crowded with startling and harrowing incidents which appear to give intense satisfaction to Surrey audiences. —At the NATIONAL STANDARD a no less gloomy piece, entitled *Ambition's Slave*, written by Mr. Joseph Fox, carries us back to scenes in an Italian Dukedom in what one critic has described as "the poisoning period of European history." Here Mr. Clarence Holt, whose style of acting is distinguished by force and intensity rather than by lightness and vivacity, is perfectly at home in impersonating a hero who goes mad, returns to reason, and undergoes a strange variety of experiences. Not less favour was bestowed upon this piece by an audience evidently content so long as abundant excitement was provided.

The morning performances designed to introduce ambitious *débütantes* to the notice of the public have, though very frequent of late, unfortunately not yet brought to light any remarkable amount of neglected talent. Mrs. Digby Willoughby, who made her appearance this week at the Gaiety Theatre in the character of Daisy Brent, in Mr. Herman Merivale's play, *The Cynic*, is one of the latest instances of these aspirants for histrionic fame. Mrs. Willoughby's acting was rather better than that of most amateurs. This is not saying much; but unfortunately we are not able honestly to say more. The lady is to be seen at the same theatre on Monday next in *Leah*.

Many playgoers will have heard with regret the news of the death of Mr. Henry Marston, at the ripe age of 79. Mr. Marston, who was a scholarly actor and an accomplished gentleman, was best remembered as a leading member of Mr. Phelps's company during the long and memorable reign of that distinguished actor and manager at SADLER'S WELLS.

The OPERA COMIQUE reopens this evening, under the management of Miss Hilda Hilton, with a new drama adapted from the French, and entitled *Bondage*.

The GLOBE Theatre will reopen on Saturday next with a new comedy written by Mr. Robert Buchanan, in which Miss Ada Cavendish and Miss Harriett Jay will appear.



THE LATE MASTER OF THE ROLLS was interred on Good Friday in the Jews' Cemetery at Willesden Green. Among the mourners were six Judges, including Lord Justice Brett and Mr. Justice Chitty, the Solicitor-General, and several other legal celebrities. On Saturday, at a service attended by many members of the Bar, an eloquent memorial sermon was preached by the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Adler, on "The first Jew who, as Solicitor-General, took a share in the executive government of the country; the first who was sworn in a regular member of the Privy Council; the first who had a seat on the Judicial Bench of Great Britain."

The extinction of the greater luminary caused the retirement of Sir R. Phillimore, after more than fifteen years' service as Judge of the Court of Admiralty, to pass almost without notice. A very full Bar had, however, assembled to bid farewell, through the mouth of the Attorney-General, to a popular and courteous Judge; and among the spectators were several persons of distinction, including the Premier, whom a door-keeper, who knew him not, could with difficulty be persuaded to admit.

THE accounts of the New Courts of Justice have been made up, and show the total expenditure to have been 1,846,683*l.*—a considerable excess on the original estimate of a million and a half, but less than the revised estimate of 1,933,000*l.*

THE AFTERNOON SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S, on Easter Eve, was strangely interrupted by a fanatic named Campion. The anthem was being sung, when Canon Gregory saw a man rush along the central aisle and make for the Communion table. Before he could be arrested he had thrown down the cross, which has stood there for the last fifteen years, overturned the candlesticks, and destroyed some of the floral decorations. Half-a-dozen of the clergy had by this time seized him, and, stifling with a handkerchief his frantic cries of "Protestants to the rescue," hustled him through the side door into the aisle of the choir, where he was handed over to the police. On Monday he was brought before Sir Thomas Owden, who, wisely declining to enter upon matters of controversy, fined him 5*l.*, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment. This fine was ultimately paid for him by a friend. Campion, who has a wife and two children, is a man of some education, and was once, it is said, in fairly prosperous circumstances.

MATHRATTON, "the Great Seer of England," whose curious career of imposture was recorded in our columns a short time ago, has now been sentenced at Birmingham Quarter Sessions to nine months' imprisonment as a rogue and vagabond. He pleaded that he had taken a solicitor's advice, and paid five guineas for it, in his desire not to transgress the law.

MR. ROBERT COUSINS, clerk, who was sent for trial not long ago on a charge of manslaughter for neglecting to call in medical assistance for a sick child, the jury then throwing out the bill, has again been charged at the Lambeth Police Court for a similar offence in the case of an infant daughter. The coroner's jury had a second time returned a verdict of manslaughter, but this, the magistrate ruled, was not justified by the evidence. It was a question, however, whether the prisoner was not liable to imprisonment for endangering the child's life by neglecting to provide proper advice, and instructions were given that the attention of the Public Prosecutor should be directed to the matter. Mr. Cousins is of the sect of the "Peculiar People," who think it wrong to call in medical aid in sickness.

A VEXED QUESTION OF OVER-RATING was disposed of last week by the Lord Mayor in rough and ready fashion. Certain premises in Allhallows the Less had been assessed at 159*l.* a year, but the tenants showed that they were only paying 100*l.* rent. His Lordship said there was a mania for over-assessing City property; he cared not what the law might say, and should act according to the dictates of common sense. Rates must be paid on the amount of the actual rent less the usual deduction. The tenants, however, seem to have lacked confidence in his lordship's dictum, for the case was ultimately adjourned to allow of an arrangement out of Court.

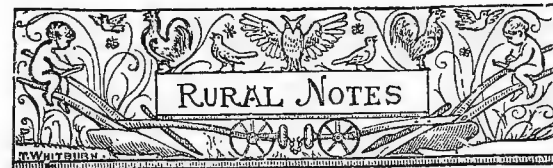
SUFFERERS BY THE EXPLOSION AT WESTMINSTER have not long been left in doubt as to the hopelessness of urging claims for compensation. According to one section of the Act of George IV. they can come upon the Hundred only if they can prove a riotous assembly of people with felonious intent. Another section gives them relief if they go before a justice of the peace within seven days, and state on oath the names of the offenders. As neither of these conditions could be complied with they must console themselves with the thought that worse might have befallen them had the criminals been bolder and more skilful.



CARL ROSA'S OPERA COMPANY. —Mr. Carl Rosa's brief series of performances began on Monday night with an opera written expressly for his company by an English composer. As was stated in our last, the new work is entitled *Esmeralda*, and the libretto is founded upon Victor Hugo's famous romance, "Notre Dame de Paris." For the shaping of the libretto Mr. Alberto Randegger is said to be responsible; while upon Mr. T. Marzials devolved the task of putting the whole into a lyric form, the recitatives as well as the songs, duets, and concerted pieces, in accordance with the established usage of what is conventionally denominated "grand opera," being invariably accompanied by the orchestra—more or less elaborately, as circumstances suggest. That this latest operatic version of Victor Hugo's romance takes in only a very small part of its original proportions, and includes only such incidents as centre in the individuality of its "Bohemian" heroine, may easily be understood. In fact, *Esmeralda* is the prominent figure throughout, and, if for that reason alone, the opera is rightly named. The subject has been often treated in operatic fashion; but from the *Esmeralda* of Mlle. Louise Bertin, daughter of Armand Bertin, then proprietor of the staunch Orleanist paper, *Le Journal des Débats*, given at the Académie Royal de Musique, on the 14th November, 1836 (in the orchestration of which, by the way, Hector Berlioz had some hand), to the *Esmeralda* of Signor Campana, vouchsafed us by the late Mr. Gye, at the instigation of Madame Adelina Patti—with little or no success to speak of—not, indeed, until the production of the grand "ballet d'action," at Her Majesty's Theatre, under Mr. Lumley (March, 1844), was a genuine

success for *Esmeralda* on the stage really achieved. In this Carlotta Grisi, one of the reigning queens of the Terpsichorean art, showed that she could not only dance to perfection, but impart the fullest significance, through eloquent gestures and "the poetry of motion," to what, though commencing gaily, leads, step by step, to a climax as tragical as that of *La Juive*, in Fromental Halévy's most celebrated opera. We have also a Russian opera, by Dargomysky (Moscow, 1847), an Italian, by Prince Poniatowsky, and even an American, by the late Mr. Fry (Philadelphia, 1864). And now comes Mr. Goring Thomas, with an *Esmeralda* which we may claim for our own, and which, judging by its favourable reception at Drury Lane Theatre on Monday, holds out promise of a longevity not enjoyed by any of its precursors. It is only a pity that during the short term of the Drury Lane performances so few opportunities can possibly be granted of hearing and adjudging the absolute claims of the score as a veritable art-production. With regard to the libretto as it stands, with the alteration of the *dénouement*, in agreement with the prevalent custom where English opera, in the greater number of instances, is concerned, we need say nothing. Our daily contemporaries have entered into such ample and minute particulars as to absolve us from the task. Enough that *Esmeralda* does not suffer, but lives to marry that "gallant Captain Phoebus," and that the dagger-stroke of the furiously-enamoured monk, Frollo, aimed at that same gallant captain, is received by poor Quasimodo, the half mad, half inspired, and wholly fate-struck bell-ringer of Notre Dame, who, as we all know, according to the authority of M. Victor Hugo, is found in the same grave as that occupied by the poor innocent *Esmeralda*; so that instead of killing the monk Frollo, by casting him from the tower of Notre Dame, he is himself killed by Frollo accidentally. In the Carlotta-Grisi "ballet d'action" (the late Signor Pagni's charming music to which, by the way, is still remembered by operatic amateurs of more than middle age) the catastrophe was otherwise brought about. With reference to the music of Mr. Goring Thomas, having a good deal to say, we prefer holding over our opinion until closer familiarity justifies us in speaking with confidence. That it is worth serious consideration must be admitted by every impartial hearer. Meanwhile, let it be added, that every possible advantage was afforded to the young composer, who, it is agreeable to note, owes very much of the progress he has made in his art to our Royal Academy of Music, where, if we are not misinformed, he studied composition under such accredited masters as Dr. Sullivan and Mr. Ebenezer Prout. Any professor, however, might be proud of such a scholar. The leading characters in the opera were sustained by Madame Georgina Burns (*Esmeralda*), Mr. Barton McGuckin (*Phoebus*), Mr. Ludwig (Frollo), and Mr. Leslie Crotty (*Quasimodo*), the subordinate parts were competently filled, and the orchestra was directed with his never-failing care and ability by Mr. Randegger.

BROMPTON HOSPITAL ENTERTAINMENTS. —A concert was given to the patients on Tuesday evening by Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, assisted by Miss Agnes Larkcom, Miss Helen D'Alton, Mr. Edward Levetus, Mr. Ghilberti, and Mr. Poznanski (Violin). The efforts of these artists were rewarded with the heartiest applause, nearly everything being encored.



THE PRICE OF CORN IN THE COUNTRY varies considerably. Wheat according to the latest averages makes 46*s.* 2*d.* at Uxbridge, 47*s.* 1*d.* at Reading, 47*s.* 9*d.* at Wallingford, 49*s.* 4*d.* at Chichester, 47*s.* at Tenterden, 48*s.* 10*d.* at Market Drayton, 48*s.* at Penrith, 47*s.* 2*d.* at Carlisle, and 46*s.* 5*d.* at Lewes—prices fairly remunerative to the farmer. On the other hand, value is below forty shillings at Braintree, Bristol, Peterborough, Hadleigh, Louth, Boston, Spalding, Garstang, Berwick, Bridlington, Malton, Cardiff, and Brecon. Barley ranges from 36*s.* 2*d.* at Romford, 38*s.* 2*d.* at Canterbury, 39*s.* 5*d.* at Dartford, 37*s.* 7*d.* at Chichester, 39*s.* 7*d.* at Horsham, 37*s.* 11*d.* at Burton, and 37*s.* 7*d.* at Beccles, down to below thirty shillings at Warminster, Salisbury, and a number of other markets. Oats appear to be dearest at Market Drayton, 28*s.* 1*d.*, and cheapest at Winchester, 18*s.* 9*d.* per quarter.

THE SEASON IN SCOTLAND. —The lambing season is now well advanced in the Lowlands, and the flocks are doing well. Winty weather on the hills has necessitated hand-feeding, but the mortality has been below the average both of sheep and of lambs. Whether this favourable position of affairs will continue depends upon the lessening of the season's rigours. At present the old sheep are losing condition, and joint-evil has appeared among the lambs. Farmers have been unable to plough by reason of the snow, but this is now melting, and field work is being resumed. Threshing and dung casting have been going on briskly for the last fortnight.

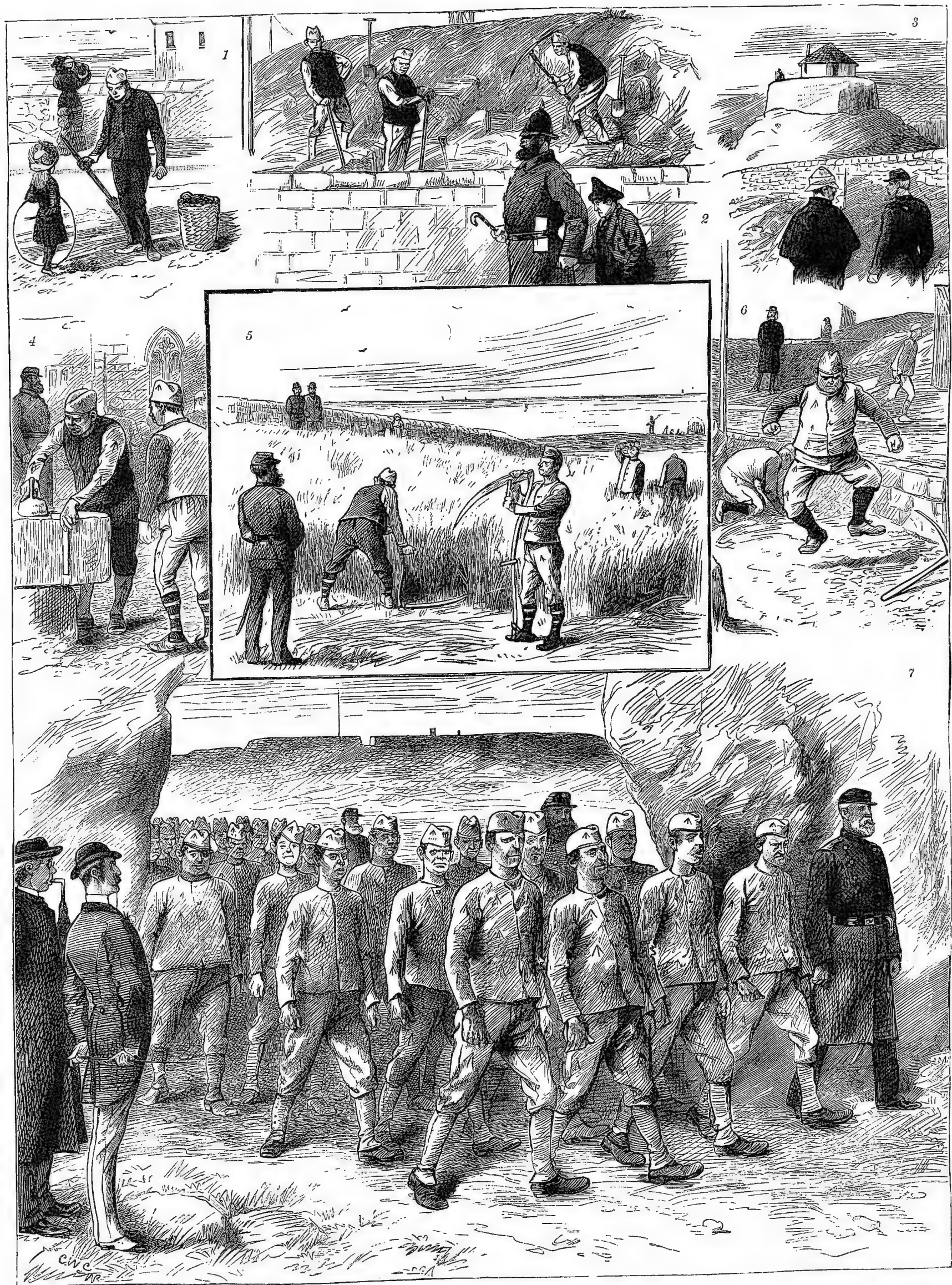
EASTERTIDE this year has been very cold, but also bright, and the more robust of the holiday makers have had a good time. But to those who feel exposure to keen and withering blasts, the remembrances of the past week will not be pleasant. Unusually few excursionists appear to have visited the country districts round London, the entirely wintry look of the landscape being, indeed, deterrent of holiday-making. The ice on ponds in the country remained unmelted all Easter Sunday and Monday.

THE SEASON IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND. —Frost has done much damage, as vegetation was coming forward rapidly. The swede tops, which appeared to be almost in flower, and the early fruit trees preparing for bloom, are now looking scorched and frost-bitten. The frosts and drying winds, however, have had a most valuable pulverising and desiccating influence upon the fields, where ploughing is now being carried on with much vigour. Early as Lent came this year, most of the Lent corn was got in within the forty days, and now farmers are busy over beans. The wheat acreage is small, of course. Threshings proceed briskly.

THE SEASON IN THE MIDLANDS. —A fair acreage has been sown with the various sorts of spring wheat, especially the April bearded variety, since about the 20th February, when the wet weather period of five months came to a termination. Barley and oats have been sown very freely during the last fortnight, and the frosts and winds have left the stronger soils with a better seed-bed than could have been hoped a month ago. As regards the flocks, where ewes have been kept on sound grass land, and had sufficient dry food and salt, they have done well, while the lambs are strong, and give but little trouble. In the water meadows, unhappily, the mortality has been considerable; from 20 to 50 per cent. of the lambs may be reckoned to have perished whereon cold and damp combined their malign forces. Stock of every description is very dear to buy.

THE SEASON IN THE EAST OF ENGLAND. —The wheat acreage here is certainly very small, and barley has gained. The sowing of this cereal has been very active ever since the present month came in. Of wheat, of barley, and of oats, farmers have been delivering good quantities at the markets; but they have not obtained good prices therefor. Stock during the past winter have done fairly well, except where disease has invaded the byre. Unhappily the ravages of contagion have been especially severe in the Eastern shires.





1. Innocence and Guilt.—2. A Police Constable Bringing Back a Boy Deserter.—3. A Watch Tower.—4. Chapel Builders at Work.—5. Haymakers (Not Arcadian).—6. A Young Convict Doing a Bit of Natural Road-Stamping.—7. Labour Without Honour: Their Day's Work Done.

CONVICT LIFE AT PORTLAND





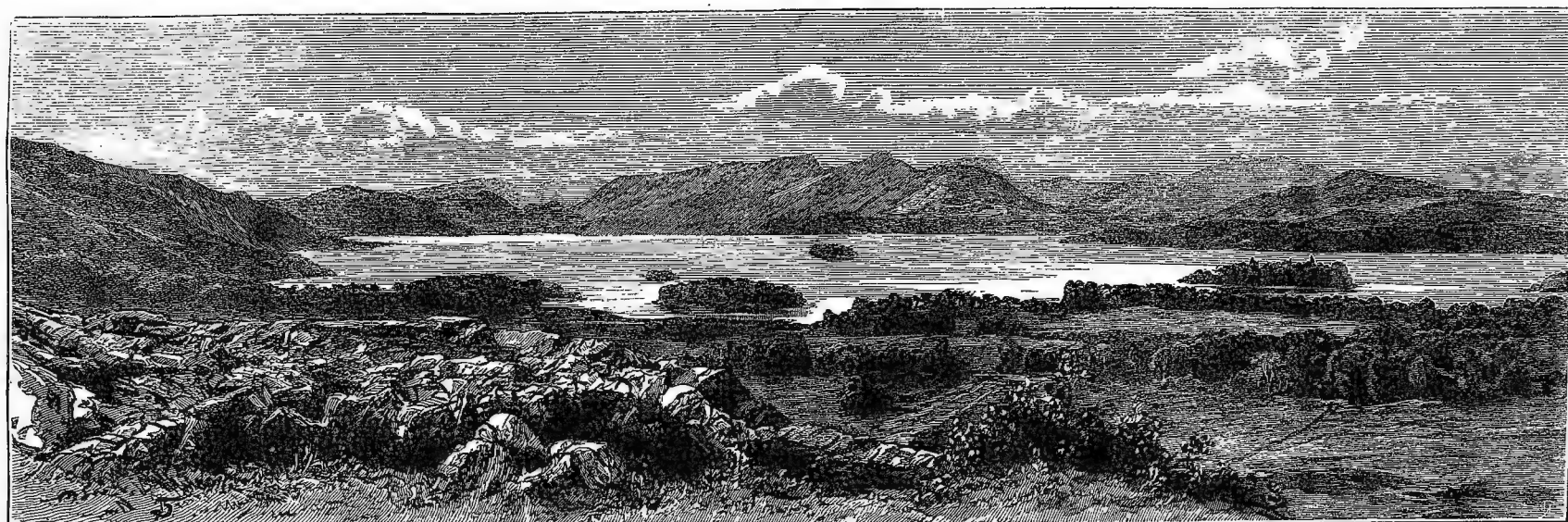
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR GEORGE JESSEL,  
MASTER OF THE ROLLS  
Died March 21, 1883, Aged 59



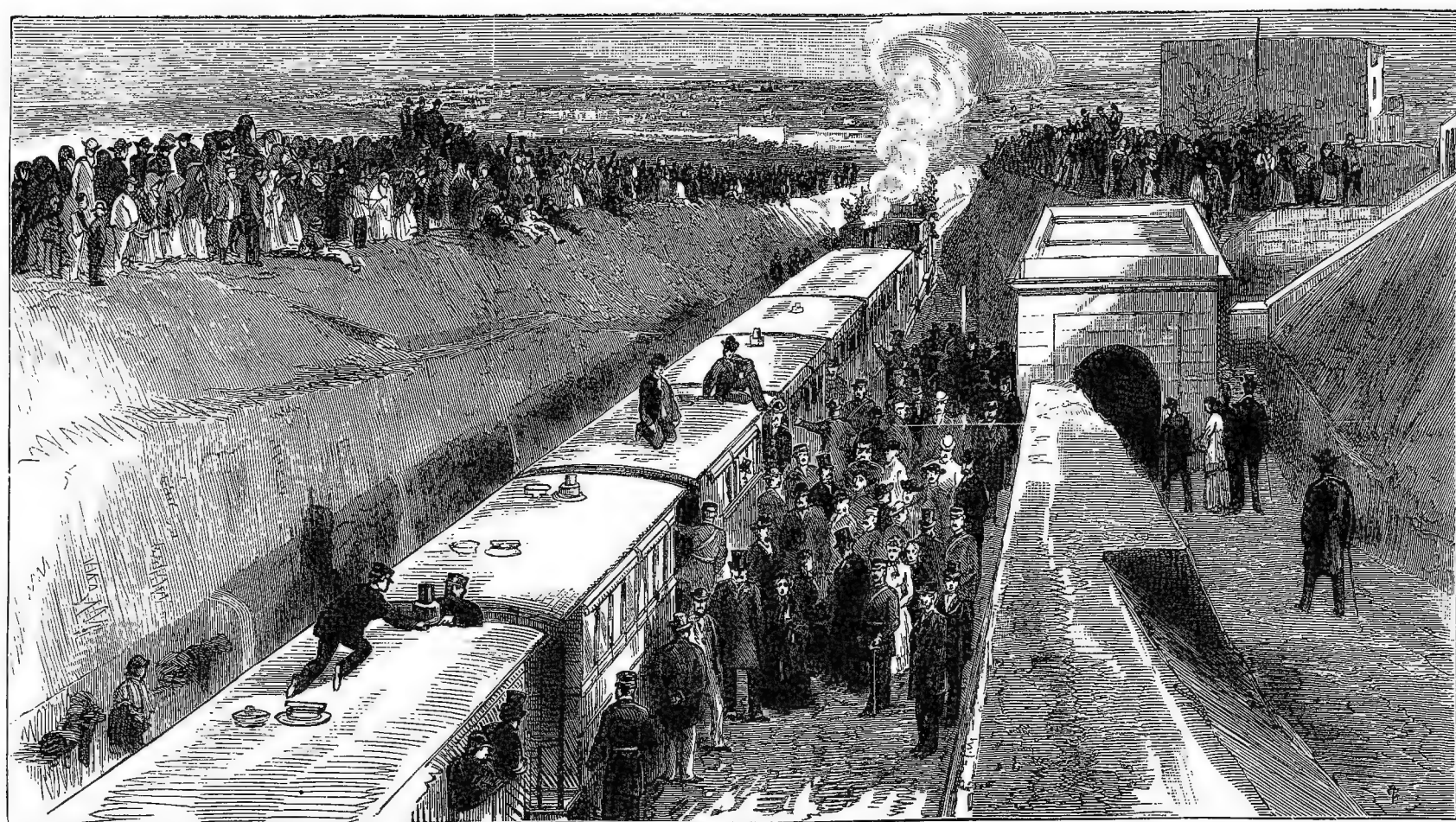
MR. JOHN MORLEY, NEW M.P. FOR  
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE



DR. KARL MARX, THE GERMAN SOCIALIST  
WRITER,  
Died March 14, 1883, Aged 65



THE PROPOSED RAILWAY IN THE LAKE DISTRICT—DERWENTWATER FROM THE CASTLE HILL



OPENING OF A RAILWAY IN MALTA FROM VALLETTA TO CITTA VECCHIA



# The Volunteer Campaign

By this time all England is aware that our country has escaped the humiliation of a foreign occupation. A small but determined force of foreign foes had effected a landing last Friday upon these shores near Brighton. The disembarkation of the rest of the force was providentially delayed by the action of what some newspaper writers have curiously called "a heavy swell." But the men who had succeeded in reaching land securely established themselves some miles inland, and England called upon her Volunteers to chase the audacious enemy into the sea. They responded with alacrity to the call. Several strong columns speedily left the capital for the seat of danger. They "detained" at Three Bridges and other stations, and thence cautiously advanced southwards to meet the enemy. We shall follow the movements of some of these troops, writing of their doings more from the personal than the general standpoint, and dealing less with the military manoeuvres at large than with the social life of the Volunteers at work.

## THE FIRST DAY'S WORK

GOOD FRIDAY morning saw the London Volunteers early astir. Exhausted journalists returning to their suburban homes after the night's work at the newspaper offices, and early workmen coming to the central workshops from the outlying districts, met streams of men, heavily accoutred, making their way in the chill morning to their various rendezvous. Earlier in the week small detachments of men had left London. A baggage guard of the Artists' Corps, some seventy strong, left town on Tuesday to go by road to Three Bridges. Small detachments of other crack corps had left for special training about the same time, but the great majority of Volunteers began their Easter training on Good Friday. The Volunteer's preparations for work need not be elaborate. He carries a valise strapped to his back, and a canvas haversack slung across his shoulders. Those who do not carry the valise are allowed a capacious canvas kit-bag, which is carried for them by rail to the various halting-places. In the haversack he carries his provisions for the day; and the kit-bag contains his toilet necessities, his change of clothes and boots, his housewife, blacking brushes and dubbing, razor, and whatever other luxuries he can contrive to squeeze in. A kit-bag is an exasperating thing to deal with. It cannot be carried except on the shoulder or under the arm. It is impossible to make any arrangement of its contents, and the search for any particular article usually results in a prolonged wrestle. Still, it is a necessity on a four days' campaign. Yet more necessary is the water-bottle, and strange are the mixtures which this receptacle sometimes contains. Some Volunteers have been known to carry in their bottles strong solutions of Liebig's extract of beef, which they declare is a very sustaining drink. Others prefer oatmeal and water. A few prefer spirits, and some quite uninformed recruits have been known to carry beer. The most popular drink is cold tea, flavoured, if a man is luxuriously inclined, with whisky, and if he be a thorough Sybarite, with lemon-juice also. Punctuality is now happily one of the chief virtues of the Volunteers, and the process of "entraining" is got through in an incredibly short space of time. The Brighton Railway Company is thoroughly up to its work, and is able to despatch train after train full of men with a very small interval of time between each. Perfect silence was observed while on the platform, but, once seated in the carriages, the men took off their heavier accoutrements, produced smoking materials, and made themselves comfortable for the journey. On reaching their destination the Volunteers remain quietly in their seats until the bugle sounds the one mournful note which gives the signal to detrain. In perfect order every one alights, and marches out of the station. In a minute the column is on the road, and the campaign has begun. The work of Friday, though of much interest, was not exciting. It consisted in a steady advance of the various columns, the advance-guards carefully feeling for the enemy, and now and then having a slight skirmish with him. Touch was kept between the various advancing columns by means of troopers of the Middlesex Yeomanry, a splendidly-mounted body of men, who performed their duties with precision and skill. Cavalry scouts were supposed to have patrolled the country in advance of the infantry columns, but in one case they had failed to detect a lurking outpost of the enemy in a scattered wood. Hence a little fight became necessary. A line of skirmishers went forward, and the (imaginary) enemy, finding himself outnumbered, retired. A smart, but very brief, engagement took place at a railway bridge. This was rapidly carried with the expenditure of but one round of ammunition per man, and the column advanced in security. Later on a more serious conflict took place, battalions deploying into attack formation, and firing several rounds each. Perhaps the most interesting feature of this little engagement was the employment of the ambulances. Here and there men were ordered by their officers to fall out. They lay upon the battle-field with pieces of paper, indicating the nature of the wound they had received, pinned upon them. One was declared to be suffering from a wound in the head, another from an arm-wound, and so on. The ambulance men came to each in turn, and, under the direction of the surgeons, gave exactly such first aid to the injured as the case required. The sufferers were then carried off the field in stretchers, and presently rejoined their comrades in the ranks.

## THE FIRST NIGHT'S UNREST

THERE is always considerable unrest during the first night of a Volunteer campaign. The men are not so fatigued as to make sleep a boon, and they are too much alive to the strangeness of their position to allow things to pass quietly. At Cuckfield, the halting-place of No. 3 Column, various quarters were assigned to the troops. Some slept in barns or lofts, others in deserted shops, others in small inns. In the rooms of the latter the furniture was removed and the floor littered with straw. On this, with their kit-bags for pillows, and one blanket to shield them from the piercing cold (the thermometer during the night registered ten degrees of frost), the Volunteers attempted to rest and recruit. Some ten or twelve men were crowded into each room, and in many cases the packing was so close that some unfortunate would be beset in the back by the feet of one neighbour, and in the face by the toes of another. At last the noisy preparations for sleep are complete, all pull on their red nightcaps, the sergeant in command enjoins silence, and a stillness follows. But there is a breathlessness in the pause, and suddenly a simultaneous shout of laughter issues from the recumbent forms. All begin to talk, to complain of the cold, to tell tales, or to fight over again the battles of the day. The sergeant exercises all his powers of persuasion to restore silence, which at length is partially restored. Some very tired man falls asleep, and immediately proclaims the fact by trumpet-like snores. Curses not loud but deep issue from the other men, they wake the delinquent, and warn him that that sort of thing won't do. When stillness has again fallen on the room, a cock from a neighbouring farm, anticipating dawn by some hours, utters a ragged crow. Then some wit says in a bloodthirsty voice, "I'll be on the track of that cock." The remark is slight, and not distinguished for originality, but in their present excited state it tickles the men, who laugh loud and long, and another period of hubbub follows. At last, towards the small hours of the morning, sleep will no longer be denied. All succumb, save perhaps one unfortunate who is a lighter sleeper than his comrades, and who lies awake full of bitterness. The snores of his companions seem to rack him. Some are sonorous and regular, other choky and

infrequent, and perhaps the most exasperating is that periodic gentle noise which resembles more than anything else the gush of aerated water from a syphon bottle. The sufferer longs to imitate Carlyle when that great philosopher was similarly troubled; to leap to his feet and shout with the Sage of Chelsea: "Cease that damnable gluddering and gurgling in the name of all the devils." But consideration restrains him, and perhaps he too at last falls into a disturbed slumber which lasts a brief time when he is startled by the *revue* into consciousness of stiffness and cold. Such are the experiences of a night in Volunteer sleeping quarters. The second night the men are usually too fatigued for much laughter or chat, and all sleep soundly.

## THE BATTLE OF CLAYTON MILLS

It was admitted by the oldest members of the Volunteer regiments that the field-day of Saturday was one of the hardest pieces of work ever accomplished by Volunteers. Starting at about eight in the morning the columns advanced by different routes for some six or seven miles, until they reached the foot of Wolstonbury Hill. This hill is part of a long range of similar heights. Its grassy sides slope steeply, and its elevation is some 800 feet. Its toilsome ascent, first in skirmishing order, then in column, recalled the ascent of Butser Hill last year on the march from Petersfield to Portsmouth. Considering the nature of the ground, the ascent was admirably managed both by the infantry and artillery. Many Volunteers imagined that when they reached the summit of Wolstonbury Hill, and gained the base of the old Roman Camp which crowns it, the enemy would be in sight. But no enemy appeared. A formidable attack was evidently about to be delivered, for the fighting line extended far on either side, and strong reserves were posted in the rear. The scene from the top of Wolstonbury Hill was a stirring and beautiful one. Inland the fair fields and lanes of Sussex stretched in a continuous plain, dotted here and there with hamlets and towns, right up to the Dorking Hills. On the crest of the hill, on its steep slopes, and in the plain below swarmed masses of troops in black, green, red, and grey, their rifle-barrels and accoutrements throwing back, in a thousand glints of light, the rays of the March sun. Orderlies galloped hither and thither with instructions, plumed staff officers gathered the Volunteer commanders about them to explain the plan of the coming battle, and a dense throng of spectators capped the Roman Camp, and looked curiously down upon the warlike panorama below them. At last a booming gun from the top of the hill announced the beginning of the attack. The enemy was said to be stationed close to Clayton Mills, and this position was industriously shelled by the artillery. The word was "Advance," and the whole fighting line moved forward with admirable precision. But it was long before the enemy was sighted. To come within effective rifle range some mile and a half of the most difficult ground had to be covered. Keeping on the summit of the range of hills of which Wolstonbury Hill is the highest, the skirmishers ranged across ploughed fields, through turnip plantations, and over hedges, slid down deep cuttings, and clambered up the opposite embankment. It was a most exhausting quest across the worst possible country, and everyone was glad when the order was given for a volley at 600 yards. Then, even, the work was by no means over, for there followed a continuous series of desperate rushes at the double up sloping ground, until at length, with a tumultuous cheer, the fighting line, heavily reinforced, dashed up the final slope and carried the position. The enemy had been represented by some four hundred men. Their position had been simultaneously attacked in flank by other columns acting in concert with that whose movements have just been described, and their defence was literally crumpled up. Colonel Paul Methuen, who had conducted the operations of the attacking column, was warmly congratulated on the result, and a vast army of sightseers collected to see the Volunteers sit down to their hard-earned luncheon. Half-an-hour was granted for this repast, and then the combined columns marched the six miles into Brighton, from the top of the Downs, with only one brief halt of ten minutes. From the outskirts of Preston Park right up to the King's Road the streets were lined with thousands of spectators. A more fatiguing march than this through the crowded streets, where the rifles were all carried either at the slope or the trail, it would be difficult to imagine. It was, however, achieved with remarkable success by the weary men, who pulled themselves together with much spirit for this final call upon their endurance. Those who went through the day best know how extremely arduous was the work. The strain was most severe, and the fact that so few men succumbed, and so few cases of illness required medical attention speaks eloquently for the remarkable physical fitness of the Volunteers engaged in this most interesting but most exhausting field-day.

## SUNDAY IN BRIGHTON

SUNDAY was a day of show and rest. Several impressive church parades were held, the most notable being that in the Dome of the Pavilion. The floor of the Dome was completely covered with Volunteers of various corps, the officers sitting in front, while privileged ticket-holders occupied seats in the gallery. Bands joined in the service, and a large choir led the singing. The Volunteers were asked to join heartily in the service. It is scarcely necessary to say that the invitation was warmly answered. The singing of that stirring hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," was little short of electrifying, and the general effect of the "Hallelujah Chorus" was scarcely less impressive. Then the masses of Volunteers streamed away to the Pier and the King's Road, and officers were glad to escape into mufti to avoid the necessity for returning salutes at every other step. Sobriety and order were strictly observed on Sunday. Cases of drunkenness were very rare, and the pickets had but little, if any work. Most men returned early to quarters to get a good night's rest before the fatigues of the sham fight on Monday. Speaking generally, the arrangements for boarding and provisioning the Volunteers in Brighton were admirable. On the way down, especially at Cuckfield, complaints were numerous, both as to the quantity and quality of the food. In Brighton there were no complaints whatever. Few corps, however, were so fortunate as the Artists, who secured the Corn Exchange as their quarters. The floor of this spacious building was almost covered with rows of straw mattresses, each provided with the regulation blanket, and those who could not find room in the large hall were comfortably bestowed in smaller rooms adjoining. Lavatory arrangements were most complete, and the messing was all that could be desired. Long tables (two to each company) were well provided with excellent meat, bread, potatoes, butter, marmalade, and cheese, and the Artists were attended to by waiters. The sterner spirits, indeed, found that this was too sybaritic, and they preferred the rough arrangements at Cuckfield or Fort Purbrook last year.

## THE BATTLE ON MONDAY

THE fine weather which had favoured the operations up to Sunday night seemed likely to give place to wet and snow on Monday morning. As the various troops moved out, however, and took up their position on the different parade grounds, a change for the better took place. The snow, which had fallen heavily, ceased, the sun shone out, and the march to the race course was begun in the pleasantest spring weather. All Brighton was astir to see the show. Slowly but steadily the troops mounted to the Downs behind Brighton, and took up their position for that archaic ceremony the march-past, which took place this year before instead of after the sham fight. Of the march-past in general it may be said that it was better executed than that at Portsmouth, where the ground was

execrable, but not nearly so well as that at Windsor in the previous year. In a little less than an hour all the troops had passed the saluting-point, and were on their way to take up positions for the battle. To these positions they went without a halt direct from the race course, in order if possible to get into their stations before the arrival of the crowd. When the positions were taken up, arms were piled, and haversacks opened, and having lunched freely, the forces waited for the signal gun to announce that the action had begun. On the march from the grand stand, the attacking force (that is to say the English troops who were to attack the position taken up by the invading enemy), had turned aside, and marched down into the valley separating the two ridges along which the fight was to range. They skirted a low hill, and finally disappeared from the enemy's sight behind the intervening eminences. The enemy meanwhile had crested the opposite ridge and descended its southern slope for some little distance, so that when the signal-gun fired the opposing forces were completely concealed from each other. It is needless to say that General Higginson commanding the attacking, or English force, made a feint attack against General Newdigate's right, that the latter, imagining this to be the main attack, hurried his Brigades down the hill to repel the enemy, that the fight gradually drifted from this part of the field towards General Newdigate's left, where the main attack was really delivered, and that this attack appeared to have met with complete success. Stated roughly, this to the onlookers appeared to be the general course of the battle, but no final opinion can be formed until the publication of the official report.

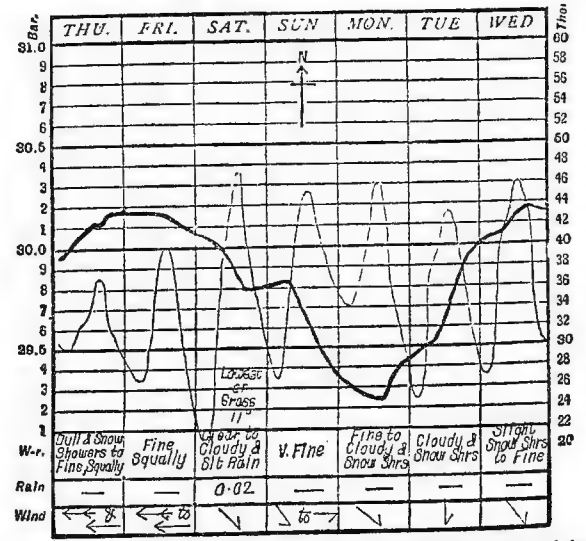
## THE FUTURE OF THE EASTER REVIEW

THE proceedings on Easter Monday were, as far as the behaviour of the Volunteers was concerned, an improvement on former reviews. But the usual causes were at work to mar the success of the manoeuvres. First among these must be mentioned the vast crowds of sightseers who cloud the operations and cause endless annoyance. Wherever the firing is hottest there the spectators flock, blocking in the Artillerymen, cutting off the reserves from their fighting lines, and getting in the way of the orderlies and staff officers. The sightseers this year were a more intolerable nuisance than they have ever been before. It is impossible to keep the ground clear of them when the operations are conducted over miles of ground, and it is evident to all who have considered the question that Brighton Reviews must soon be things of the past. Brighton is essentially a place of pleasure, and the Easter Volunteer Manoeuvres should be serious work. It is altogether a mistake to try and make them an occasion for pleasure. That sort of thing was well enough when the Volunteer movement was in its infancy, and men needed the bait of "an outing" to induce them to leave home for an annual training. But the Volunteer force has now passed its majority. It has grown sober and earnest, though not a whit less enthusiastic than of yore. Its enthusiasm, indeed, waxes year by year, and it is this very enthusiasm which makes the better corps impatient of these holiday outings. They want to make these four days at Easter a serious military training, and the place to carry that out is Aldershot and not Brighton. Whether the poorer Volunteer corps, those composed of shopmen and artisans, would willingly forego their visit to Brighton, which is to them perhaps the one holiday of the year, remains to be seen. But the opinion of the Volunteers on this point should be ascertained, and that of the majority would, we feel sure, be in favour of transferring the scene of operations from Brighton to Aldershot.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

ON page 317 our artist has given a few stray notes in and about Brighton. The troops coming under the viaduct are the Artists marching into Brighton on Saturday afternoon. To the right are seen two burly members of the London Scottish saluting a staff officer. The Baggage Guard of the Artists' Corps left London on Wednesday week last, and joined the main body of their comrades at Three Bridges on Good Friday. On this march the Artists dragged with them a new army cart, which Colonel Moncrieff of the Scots Guards had desired them to test. A writer in the *St. James's Gazette*, who accompanied the Artists' Baggage Guard, tells us that this machine can be separated so as to form two one-wheel carriages, so that on arriving at the camping-ground one-half can be employed in carrying water and the other in carrying wood. The carriage carries sufficient ammunition, provisions, entrenching tools, water, and wood to supply the necessities of a war company of a hundred men for twenty-four hours. Four men can comfortably drag the machine, which is likely to be of much use to advanced guards of armies.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK  
FROM MARCH 22 TO MARCH 28 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been finer than of late, with cold and very keen winds, and frequent snow showers. A temporary rise of the mercury took place on Thursday (22nd inst.), and after remaining steady for the greater part of the next day, receded again. Weather during this time was overcast at first, and afterwards very fine; the easterly winds, however, which prevailed were extremely searching, and attained the force of a strong gale, the times. Saturday (24th inst.) found a depression of some size over the Baltic, the barometer fell steadily, and the weather, which was at first fine, became cloudy, and by the evening rain fell. The next day pressure fell quickly, but a very fine day resulted, with light north-westerly breezes. On Monday (26th inst.), barometer commenced to rise, and continued throughout Tuesday (27th inst.), during which time the prevailing weather was fine to cloudy, with frequent snow showers. Very similar conditions were experienced on Wednesday (28th inst.). Temperature has again been very low for the time of year, a grass reading of 11° being recorded on Saturday morning (24th inst.). The barometer was highest (30°·8 inches) on Thursday and Friday (22nd and 23rd inst.); lowest (29°·2 inches) on Monday (26th inst.); range, 0°·94 inches. Temperature was highest (47°) on Saturday (24th inst.); lowest (23°) on Saturday (24th inst.); range, 24°. Rain fell on one day. Total amount, 0·02 inches.



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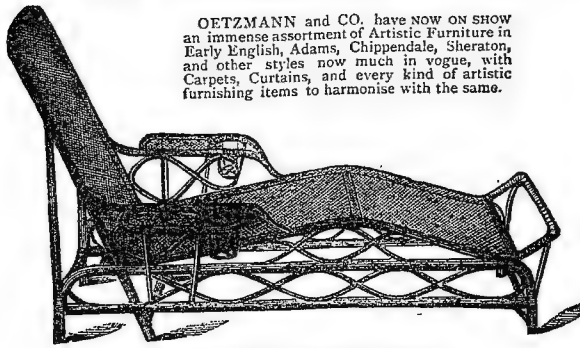
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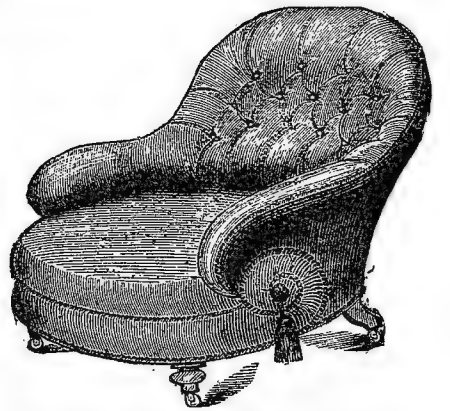
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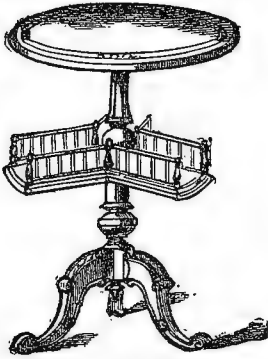
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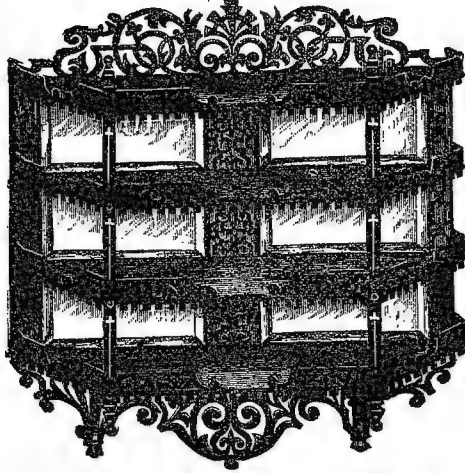
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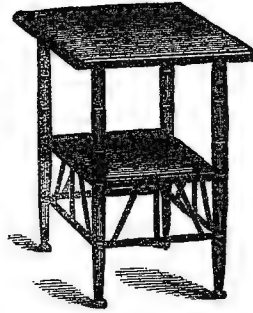
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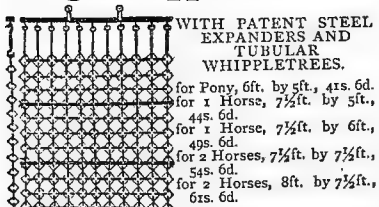
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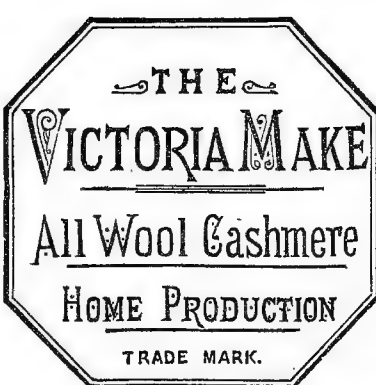
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His death Mrs. Ribton and her daughter, who is now seventeen years of age, have been left totally unprovided for.

Mr. Ribton was a native of the City of Dublin, a Graduate of T.C.D., a Civil Engineer by profession, and son of the late Dr. George Ribton, a well-known member of the medical profession in Dublin.

At the time of his death Mr. Ribton was one of the Civil Engineers attached to the *Tribunal Militaire* at Alexandria.

On Sunday, the 11th June, 1882, Mr. Ribton, accompanied by his daughter and three friends, left home to visit the British Fleet then in the Harbour, and on his return was brutally murdered by the Arab Mob and Soldiers; about 300 other Europeans fell in the same massacre.

Mr. Ribton's daughter was frightfully beaten. She was seized by an Arab soldier, who carried her off to the Arab quarter. Here she was miraculously rescued by a friendly Arab Sheikh, who kept her till nightfall when he sent her home disguised as an Arab. She was, however, dreadfully bruised, and is still in extremely delicate health.

After remaining in terror of their lives for four days, on the Friday following Mrs. Ribton and her daughter were enabled to effect their escape and to take refuge on board the vessel which was hired by the British Government for the reception of the refugees.

Everything that Mrs. Ribton and her daughter possessed in the world, save the clothes in which they fled, was left behind in Alexandria, and they are now absolutely destitute.

Mrs. Ribton presented a petition to Her Majesty's Government for compensation for the murder of her husband, and has been informed by Earl Granville, in reply, that her claim must be investigated by an International Commission in Egypt, which Commission has since been appointed, and is expected to sit shortly. Meanwhile she has no means to support herself or her daughter; any contributions will be thankfully received by Mrs. Richards, 51, Brunswick Road, Brighton.

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"What, do you know each other?" asked Mr. Higgins.

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AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AMONG ALIENS," &C., &C.

"We twain have met like ships upon the sea."

### CHAPTER XXV.

IN considering the prospects of her young friend, Nina Guarini sometimes had sanguine moments, in which she persuaded herself that Mr. Higgins might be induced to bestow such a dowry on his niece as would place her above want in the event (which Nina foresaw) of Masi's losing the whole of his slender patrimony. Violet was not extravagant nor ambitious, and one could still live on very modest means in Italy. Masi even might obtain some employment sufficient to satisfy his self-respect that he was not dependent on his wife's money. Then, again, her spirits would sink, and she would be able to see no escape for him from the tangle of responsibilities in which he had involved himself. "Ah, if he had not resigned his commission!" said Nina to herself. "Soldiering is the trade he knows. And, perhaps, of all trades it is the one best suited to him; for in the army orders must be obeyed, and there is no opportunity for dawdling between two courses, and then choosing the wrong one in a hurry, as he is almost certain to do when left to himself."

From her husband Nina learned that Gino Peretti had resolved to withdraw all money support from the paper, and had advised Masi to give it up, but that Masi persisted in endeavouring to carry it on. And Guarini declared he had no idea how the *Tribune* subsisted, and got published from day to day. He might have made a shrewd guess, and he might even have known with some certainty all the shifts and expedients, the risings and fallings of the financial thermometer, which attended the issue of that unprosperous print, had he thought it worth while to investigate them. But he did not think it worth while. Mario Masi was a profoundly uninteresting personage to him. Guarini was what is called an easy-going sort of man. He had not much rancour in him, and in any case he never allowed private resentments to interfere with business. But so far as he had any active feeling at all towards Masi he rather disliked him, thinking his manner conceited, and somewhat pretentious. Moreover, Beppe thought that his wife wasted more sympathy and interest than were needful on the ex-Captain. It must be understood that Beppe was not jealous in the ordinary sense of the word, but he felt irritated at seeing "so much fuss made about Masi," as he phrased it to himself, just as he might have been irritated at seeing his wife spoil a child or pamper a lap-

dog. As to its all being done for the sake of the little English girl, that was very well, and Beppe believed it. But he was not at all sure that Masi did not set down somewhat of the Signora Nina's kindness to the score of his own personal merits and attractions. Beppe would have liked to assure him in the clearest manner that the Signora Nina cared not one straw for him, or his *beaux yeux*, or his military swagger, that was all. But he was not jealous—not the least in the world.

Things had already gone so badly with the *Tribune* that Masi had tasted the bitterness of being rudely dunned for money which he was unable to pay. He had attempted, urged by necessity, to gain the support of certain political leaders of his party. Such arrangements were not unheard of. But it was late to make the effort. The *Tribune* was not successful enough to be tempting. However, his overtures had been received in one or two quarters. In the midst of this came the sudden rise in the Pontine Marshes shares, and a corresponding rise in Masi's hopes and spirits. He was believed to be a larger holder than was the fact, and the *Tribune*, which had always upheld the company, was credited with a great deal of its advance in public estimation. The political personages appeared likely to take up Masi's negotiations seriously, and creditors began to bend their backs and unbend their brows with a lively sense of benefits to come.

It was during this gleam of sunshine that Masi first made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Higgins. Miss Baines, it may be remembered, had made an appointment to introduce him to Uncle Joshua. But before that could come off they met in the house of Nina Guarini. There was a large gathering. Mario arrived late, as was his custom. Nina described him almost immediately on his arrival, and beckoning him out of the tea-room, led him round by another way into the study, which was empty. "The Higginses are here," she said. "Poor little Violet has been so nervous and anxious all the evening. She asked me, almost as soon as she arrived, if you were coming, and I was obliged to answer that I thought it doubtful, as you had not honoured us very often of late. Oh, yes, I know; 'business of the *Tribune*.'—'Affairs of the nation?' Why, you look quite bright—like your old self! *Tant mieux!* What has happened? Pontine shares going up? Ah, sell, *caro mio!* Sell to-morrow—to-night, if you can."

Involuntarily Masi recalled some of Colonel Smith-Müller's

insinuations. Was it so clear, he had asked, that the Signora Guarini was always disinterested in her advice? And even if the lady's motives were excellent, might she not be a tool in the hands of her husband? Might not he desire to injure a rival journalist and a rising man? Masi was half ashamed of himself for thinking of these words, but he did think of them. He was relieved when Nina, giving him a little push on the shoulder, said "*Basta!* No more business for to-night. Go and captivate the old Higgins, and make Violet's pretty eyes brighter at the sight of your good-for-nothing visage," and so dismissed him.

Making his way into the drawing-room, the first person whom he saw was Miss Baines. Her uncle and his wife were yonder, sitting at the end of the room, she told him. She would introduce him to them immediately. And Violet was there also, but had just gone into the tea-room with her cousin. Oh, had not Captain Masi heard? It was quite a curious story. Fancy Violet's cousin—or, at any rate, second cousin—having chanced to go to the very same boarding-house where Mr. and Mrs. Higgins were staying, and having made their acquaintance before he found out that they were relations of his own! That was Mrs. Higgins, in the lilac satin gown. But he had better be introduced to Uncle Joshua first. Would Captain Masi come now? Miss Baines was nervous and fluttered, and walked off hurriedly towards the end of the room, giving Masi no time for further questioning.

They advanced to where Mr. Higgins sat in a large armchair, haranguing old Giorgi (specially told off by Nina for the service), and abating no whit of his habitual self-assertion in the midst of a scene so new to him. There could be no better proof of the sincerity of Uncle Joshua's good opinion of himself than his demeanour under these circumstances. The least consciousness of humbug,—or even a grain of self-distrust—would have weakened him. But his conscience was clear of any attempt to appear what he was not. To appear what he was sufficed to Uncle Joshua; and must also, in his judgment, suffice to impress all beholders with respect.

"This is my friend Captain Masi, Uncle Joshua, whom I've spoken to you about," said Betsy Baines, with even more than her usual timidity in addressing her uncle.

"How do you do, sir?" said Mr. Higgins, holding out his hand. "Why, Lor' bless me, sir; you're quite a young man."



"Alas, not very young!" answered Masi with his winning smile. "Yes, yes, you are. Quite a young man. My niece, Miss Baines here, said you were retired from the army. And I expected to see an elderly gentleman past active service."

"I didn't intend—" stammered Miss Baines nervously. "I'm very sorry—"

"Nothing to be sorry about, Betsy. I dare say Captain Marsy don't feel it much of a misfortune not to be an old gentleman with grey hair. I suppose you didn't like a military life, sir?"

"I wanted to improve my fortunes, Mr. Higgins, and the army is not a good road for making money."

"Well, I suppose not. And what business have you taken up since you left the army?"

"I am at present engaged in editing a newspaper—"

"Where! Editing a newspaper! Well now, I shouldn't have thought that was a good road for making money any more than the army,—at least not in these parts."

"Oh, but I have other methods,—commercial speculation. I have a great respect for commerce, Mr. Higgins,—like the English nation. The English are a great commercial people," said Masi, thinking he was paying an irresistible compliment.

"The English nation, sir," answered Mr. Higgins, "can do pretty well whatever they've a mind to. But it don't follow that every one can imitate 'em. However, I hope you'll succeed with your speculations, I'm sure."

"May I have the honour to be presented to Mrs. Higgins?" asked Masi, a little thrown out by this unexpected reply.

"You may, certainly; and Mrs. Higgins will be happy to make your acquaintance. I'll introduce you to her directly. There she sits. You see that young gentleman she's talking to? He's a Dook they tell me."

"Yes. I know him."

"Do you? And he is a Dook, is he? Well now, tell me: is he always as low in his spirits as he seems to be this evening?"

"He appears to me to be much as usual."

"Does he? Then I'll tell you what I should recommend for him: a good nourishing plain diet, exercise in the open air, and sea-bathing. There must be a sad want of stamina for a young fellow to look and move like that at his age. But, for that matter, I don't know what the constitutions of the present day are made of. Look at me! Over seventy years old, sir; and not in bed with a day's illness for more than a quarter of a century."

The thought darted into Masi's mind that waiting for an inheritance from this old gentleman might be an intolerably tedious business, and that he had far better give Violet whatever he meant her to have, at once, and have done with it. Then Mr. Higgins rose up from his chair, and, going up to his wife, said, "This gentleman is Captain Marsy, a friend of my niece, Miss Baines. My wife, Mrs. Joshua Higgins."

That lady was in a high state of elation, and had been playing off her finest airs of elegance for the Duke of Pontalto's benefit, to such an extent that Ciccio sat staring at her, for the most part in silence, not in the least degree comprehending the bearing of half her speeches, and thinking her the most bewildering person he had ever met with in all his life. But unconscious of his state of mind regarding her, Mrs. Higgins talked on, rolling her eyes, shrugging her buxom shoulders, fanning herself, languishing, smiling, bridling, and, above all, talking, talking, until the diamond drops in her ears (a wedding gift from Mr. Higgins) quivered again with her eloquence. She had been prepared beforehand to give any friend of Miss Baines's a very condescending and cool reception. But she changed her mind a little on seeing Masi, and she changed it a great deal on observing that the Duke of Pontalto saluted Captain Masi very civilly, and Captain Masi saluted the Duke of Pontalto very distantly. "Oh, you are already acquainted with his Grace!" she said with a girlish giggle. "I was going to present you." But "his Grace," after one long last stare, which apparently failed to give him any distinct enlightenment as to what sort of queer creature this was whom *la Nina* had got hold of, relapsed into apathetic melancholy, gave a somnolent bow, and slowly shambled away.

"Delightful person!" exclaimed Mrs. Higgins to Masi, as the Duke of Pontalto turned his back. "Have you known him long?"

"Who—Ciccio Nasoni? Oh yes. That is to say one sees him about, you know."

"Ah, true, of course. In the *monde*, naturally. I suppose you go a good deal into the *monde*?"

Masi said, "Yes," at a venture, and looked about impatiently for Violet. He was curious to see the cousin; and, in some dim unacknowledged way, a little resentful at the existence of a cousin of whom he had never heard.

"What do you mean by the *mond*, Jane Higgins?" asked her spouse, gravely.

"The *beau monde* of course, my dear. The fashionable world," she answered with a playful tap of her fan.

"Oh! I am not acquainted with foreign languages, myself, Captain Marsy, having been occupied with more important business all my life. But my wife, Mrs. Joshua Higgins, she is up to any amount of *parly-voo*."

"Flatterer!" exclaimed Mrs. Joshua Higgins, with another playful poke of her fan, and a giggle. "Don't believe him, Captain Masi! But about the Duke—you called him by his Christian name, did you not?"

"Oh, most people do that. He's a sort of character like Stenterello. I suppose you know Stenterello?"

"Well I—n—ne; I almost fancy not; but, having travelled a good deal, you see, my acquaintance is so large that I—I hardly know," answered Mrs. Higgins, in some confusion, for she saw in her husband's eye an intention of presently requiring to know what was meant by "Stenterello;" and, despite her residence in Florence, and some hazy associations with the name, she felt herself quite unable to tell him. But, at this moment, Violet entered the room on the arm of a gentleman; Masi started from his seat with a smothered exclamation, advanced towards them, and shook hands with the stranger. It was perhaps well for Violet that the general attention was thus diverted from her face, which suddenly flushed from brow to chin on seeing Masi, and then grew pale.

"What do you know each other?" asked Mr. Higgins. And Miss Baines clasped her hands and exclaimed, "How very strange, isn't it?" And Mrs. Higgins, fanning herself, languidly observed that these coincidences might make a sensitive mind superstitious.

"Why I don't think our knowing each other so very strange," said the new comer with a smile. "For we met in the most commonplace and every-day manner, at a café, where I was indebted to Captain Masi's courtesy for helping my lame Italian out of a hobble."

"This is Violet's cousin, Mr. William Chester," said Miss Baines; and then the two men shook hand over again.

"I didn't know that Miss Moore had a cousin," observed Masi.

"I scarcely knew it myself," said Violet.

"It is very kind in Miss Moore to admit the cousinship," said Chester.

"Oh no, not so far away," struck in Miss Baines. "Violet's father and your father were first cousins. Mr. Moore's aunt Sarah married a Chester, and I have often heard him speak—"

"That will do, Betsy, that will do," interposed Mr. Higgins.

"There are times and seasons for everything. It won't interest Captain Marsy to hear all that rigmarole about people he don't know and don't care about." Uncle Joshua was alive to the probability that strangers might not be interested in the family genealogy of Moores and Chesters. Had it been Higginses, it would have been a different matter.

"You didn't expect to see me of all people here to-night?" said Chester, turning to Masi.

"Well, no; simply because you mentioned that you had no acquaintances in Rome."

"The fact is, I came under the wing of Miss Baines. She kindly got me the invitation."

"As to that, my dear Mr. Chester, you might have come with us," said Mrs. Higgins majestically, with some intention of snubbing Betsy Baines, and putting her in the background. But upon this, Mr. Higgins, perceiving symptoms of that tendency in Jane Higgins to "take too much upon herself," which it was his mission to correct, contradicted her in a loud voice. "No, no, Mrs. Higgins! Not at all. Don't you make any false pretences. I'm a stranger to Madame Gwarinny, and I shouldn't think of taking it on myself—let alone my wife—to bring any one to her house. Miss Baines is different. My niece, Miss Baines, is on intimate terms here. It is through my niece, Miss Baines, that you're here yourself, Jane Higgins. And when Mr. Chester says he came under Miss Baines's wing, he says what is quite correct."

At this point Nina came up, and taking possession of Mr. Higgins's arm, by a skilful manoeuvre separated Violet and Mario from the rest, and gave them an opportunity of talking together. Mrs. Higgins was consoled for the loss of the Duke by a substitute, in the shape of the fat Deputy, who was presented to her as a *Marchese*; and the two conversed in the French tongue, mauling and maltreating it as though an alliance had been entered into for that express purpose between "Ungrateful Italy" and "Perfidious Albion."

Meanwhile Violet and her lover exchanged a few hurried words. She was anxious to know how he had got on with her uncle. As to that Mario declared there was not much to be said. There had not been time to make any acquaintance. But he had discovered one thing, namely, that Mr. Higgins had not much faith in newspaper editing as a means of making money. Mario laughed as he said it, and observed that the old gentleman might find himself mistaken. Things had taken a good turn with the *Tribune* since he (Mario) had been acting on his own judgment, and against the advice of certain sage counsellors. "You don't mean Nina?" asked Violet anxiously.

"Why not?"

"Because she is so clever, and knows so much about business, and is so entirely our friend."

"Ah, *va benissimo*! But every one for himself in this world, *Violetta mia*!"

Then Mr. and Mrs. Higgins went away. But before they departed they invited Captain Masi to go and see them—an invitation which made Violet's face glow with pleasure.

Nevertheless, in thinking over everything Mario had said to her that evening, she felt a little sense of dissatisfaction and disappointment. She wished he had not said those words about every one being for himself in this world; above all, she wished he had not used them in connection with Nina. Of course he did not mean them in earnest. But she wished—she could not help wishing—that he had not said them.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

As time passed, and the Directors of the Pontine Marshes Company made no sign, the Duke of Pontalto resolved to apply to Guarini; and he wrote him the following note:—

"DEAR GUARINI,—

"I send you a copy of the *Messenger of Peace* which I have just chanced to see. If you read the passage I have marked, you will see what they say about Lestro di Campolungo and Mattoccia. Perhaps you don't know that that property belongs to me. If the Pontine Marshes Company want to buy it they had better apply at once, as I have other offers. I wonder who wrote that article in the *Messenger*.

"Yours,

"FRANCESCO NASONI."

To which Guarini answered:—

"DEAR DON CICCIO,—

"I return you the *Messenger of Peace*. It contains a capital puff for the P. M. Company, which is doubly valuable as coming from an enemy. I have no personal interest in the matter, not holding a single share in the Company. No doubt you do wonder who wrote that article in the *Messenger*.

"Yours,

"GIUSEPPE GUARINI."

Ciccio was a little puzzled at this. He did not believe Guarini's statement that he held no shares in the Company. And he did not understand how it was that the directors should neglect securing the land which was so indispensable for carrying out their enterprise. "Perhaps they think I shall make easy terms for them because I'm on the same side in politics," thought Ciccio at one moment. But he almost immediately relinquished this hypothesis as implying an incredible degree of simplicity—not to say idiocy—on the part of the directors. Then it struck him that they might be holding off lest, by any show of anxiety about the matter, they should tempt him to raise his price. But it was now openly stated that the Government had promised to cede to the company for a term of years the lands contiguous to Mattoccia on both sides. It was therefore clear that the Company could not carry on their draining and planting operations without possessing also that estate which at present cut their property in two; and since the purchase was inevitable, all further fencing was mere waste of time.

Upon this, he wrote to Gino Peretti, asking for an interview. Peretti replied with almost obsequious politeness that he deeply regretted that he was then on the point of starting for Lucca on business. He should, however, be back in Rome in about a week, when he would have the pleasure of waiting on the Duke of Pontalto, or of receiving him at his own house, as the Duke pleased. Inasmuch as politeness was not common with Peretti, Ciccio took note of it as a symptom of his wishing to cajole the proprietor of Lestro di Campolungo and Mattoccia; and he resolved to be adamant in making his bargain. He waited a week; ten days; a fortnight; but no communication came from Peretti. Meanwhile public attention was considerably distracted from the Pontine Marshes by topics of fresher interest and more general importance. The newspapers found other matter for their leading articles. A threatened interpellation in the Chamber on the subject was heard of no more. The shareholders had to content themselves as best they could with the vague prospect that the Ministry would "do something" next Session. Ciccio began to fear that the golden opportunity of selling his worthless land for a high price was slipping away, and spurred by this apprehension, he set off one evening for the office of the *Tribune of the People*, determined to find Peretti; or, at least, to learn where he could be found.

As he was passing along the Corso on foot, he ran against a man talking with a group of other men at the corner of a cross street. It was Peretti. "Oho, Signor Duca!" he cried, in his loud blustering way, "you've never been to see me, according to promise, hey?"

"I expected you to write and let me know when you came back," said Ciccio, staring at him with his dull light eyes.

"Lord bless me!" exclaimed the other, drawing back a step or two and slapping his forehead. "Did you? Did you? And I have been waiting to hear from you! How unfortunate! Never

mind! Here I am now, ready to serve you if I can. What is it, eh, Signor Duca?"

"It's a business matter," answered Ciccio, slowly looking round at Peretti's companions, of whom one was Carlo Silvotti, and the other two were a Lucchese farmer and Colonel Smith-Müller, in a greasy frock coat tightly buttoned to the chin.

"Business? What, you're not going into the oil-trade?" rejoined Peretti, with his own fine humour.

Ciccio was determined not to be baulked this time. He drew Peretti a couple of paces apart from the others, and said in a lowered voice, "Look here! If you want that bit of land between Lestro di Campolungo and Mattoccia, you'd better make an offer at once."

"Bit of land—? Lestro di—? I don't understand, Signor Duca!"

"Oh, yes, you do," answered Ciccio, in his slow, cold-blooded tones. (Nina Guarini once said of him that if a codfish could be endowed with speech it would talk like Ciccio Nasoni.) "I mean the land in the Pontine Marshes. You'll have to buy it. It cuts the Company's property right in two."

"A-a-a-h! Pontine Marshes! Oh, *now* I see!" roared Peretti, not modulating his voice in the least. "Oho, *that's* what you wanted to speak about, is it? But I'm out of it. Got rid of all my shares and retired from the direction a week ago. Too many other things to attend to. But as to the land—why your papa, the Signor Principe, sold it, and pocketed the money some time back!"

It could scarcely be said that Ciccio grew pale, for he was never otherwise than pale. But his hue changed from a yellowish white to lead-colour. He passed his handkerchief over his face from forehead to chin; and then—slowly, deliberately, and to all appearance, phlegmatically as ever—Don Francesco Nasoni, Duca di Pontalto, &c., &c., uttered a most tremendous imprecation, which could scarcely have surprised his hearers more if it had proceeded from the mouth of his prototype the codfish himself. For an instant the other men looked at each other in amazement, and then they all burst into a peal of laughter, Peretti, of course, leading the chorus, "*Bravo, Signor Duca! Bravissimo!*" he cried, wiping his eyes. And Silvotti observed with his little dandified air of railery, "Well, I thought I could rap out a pretty strong oath myself, on occasion; but you—! However, it shows what an advantage it is to have had a religious education."

Ciccio remained perfectly grave and impassive in the midst of it all. "I think," said he to Peretti, "that if my father has sold that land, he has sold what did not belong to him."

"No fear, Signor Duca! I have seen all the documents, and so has our lawyer. You need not be uneasy on our account." And at this there was another laugh. "But," proceeded Peretti, "I suppose your papa will arrange it with you. You'll settle the matter between you. Nothing I can do for you in oil? Good evening, Signor Duca." And Peretti swaggered off with Silvotti, rolling his head from side to side, and causing the passers-by to turn and look after him, as he broke every now and then into a stentorian roar of laughter at the recollection of Don Ciccio's curses.

It all passed in the space of a minute or so, but Ciccio remained standing on the pavement with a bewildered sense of having been asleep for a week or two and just awakened. Was it for this that Don Silvestro had been loading the *Messenger of Peace* to the muzzle with heavy charges, fired off in the interests of the directors of the Pontine Marshes Company? Was it for this that Prince Pietro Carlovings had been scattering broadcast precious little seeds of suggestion as to the desirability of taking shares in it? All this in order to enable Gino Peretti to make a successful *coup*, to increase the sale of the *Tribune of the People*, and to put money into his father's pocket! Ciccio's intelligence did not move rapidly, and he needed some time before he fully grasped the news he had heard. But slowly he did grasp it. For a little while he clung to the idea that his father had in truth cheated the Company by selling them what was not his to sell. As to Prince Nasoni being above the suspicion of such a fraud, Ciccio gave little weight to that. A man who had already so scandalously compromised the interests of his heir, might do anything. And in fact he had no belief in any gold-dust grains of honour or goodness which might still linger in the muddy channel of Prince Massimo Nasoni's life. Ciccio was not without cunning, but it was of an elementary kind. He saw things in the gross: his own interests looming large and distinct in the midst of a crowd of less conspicuous objects which, however, he liked to be able to label in big letters. Things too subtle or too shifting to be easily catalogued in his brain he commonly ignored, or rather they escaped his apprehension. Ciccio had never done anything so bad as some of his father's actions; but he had never conceived anything so good as some of his father's sentiments. It was not, therefore, any belief in the Prince's unwillingness to swindle, but a conviction of Peretti's wariness against being swindled, which finally brought him to accept the fact that the estates near Terracina were gone from the illustrious House of Nasoni for evermore. He had been deceived, and led into a mistaken course, and cheated of his expected gains. When he was angry his wrath burned like a coke fire, with a smothered, choking kind of heat, difficult to kindle, almost impossible to extinguish. And he was profoundly angry now.

Although his errand to the office of the *Tribune* had been rendered fruitless, he mechanically pursued the road he had started on, absorbed in extremely disagreeable reflections. As he got into the more obscure and unfrequented streets, he became aware of the footsteps of some one following him, and presently he heard a puffing and panting as of a person out of breath. Without turning round, he moved his head sufficiently to perceive that the individual who followed him was one of those whom he had seen in company with Peretti,—the man in the shabby coat buttoned to the chin.

Colonel Smith-Müller instantly observed that he was recognised, and, taking off his hat with a flourish, he almost compelled Ciccio to stop. "Have I the honour of addressing the Duke of Pontalto?" said he.

"Yes," answered Ciccio bluntly. Colonel Smith-Müller's appearance did not impress him with much respect. And Colonel Smith-Müller's utterance had a certain beery thickness which was not prepossessing. The Colonel fumbled in his breast-pocket, and took out a dog-eared visiting card, which he presented to Ciccio. "I should wish the Duke of Pontalto to understand," said the Colonel, "that I am a mere passing acquaintance—not a friend; by no means a friend—of Signor Gino Peretti. That is the first point I wish to make clear. I am not a rich man, but I am an old soldier and a man of honour, and I beg to separate myself from Peretti and his proceedings in the affair of the Pontine Marshes Company."

Ciccio had been standing looking at him vacantly with the card in his hand. He now moved nearer to a street lamp in order to read it, and having read it, said sulkily, "What have *you* got to do with the Pontine Marshes Company?"

"I heard, unavoidably," pursued the Colonel, "a part of what Peretti was saying to you. And I perceived—unavoidably—that you were disturbed and surprised by it. There is a coarseness about Peretti, a want of the high-toned feelings of a gentleman, which I, although now but a rough old soldier, yet as a man of honour—"

"What do you want?" interrupted Ciccio unceremoniously, and at the same time recoiling from the too close approach of Colonel Smith-Müller. The latter had been drinking, but he was sober enough to take keen note of Don Ciccio's demeanour. He drew himself up for a moment with a majestic air, as though about to protest against this cavalier mode of treating an officer and a gentleman. But then, apparently relenting, he tapped his breast, and said, "Signor Duca, I feel for you. I do, indeed. You have



been badly treated. I, too, have been badly treated. I have been the victim of deception in my time. I feel for you, and can make allowances. Listen! If you would like a slashing article in the *Tribune of the People* I can get it done for you—for a *honorarium*. As an old soldier and a man of honour, I tell you frankly that I cannot afford to work without a *honorarium*."

"The *Tribune*! Why that's Peretti's own paper!" exclaimed Ciccio. And then muttered under his breath, "The fellow's more drunk than I thought."

Colonel Smith-Müller put his finger to his nose. "No, Signor Duca: the *Tribune* is not Peretti's paper any longer," said he. "But Peretti is only a stalking-horse. *Quoi! Sacré nom d'une pipe!* There are others behind Peretti, who pull the wires. I know more than you think. Would the Duke of Pontalto like to find out how that sale was made?—who was the go-between? Ha! Is a man to despoil his own son for a —? I intrude. I withdraw. I have the honour to wish your Excellency a good evening."

And here the Colonel made an elaborate show of turning away, keeping all the while a cunning eye on Ciccio's pondering face.

"What do you know?" asked the young man suddenly, in a dry, mechanical tone, as though the words had been jerked out of him without his will.

Colonel Smith-Müller wheeled sharp round, like a soldier on drill (somewhat to the danger of his equilibrium), and, once more putting his finger to his nose, answered, "Monseigneur, that is my secret. I have already informed you that I am not rich. And, although as an old soldier and a man of —"

All at once, with an extraordinarily rapid transition of manner, he stopped short, folded his arms across his chest, winked, and added, "*Allons! Jouons cartes sur table!* I can tell you something you'd like to know. And I will—if you'll pay me. It's no use trying to gammon you!"

It had suddenly occurred to him that Ciccio had probably no illusions about honour, or principle, or disinterestedness to be played on. With Masi—even although Masi was far from taking the Colonel at the Colonel's own valuation—it was always possible to appeal to some ideal in him. To do so with Ciccio might only be to excite his incurable suspicion. The Colonel did not much misjudge his man so far. He rather gained than lost in Ciccio's estimation by this change of tone. The watchful eyes bent upon the Duke of Pontalto noted that he looked once more at the visiting-card as if to impress on his memory the name of an obscure *café* which was scrawled on it in pencil by way of address. But Ciccio was not to be hurried into any compact by a *coup de main*. "I don't know that you have anything to tell me which is worth paying for," said he; "indeed, I'm pretty sure you can't have. But if you like to write to me you can."

Then, without any further farewell, he tossed the dog's-eared card into the gutter, and leisurely walked away.

A most ferocious scowl darkened Colonel Smith-Müller's red and bloated face, and he looked with a murderous eye at the heavily-loaded cane he carried. But the impulse passed in a second. He steadied himself, made a movement with his fingers as if to pull up a shirt-collar which remained invisible, and stood looking after Don Ciccio's retreating figure with an evil smile, which seemed to express in one concentrated grimace a whole life of blackguardism, treachery, and malignity. "*Va, ganache!*" said he. "Do you think to impose upon me, with your airs of *Principe Romano*? Fine princes, father and son! Ha! he's avaricious, too, this white-blooded Don Ciccio. *Bon*. We'll see what can be done with the *Herr Papa*. Accursed breed, every one of them!" And then the Colonel staggered away in the opposite direction, tainting the evening air with a polyglot litany of oaths, strongly flavoured with beer and brandy.

(To be continued)

## HYDE PARK CORNER

THE improvements which are being effected at Hyde Park Corner touch historical ground. In 1642, when the City and suburbs were being fortified by the Parliamentarians in expectation of an attack from the Royal Army, a large fort with four bastions was erected at the Corner. Another fort was reared at Oliver's Mount, where Mount Street now is. Butler, in "*Hudibras*" (Part II., canto 2), speaks of the enthusiasm that prevailed at this period, when the whole population assisted in digging the trenches and throwing up earthworks. In a note by Nash, it is added that "ladies of rank and fortune not only encouraged the relays of men toiling by night as well as by day, but worked with their own hands. Lady Middlesex, Lady Foster, Lady Anne Waller, and Mrs. Dunch were particularly celebrated for their activity."

At this time Hyde Park—which draws its name from the Hide or Hyde, an ancient manor of Knightsbridge—had just been thrown open to the people. The Church had owned it for a couple of centuries; but at the dissolution of the monasteries, in 1535, it had been appropriated by the Crown, and, until Charles I.'s retirement from London, it was kept as a close Royal preserve and deer-park. It was surrounded with hedge, fence, and ditch, and the only regular entrance to it was through the gate in the Reading Road, as the western end of Piccadilly was then called, the old lodge standing on the site of Apsley House. The name Piccadilly was already applied in 1642 to the thoroughfare between the top of the Haymarket and Sackville Street, one Higgins, a tailor, who had enriched himself by the sale of "piccadillies"—fashionable laced ruffs and frills—having built the street. Hyde Park stood quite in the suburbs, and was much more thickly wooded than it is now. A magnificent avenue, the Walnut Tree Walk, consisting of two rows of walnut trees shading a broad gravel path, extended from its lodge-gates to Tyburn Meadow, skirting the Oxford Road. Near the spot where Grosvenor Gate stands, the trees formed a circle, the area of which may be imagined from the fact that the reservoir of the Chelsea Water Works, which was placed in the centre of the circle, stood ninety feet from the nearest tree. This splendid grove was cut down in 1800 during the Great War, the wood being required by Government for the manufacture of stocks for soldiers' muskets. The reservoir was still to be seen twenty-five years ago; it is now the Hollow Garden. Other fellings to a large extent have been executed since the walnut trees were destroyed, and there has been a clearance of the strip of forest which acted as a screen to the Park for about half-a-mile on its south side.

After the execution of Charles I., Parliament ordered the Crown lands to be sold; but Hyde Park and Hampton Court were specially excepted. In 1652, however, the Treasury being in need, Parliament on the 1st December voted this laconic resolution:—"Resolved, that Hyde Park be sold for ready money." Accordingly the Park was surveyed and sold in three lots: the first, on the 20th June, to Richard Wilcox, Esq., of Kensington; the other two, on the 11th October, to John Tracy, merchant, of London, and to Antony Deane, Esq., of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, respectively. The extent of the Park was 621 acres, and the sale fetched 17,068*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, or about 27*l.* 10*s.* the acre. At the Restoration, eight years later, the Crown resumed its property; but from this time the public began to claim a right of entry into the Park, and, though successive Rangers disputed the right it came gradually to be allowed in practice till, when George I. acceded to the throne, all wrangling ceased, and the Park was definitely thrown open. Grosvenor Gate was inaugurated in 1725, upon the petition of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, on condition of their keeping the lodge in repair and paying the keeper's wages. In 1733 St. George's Hospital was founded at Hyde Park Corner; and by this time suburban villas stretched continuously

to beyond Knightsbridge. In the same year, 1733, the artificial lake, bearing the pretentious misnomer of Serpentine River, was formed, and, by way of inaugurating it, a regatta with aquatic jousts, duck-hunting in tubs, &c., took place on St. George's Day. This regatta appears to have become annual, for in 1746-7-8 we find six-oar crews of Westminster boys racing against Thames watermen's apprentices, these matches being perhaps the first encounters on record between amateurs and professionals. In 1752 Stanhope Gate was opened. In 1775 the Circus (Cumberland Place) having been built, the inhabitants on the north-east side of the Park pleaded for a new gate, and, according to precedent, were kindly allowed to make one at their own expense. The opening of this gate—a mean brick arch—suppressed a great nuisance, for the spot upon which Nash's Arch of Carrara marble now rises had become a depository for all kinds of rubbish that used to be thrown over the wall that shut out the view of Tyburn gallows-tree from the Park. This wall had been erected purposely to keep out of the Park the crowds who attended public executions; and the opening of Cumberland Gate contributed no doubt to the removal of the gallows to Newgate, which occurred in 1783. The Marble Arch was not brought from Buckingham Palace to Cumberland Gate until 1851; but in 1822 two very elegant gates had been set up, at a cost of 2,000*l.*, by Mr. H. P. Hope. In 1826-7 Decimus Burton's handsome three-arched gate superseded the old Piccadilly Gate near Apsley House, and at the same time stone lodges of the Doric Order, designed by Burton, were erected at all the gates. Apsley House, by-the-by, had been built by Lord Chancellor Apsley at the close of the last century, and there were turnpike toll-gates facing it and barring the road to Kensington until 1825. Wyatt's surprising statue of the Duke of Wellington was set up in September, 1846, over the arch at Constitution Hill, which is about to be removed to make room for the new street from Hamilton Place.

Hyde Park during the present century has entirely supplanted the St. James's and Green Parks as a fashionable drive, ride, and lounge; and it is rather curious that it should have done so. The two other Parks are flanked by the Queen's Palace, Government offices, and many splendid private mansions; they stand close to the Houses of Parliament, the principal clubs, and the finest streets for shops; in fact, it would have been most natural that the Mall and Bird-Cage Walk, with the Tilt Yard, should have remained the preferred drive of Londoners. Possibly fashion will be brought back to the two smaller parks some day by opening up the Mall to Charing Cross and forming a grand avenue across the Green Park to Hyde Park—an improvement which would soon draw streams of carriages to the now deserted Thames Embankment. Unquestionably the popularity of Hyde Park became due in a measure to the fact that the Duke of Wellington rode there so often; but it may be noted that, when he began to do this in 1816, he sought the Park for its quietness, and it was not until the accession of George IV. that the Ring and the Row came to attract gatherings of the *beau monde* pretty much as they do now. All through the last century Hyde Park had a somewhat sinister reputation as a place of duels and military executions. Without reckoning the hangings that took place on Tyburn gibbet, which stood as nearly as can be ascertained on the site of Connaught Place, Edgware Road, there were frequent floggings and shootings of soldiers at a spot within the Park itself. A large flag-stone, which stood upright against the wall a few yards to the west of Cumberland Gate, marked the place where these executions were held. When the entrance to the Park was enlarged by Mr. Hope, the stone fell, and got embedded so deeply in the earth that it was allowed to lie; and there it is now, somewhere under the Marble Arch. There was a tradition that over this same stone a Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir Robert Tresilian, had been beheaded in the reign of Richard II., 1388, for high treason; but it is certain that hundreds of wretched men were tortured or killed near it, for the practice of punishing military offenders there began under the Commonwealth. As for the Hyde Park duels, these were very numerous in the eighteenth century, and some of them, at the time of their occurrence, caused pretty sensations. In 1712 the Duke of Hamilton, Leader of the Tories, and Lord Mohun, "the Hector of the Whig party," fought with such fury that both were killed. General Macartney, Mohun's second, was accused before the Privy Council of having stabbed the duke over Mohun's shoulder, and, upon his flying to France, a reward of 800*l.* was offered for his apprehension; moreover the Scotch peers, addressing Queen Anne, prayed that she would use her influence with her allies in order that the murderer might be given up. Macartney afterwards surrendered, and was acquitted of murder, but found guilty of manslaughter. It was said that Lord Mohun, an expert duellist, who had killed two antagonists in previous combats, had been selected to pick a quarrel with the Duke that he might prevent him from proceeding as Ambassador to Paris; and the Duke of Marlborough was so generally blamed as the author of this mischief, that he retired to the Continent. In 1763 Hyde Park was the scene of another famous duel between John Wilkes and Samuel Martin, both M.P.'s. It arose out of a scurrilous paragraph in the *North Briton*; and Wilkes, being shot in the body, very nearly died. In 1780 and 1782 there were two duels, in each of which one of the principals was a clergyman, and both these reverend gentlemen wrote for the *Morning Post*. The first duel only led to the Rev. W. Bate sending a bullet into the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm; but in the second duel the Rev. M. Allen, fighting with a Mr. Dulany, killed him. Being tried for this offence, he was fined a shilling and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. The favourite spot for fighting duels in the Park was in the Ring, and the keeper of the Cake House, as the old Lodge was called, had a regular surgery for dressing wounds, and made a good income out of the guineas that were paid him for his services. The last duel fought in Hyde Park was on the 3rd January, 1831, between two gentlemen whose names have remained unknown; because, being interrupted by constables after they had each fired a shot, they decamped, and were saved from capture by a fog. For some years before this time, however, duelling had been greatly on the decrease, and Hyde Park had ceased to be a convenient place for combatants. The Chalk Farm, Wormwood Scrubbs, and Wimbledon Common were the three fields to which fighters successively betook themselves before duelling was finally stamped out.

In writing of Hyde Park Corner one must not forget the many famous military pageants it has witnessed on the occasion of reviews, or the popular demonstrations which have swept by it on their way to the Reform Tree. As Hyde Park is not really such a suitable place for monster meetings as Primrose Hill, this eminence bade fair to become the Aventine Mount of London, when, in 1876, Mr. Secretary Walpole's ill-judged prohibition of the late Mr. Beales' demonstration unfortunately gave Hyde Park a new consecration as a spot for holding brawling assemblies. It would perhaps be too much to hope that the improvements at Hyde Park Corner may in some way repel the stump orators and mock-litany men who troop out periodically as the champions of popular interests and the impeters of street traffic.

J. BRINSLEY-RICHARDS

## The City and Cathedral of Canterbury

### HISTORY

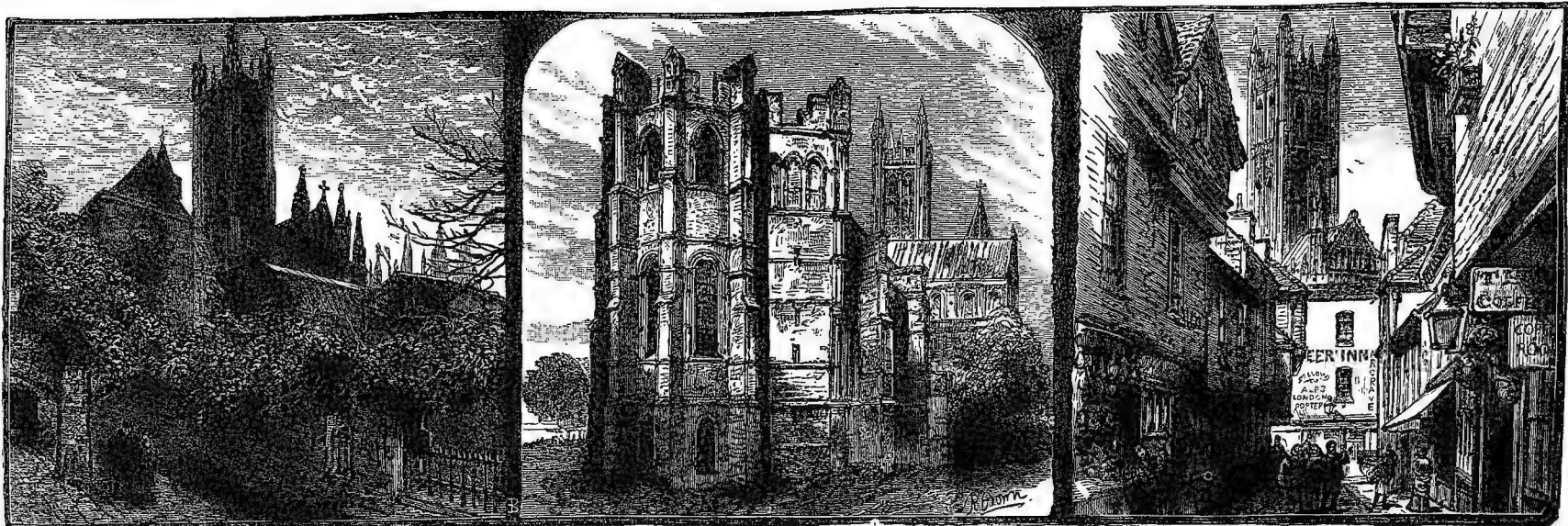
CANTERBURY may well be called the sacred city of England. It is especially associated with the introduction, or rather the revival, of Christianity in this country. It is associated with the whole range of our ecclesiastical, and with many important chapters of our political history. It has many associations with our literature, from the "*Canterbury Pilgrims*" of Chaucer to the vigorous historical pages of Dean Stanley and the quaint descriptions of Charles Dickens. In its modern life it has revived some of the best traditions of the piety and energy of our forefathers. The enthronisation of new Archbishops has become customary since the time of good Archbishop Sumner, and is characterised with augmented splendour in the instance of Archbishop Benson. The origin of the city goes back to a dim antiquity. It was a town in the Roman times. The meaning of the original Saxon word, Cantwarabyrig, is "the stronghold of the men of Kent." Hither came Augustine, the prior of a Benedictine convent in Rome, with his forty monks, the way being made clear for him through the marriage of the Christian Princess Bertha, of the House of Clovis, to the King of Kent. Her husband Ethelbert became a Christian, and the same year ten thousand of his subjects were baptised at the mouth of the River Medway. The King gave the Latin missionaries land, which in vague tradition a shadowy British King Lucius had given to still earlier missionaries. There can be little doubt that various parts of the country were Christianised before Augustine's time, and there is a strong probability that St. Paul himself may have visited the West of England. Here rose a great convent and a great cathedral. Canterbury became the great metropolitan centre of England. Then began the long series of Archbishops, whose lives have been told by Dean Hook, and who fill so large a space in literature and history. Stowe says that at the time of the Conquest Canterbury even exceeded London in the size and number of its houses, but if so it rapidly receded in the scale of comparative importance. The martyrdom of Thomas Becket was the event which made Canterbury famous throughout Christendom. Germans came over to visit "Candelberg," and Frenchmen to see "Cantorbieri"; pilgrims indeed from all Europe. In 1538 the famous shrine was spoiled, and the prosperity of the City greatly decayed. Towards the close of the reign of Edward the Sixth, a number of Walloon weavers, flying from the persecutions in the Netherlands, settled in the city, and later Queen Elizabeth assigned them the Crypt or Undercroft of the Cathedral as their Church, and there their descendants worship to the present day. This laid the foundation of the modern prosperity of the place. In later days still, in new churches, hospitals, schools, missionary colleges, and in other beneficent directions, Canterbury has maintained its reputation. It is particularly interesting to investigate the history of Canterbury, as its history is to be read not only in the printed page, but in the massive buildings of the City. The Cathedral is the most ancient and most perfect, the locality which the tourist first visits, and to which he most frequently returns. Many others exist only in a fragmentary form. Formerly the city was encircled with walls, and had six gates, of which only the West Gate remains, particularly dear to archaeologists.

### THE CATHEDRAL

IN point of fact there have been several cathedral churches, one restoration succeeding another, and each possibly incorporating some remains of its predecessor. The original site has always been preserved. One perished in an invasion of the Danes, and another in the Norman troubles. Those great historical Archbishops Anselm and Lanfranc, who have so impressed their name on the theology and history of their time, out of the monastic ruins reconstructed church and monastery. In the time of Lanfranc a massive wall surrounded the *Temenos*, constituting a fortress within a fortress. A Prior of the monastery completed the chancel, "The Glorious Choir of Conrad," as it was called after him. Here lay the body of Becket, watched by monks, the night after his murder. A few years later Conrad's Choir was burned down. The rebuilding of the cathedral was entrusted successively to two master-architects of the name of William—William of Sens, and "English William." The present cathedral consists partly or wholly of their work, with additions that have accrued for four hundred years till the time of Prior Godstone. "It has all the impressiveness of some great natural feature—rocks or mountain—in the midst of a comparatively level district; a worthy shrine for the memorials of almost every reign in English history, with which it is thronged. Nearly all the Archbishops before the Restoration are buried here, and most of their tombs remain." Thus writes the late Mr. J. R. King in Murray's "*Handbooks to the Cathedrals of England*."

Entering through the south porch, we pass into the nave, where Lanfranc's work has been replaced by the pious labours of his successors. In the nave and north and south aisles are various monuments, into the details of which our space forbids us to enter. The view of the cathedral is here very impressive, owing to its soaring height. The choir is ascended from the nave by numerous steps. There seems to be "a natural forest of stone." There is a sentence often quoted in this connection: "Entering in company of some of our colonists just arrived from America . . . how have I seen the countenances even of their negroes sparkle with raptures of admiration." The choir is the longest in England, and in other respects Canterbury is unique among English and foreign cathedrals. The late Dean Stanley told the writer that he considered it the finest cathedral in the land. The best views are obtained from the upper stalls, which command a view of the wonderful lights of the transept clerestory windows. The monuments in the choir are best examined from the side aisles. The chief points to which the Canterbury pilgrims used to resort, and in which modern pilgrims follow their example, were the Transept of the Martyrdom and the Shrine. Amid all changes the scene of the martyrdom can be clearly identified. Much of the original wall is left, and the actual door by which Becket and the knights came from the cloisters into the church. The pavement, of hard Caen stone, is probably the same, and the wall between the crypt and the chapel of St. Benedict in front of which the Archbishop fell. It was in the dim dusk of a December afternoon, shortly after Vespers had commenced, when the darkness of the cathedral would only be illumined by the light of a few lamps burning before the altars, that Fitzurse struck Becket with his sword, and was followed by Tracy and Richard de Bret, while Hugh de Moreville held the door of the transept. This was considered throughout Europe the greatest act of sacrilege that had ever happened in the world since the Crucifixion. The day on which the body of Becket was transferred from the crypt to the shrine, blazing with gold and jewels, was the greatest day in the history of the cathedral. Presents had come from all Europe. Louis the Seventh sent what was supposed to be the largest diamond extant, "the Regale of France." Henry the Second presented himself to be scourged. Edward the First offered here the golden crown of Scotland. Richard of the Lion Heart came here after his escape from the Austrian dungeon, and Henry the First after his return from Agincourt. Hither came, within not many years from each other, Manuel, Emperor of the East, and Sigismund, Emperor of the West. Henry VIII. and the Emperor Charles the Fifth knelt together before this altar. Churches were dedicated to St. Thomas in every land from Palestine to Scotland. It could little have been imagined, at the time of Henry's visit, that he would become the





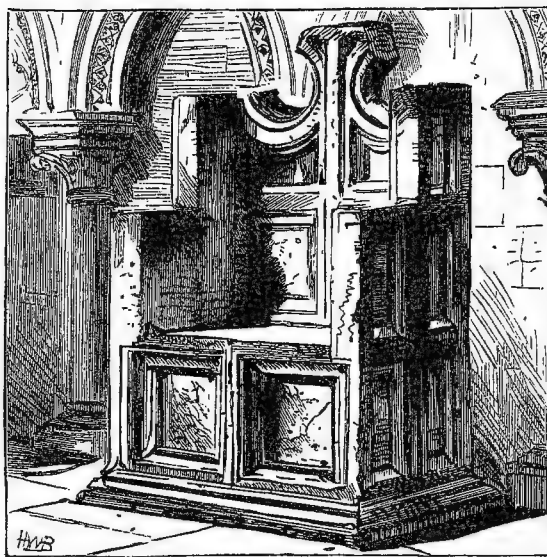
THE DARK ENTRY

BECKET'S CROWN.

BUTCHERY LANE

spoliator of the shrine, and have confiscated the "regale" to his own use and personal adornment.

Following in the track of Chaucer's pilgrims, we advance from the transept of the Martyrdom to the north aisle of the choir. The site of the Chapel of St. Benedict is now the "Deans' Chapel," from the number of Deans who have memorials here. The stained windows of the aisle are of remarkable beauty. Among the modern windows is one in memory of Dean Stanley's Eastern travels, and one recently placed in memory of Dean Alford. A beautiful window has recently been given, representing various scenes in the life of Becket. The most remarkable monument in the Church is that of the Black Prince. In his will he gave minute directions for this monument. It was originally gilded, as is seen in the reproduction of it at the Crystal Palace. He had previously founded a chantry here, which commemorated him and his wife, "the Fair Maid." Another remarkable monument is that of Archbishop Chichele, who instigated Henry the Fifth's war with France, and built All Souls' College, Oxford, to indicate his "deep remorse for this sin." We have the monument of Cardinal Pole, the last Roman Catholic Archbishop. We have the tomb of Henry IV. and his wife, Joan of Navarre. In 1831 this tomb was opened, and the face of the King was discovered in complete preservation. The pilgrims climbed up on their knees to the steps of the retro-choir, and there



THE ARCHIEPISCOPAL CHAIR

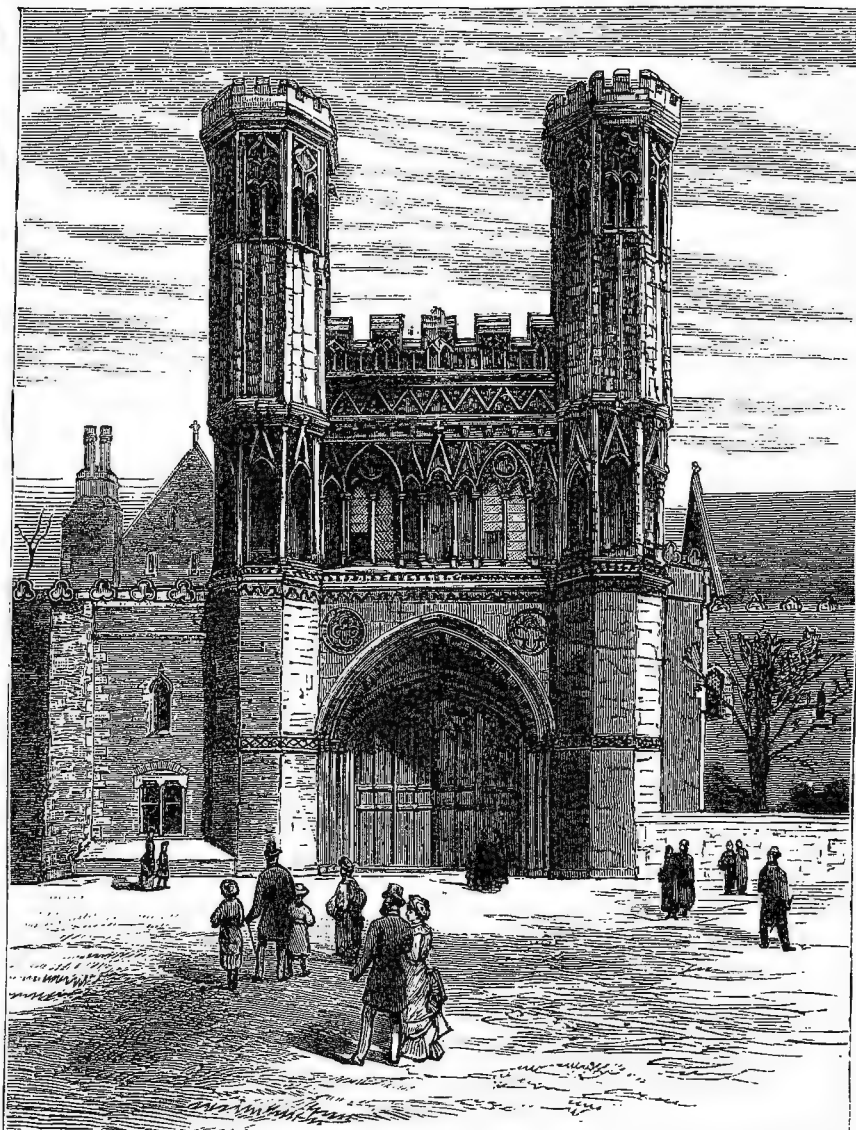
are still indentations in the stones from the long succession of worshippers. The western screen, with its crowned figures, and the screen surrounding the choir, are very beautiful. The walls of the Cathedral close at the east end in the *Corona*, "lightly, beautifully built," the work of "English William."

#### THE PRECINCTS

THE Precincts are very extensive, and exhibit remains of the great Benedictine Monastery, which originally was almost part and parcel of the Cathedral. Indeed, the first Archbishop lived with the monks until Lanfranc gave them a mitred Prior of their own. The Prior's lodgings occupied the site of the present Deanery. A great deal of the monastery buildings have been burnt or obliterated, but some remains possess matchless interest and value. It is just possible to trace out the hall and chapel of the Infirmary. Just beyond the Infirmary is the Dark Entry (see illustration), a passage, which only of late years has been uncovered and the arches opened. It leads on one side into the Cloisters, and on the other into the Green Court, a space which was formerly surrounded by the domestic buildings of the monastery. Near this was the sacred well of St. Thomas, which was considered miraculous, but more probably simply chalybeate, which would go far to account for the phenomena exhibited. The Archbishop's palace, where many kings and queens



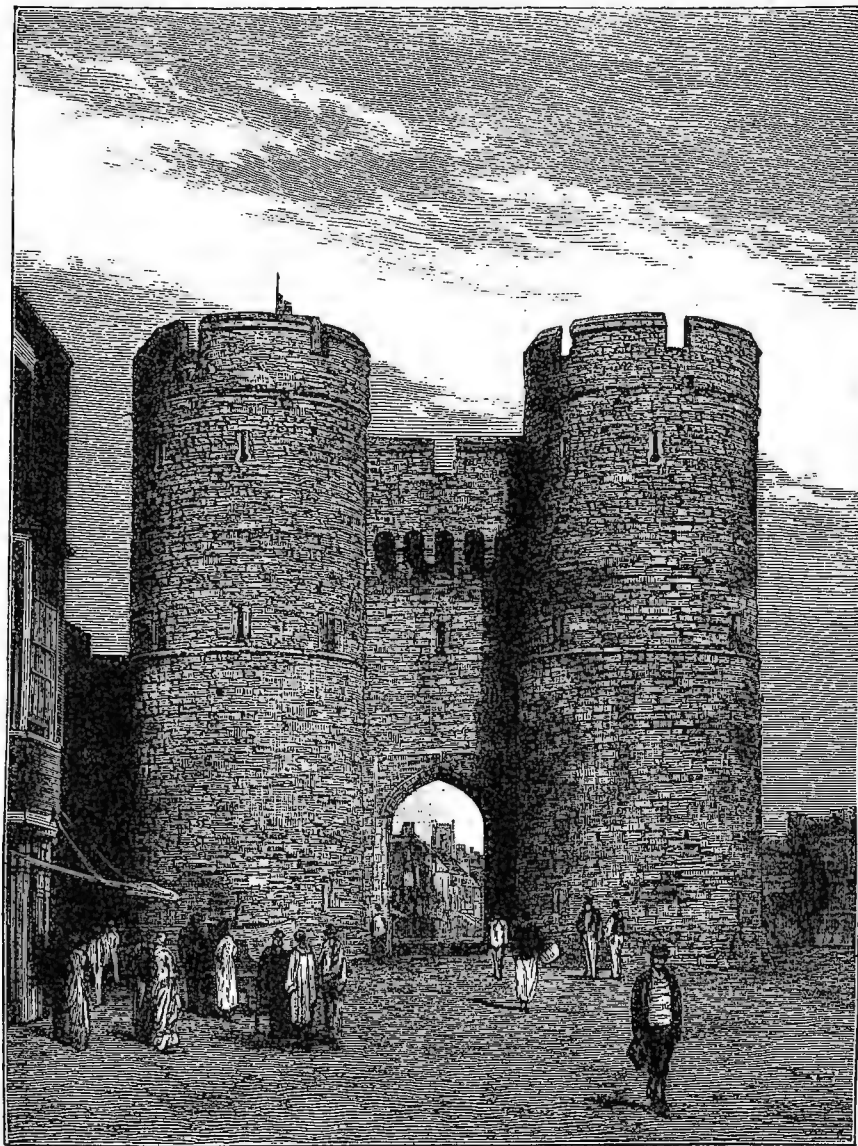
AN ARCHWAY AND SCREEN IN THE CATHEDRAL



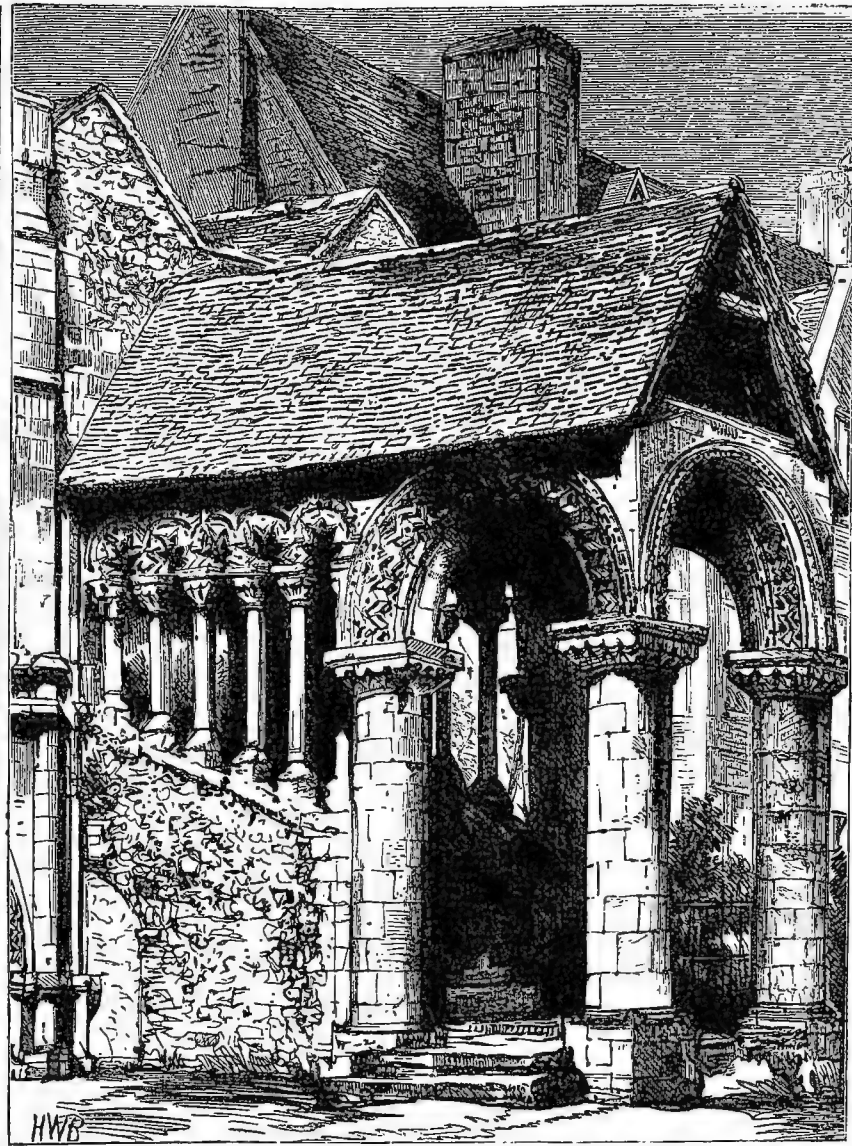
ST. AUGUSTINE'S GATEWAY

THE ENTHRONISATION OF THE NEW PRIMATE—VIEWS OF THE CITY OF CANTERBURY AND THE CATHEDRAL

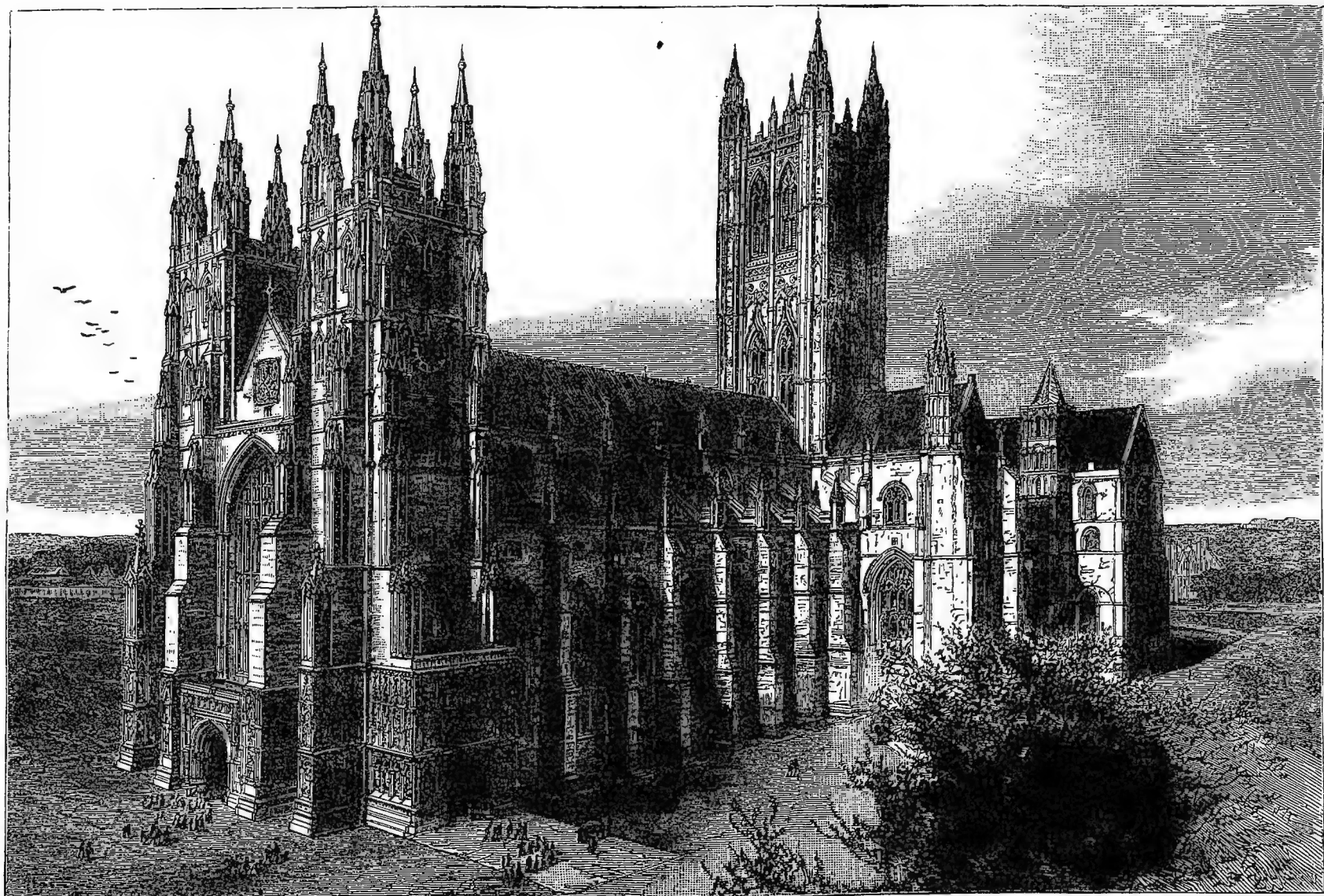




WESTGATE



NORMAN STAIRCASE IN THE CONVENTUAL BUILDINGS



THE EXTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL

THE ENTHRONISATION OF THE NEW PRIMATE—VIEWS OF THE CITY OF CANTERBURY AND THE CATHEDRAL



have held high State, has perished, the Great Hall having been pulled down and the remains sold by Charles II. Some magnificent buildings still survive. There is the Chapter House, which is also called the Sermon House, as it was used for preaching after the times of the Reformation. The roof, of Irish oak, is rich and curious. The Cloisters form a quadrangle; in the old times the windows were glazed and the walls painted with carols and texts. There are traces of a laver for the ablutions of the monks. There are two arched doorways. One led to the refectory; through the other—through which Becket passed—we enter the Cathedral. The Library has its oaken roof supported by Norman arches, resting on fourteen massive stone pillars. It is rich in MSS., and the shelves laden with books. The present Baptistery used to be the *castellum aquæ*, and was the centre of the water-system of the old conventual buildings; the water, brought at some distance from the fields, was distributed by pipes all over the monastery. It contains a marble font brought from the Cathedral nave. Among some other interesting remains are those of the "Maister Honour" State chambers, where pilgrims of high rank were lodged by the Prior, and there was another range of buildings, *Domus Hospitum*, where the poor were entertained. This last place was partly converted into a Mint, was afterward given to Cardinal Pole, and in the remainder he established the famous King's School. The Norman Staircase, leading to the hall of the school (Late Norman), is the only construction of the kind in existence.

### ST. AUGUSTINE'S, MONASTERY AND MISSION COLLEGE

OUTSIDE the old Roman city was a heathen temple, which Ethelbert gave to Augustine, who converted it into a church, in the same way that so many Roman basilicas have been first heathen temples and then churches. Close by he built the Benedictine Monastery of SS. Peter and Paul. The buildings were of immense extent and richly endowed; its Abbot vied with the Prior of Christ Church in magnificence, and the hospitalities were profuse. After the Dissolution it became a Royal residence. Elizabeth held a Court here; here Charles I. first met his bride, Henrietta Maria, and here their son, Charles II., rested on his way from Dover to London. Gradually the ancient buildings sank into complete ruin, and had in part become a brewery, when they were put up to auction in 1843 and purchased by Mr. A. J. B. Beresford-Hope, M.P. He devoted it to a Missionary College, and the new edifices were skillfully combined with the ancient remains. The new fabric was designed by Mr. Butterfield, and is considered to bear a close resemblance to an ancient Benedictine Monastery of Italy. The entrance gates still remain, and have been copied at Eastwell and at Eaton Hall. The missionary students, in addition to the usual studies, go through a course of manual industry and also of medicine.

### A WALK ABOUT CANTERBURY

THE Kent and Canterbury Hospital, close by, is situated on ground once belonging to the Hospital, and it is here that the missionary students pursue their scientific course. The favourite public walk, one of unusual beauty, is the Dane John, a corruption of Donjon, the trench and mound outside the old city walls. It was purchased and excellently laid out into shady avenue and path by a private citizen, whose good work is recorded by an obelisk on a mound of eighty feet, from which there is a noble view of the Cathedral and surrounding country. Close by is the Martyrs' Field, where Cardinal Pole consigned eighteen men and women to the stake. All through the town and in the immediate neighbourhood there are interesting public buildings and precious remains of antiquity. Belonging to these last are scanty remains of the Benedictine nunnery of St. Sepulchre's, where once abode Elizabeth Barton, "the Nun of Kent;" the remains of Black Friars on the banks of the Stour; East Bridge Hospital, where the poor pilgrims were entertained, &c. Some interesting collections are to be found in the Public Museum. In the High Street some traces are to be found of the Chequers Inn, mentioned by Chaucer in the "Canterbury Tales." The Castle still shows its great Keep at the top of Castle Street. It was acquired by the Conqueror, and reduced by Louis of France in the time of King John. It was turned into a prison where Jews were frequently confined, and there used to be on the walls many verses of the Psalms in Hebrew. There was one native of Canterbury, the son of a humble barber, a chorister of the Cathedral, who became a peer and Lord Chief Justice. The late Lord Tenterden informed the writer that he once made a pilgrimage to Canterbury to identify his ancestor's little shop, but it had been "improved" off the face of the earth. In the immediate suburbs is the old hospital of St. Nicholas for Leprosy, whose little chapel remains very much as it was at the end of the eleventh century. The admirable charity of the Clergy Orphan School is nobly placed on the summit of St. Thomas's Hill, with a view extending to the coast. There are about a dozen churches in Canterbury, but the main interest is concentrated on St. Martin's Church on St. Martin's Hill. This is the "Mother Church of England as Canterbury is the Mother Cathedral." Some centuries before Pope Gregory sent Augustine, Christian missionaries, sent by Pope Eleutherius, had here reared the first British Church, and during that time British Bishops were found in the Councils of Arles, Sardica, and Rimini. Christianity had well-nigh died out of the land when Queen Bertha worshipped here, and paved the way for Augustine and his work. Dean Stanley, who in Canterbury first found a home of his own, and the full range of his influence and powers, has eloquently dwelt upon this famous site: "From this Christianity here established has flowed by direct consequence, first, the Christianity of Germany, then, after a long interval, of North America, and lastly, we may trust in time, of all India and Australasia. The view from St. Martin's Hill is, indeed, one of the most interesting that can be found in the world; there is none to which I would more willingly take any one who doubted whether a small beginning could lead to a great and lasting good, none which carried us more vividly back into the past, or more hopefully forward to the future." With some such happy auguries for the future we greet the enthronement of the new Archbishop.

F. ARNOLD

### THE RUNNING MAN

THE early spring is the season *par excellence* for the amateur athlete who affects pedestrian honours. All other seasons have their appropriate pastimes, which monopolise his energies, and bring him more glory, or, at least, more enjoyment, than the triumphs of the running-path. But Lent, which, with its still surviving associations of austerity and frugal diet, predisposes the muscular Christian to a life of "training," is more profitably occupied in preparing for the running-ground than in other forms of exercise. For less distinguished aspirants to athletic fame it is too early for the river, which offers neither outward attractions to the scantily-clad oarsman nor solid rewards in the shape of regatta prizes. Cricket is only distantly visible on the programme of the year's amusements; and the same may be said of lawn tennis, swimming, and most of the other outdoor pastimes. Lent is the time, therefore, to see the running-man of the best, that is, the amateur type, doing his daily exercise, and bringing himself into that robust but artificial state of health known to the connoisseurs as "condition." The popular and once tolerably true idea of the discipline required of a runner was that he should almost every day run once or twice at the top of his speed the distance over which he was to contend in the race. A course of

physic endured at the beginning of training was succeeded by a strict devotion to solid food of limited variety but unlimited quantity, whilst the supply of liquid nutriment was severely, and even cruelly, curtailed. This regimen has been greatly modified; and the modern athlete, while he does better performances, also enjoys an easier time than his hardly-used predecessors. He walks a good deal, runs comparatively few trials at full speed, eats more moderately, but of much more tempting fare, and trusts more to improving his general health and strength than to developing abnormally the particular muscles required in the race. Accordingly, it is more difficult to see him straining his limbs in dreary competition against the rival progress of the hands of a stop-watch, or to note any peculiarities in the way in which he comports himself at the breakfast or dinner-table.

The running man is a development of very recent times. Until three-and-twenty years ago he had been little known in the amateur world—at least, for some two thousand years, since men of high birth in Greece were accustomed to alter their names for the grand national foot-races. But of late the victorious pedestrian has achieved high fame, and challenged even the honours allowed to the most successful oarsmen. He has never become quite so popular, and is never likely to become so; for this reason, that he is not necessarily animated by the same *esprit de corps* which is expected of each member of a boat's crew; is not subjected to the same rigorous discipline; and may please himself, to a large extent, as to the diet and system he adopts in training. But he enjoys triumphs and emoluments, in the shape of silver cups and medals, second only to the boating man; and in the roll of fame, published in sporting year-books, his name is inscribed in the same style as that of the victorious charioteer in ancient Greece.

It will be well if the fair fame of those amateurs who have thus far won the palm at Lillie Bridge can be maintained without any fear of such degradation as has overtaken other sports. Unfortunately there is a great and growing difficulty in distinguishing between the true and the false amateur. In ancient times the mechanic arts were occupied exclusively by persons in a servile or semi-servile condition; and, as all such were rigorously excluded from the Isthmian and Olympic contests, there was no chance at all of their intruding themselves into competition with the real amateur. But in our day we have no very certain way of protecting the man who competes for honour alone from those who take up athletics as a means of making money. It is manifest to most people that the intrusion of the latter class would be soon fatal to the best interests of the sport. Not only are the professionals or semi-professionals pretty certain to win, as they can devote their whole time to training and practice, but the other men will not consent to enter the lists against them. When Alexander the Great, who was supposed to be the best runner in Greece, was asked to enter for the Isthmian foot-race, he replied that he would do so if all the other runners were kings. In like manner men of good position, whose main object is education or a liberal profession, with athletics as a relaxation, will not, as a rule, enter against those with whom foot-racing is a business by which they can make money in the way of betting. Accordingly the type of running man who has hitherto been most admired, because he has always run fair, and for fame alone, is threatened with something like extinction unless some rules can be devised for distinguishing and protecting him from competitors of a less honourable kind.

E. B. M.



IN its way "Alirabi" (William Blackwood and Sons) is a curiosity. A story—as things go, it may be called a novel in one volume—it presents some points of novelty and piquancy, and, with these, a considerable disappointment. It purports to be written by "a Hadji of Hyde Park;" it treats with evident understanding and a pronounced and peculiar cynicism of "the banks and bankers of the Nile"—that is to say, of native and English life in Egypt generally and Cairo in particular. After reading a few chapters, one feels that here is an author who not only writes very well, but who knows, or at all events successfully appears to know, what he is writing about; which in these days is a notable point indeed. The early chapters are suggestive of much that may follow. Much does follow, it is true; and it is always interesting, often amusing, and occasionally instructive; but it is not quite what we are led to expect. In a story, perhaps, this, as a general rule, is not altogether a fault, but in the present instance the result is a little aggravating. There is more meaning in the title-page than appears; at first sight it is mysterious, and a trifle comic; but the opening chapters lead one to expect something like an earnest treatment of the Egyptian people, and the jealousies and intrigues of Frankish residents at Cairo, and Frankish statesmen in Paris and London. When, however, the book is finished the mockery of it is as clear as daylight, though not so refreshing, and the suspicion already roused by certain occasional passages which seem like so many cold, sly, and wicked chuckles—that the unknown author is trifling with us—is confirmed in a manner which is at once irritating to the reader, and damaging to the story, considered from the point of view of Art. All his ingenuity, and humour, and insight, and wit—for of these he possesses a goodly measure—are thrown away for absolutely nothing; and what promised to be a sterling work stands revealed as a mere *blague*—clever enough, it is true, and full of dexterities and striking effects, but still a *blague*. That much being decided, it must be said that, as a jest, as a piece of clever and rather pungent trifling, the book may be very thoroughly enjoyed, and possibly a thing or two about Arab character may be learned from it; but it is to be regretted that the author has not turned his abilities and his knowledge to more serious and (artistically speaking) profitable account.

In "Through the Khyber Pass" (Elliot Stock) the Rev. J. Gelson Gregson reprints from the Indian Temperance Magazine, *On Guard*, the diary of his adventures during the second Afghan campaign, from November, 1879, to January, 1880; with a chapter on Ceylon. Mr. Gregson travelled on behalf of the Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association, which he himself started at Agra so long ago as 1862. He left India in 1866, and for a long interval the undertaking seems to have lapsed. In 1872, however, he returned, and reorganised the Association, which now has branch societies in nearly every regiment and battery in India, and in June last boasted a total of 11,494 members. As Secretary to the Association it became Mr. Gregson's duty to visit the regimental societies in Afghanistan during the war, as well as the cantonments in India, and his modest volume constitutes a simple permanent record of the work done. Every man who kept his pledge through the campaign was rewarded with the "Afghan Temperance Honour"—a silver bar with "Afghanistan, 1879," in raised letters. Over four hundred bars were distributed. Mr. Gregson was at the Sherpoor Cantonments, at Cabul, during the famous attack led by that arch-ruffian Mahommed Jan, and his account of this, and a vast variety of other incidents, makes much lively and not a little significant reading. There are some good anecdotes; and perhaps the best is that of the Highlanders' "Hogmoonay," at Sherpoor, on New Year's Eve. The camp seems to have been in a seasonable uproar till about three o'clock in the morning; the bands played, the pipes

screamed, the men sang and shouted, and a noisy procession traversed the lines from end to end—"seeing the old year out!" When the throng arrived at General Roberts's quarters, one of the Highlanders went up to the door, but was met by an aide-de-camp, who said the General had "turned in," therefore the men couldn't see him. The Highlander, however, pushed into the room, with "Hoot! We don't want to see none of you aides-de-camp;" and, going up to the General, who was either asleep, or pretending to be, said, in the softest tones, "General! General! If ye only ken how the men love ye, ye'd come out and see them." It is needless to add that this "fetched" the hero of the march to Candahar, who was as proud of his men as they were of their General. Of more serious purport, however, is the appendix, which, amongst other interesting matter, gives a table, in which some very striking figures bearing upon the question of abstinence in the Army are shown; indeed, the matter is one which should receive serious consideration at headquarters, for discipline and efficiency and economy are affected to an extent not lightly to be estimated.

"Ups and Downs of Spanish Travel" (London Literary Society) is not a remarkable work. The author—H. Belsches Graham Bellingham, to all appearance a lady—in a preface distinguished by a sweet simplicity, tells us that, foreseeing that much time was likely to be occupied this year in relating the disjointed story of her travels through Majorca, and what she calls "the Wilds of Southern Spain," she decided to "string together the events and ideas," compare dates, and "put the whole together in a readable form." Her chief object in publishing, however, was, we are further informed, to "have the book always ready to lend or give away." This indicates a spirit of benevolence quite unusual in an author, and it is to be hoped it will meet with the appreciation it deserves. The narrative, as a lady's narrative usually is, is chatty, and, perhaps, a little unequal; quotations abound, the style is indifferent, the facts not astonishingly new; and yet it would be hard to say the book is not bright and readable. It is best described as pleasant, and rather above than below the average of its kind.

It is long since Mr. Ruskin, in "Modern Painters" and "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," described, with inimitable truth and grace of expression, the wild flowers of Switzerland. It is long since, and perhaps those books are not read as widely as they were, or as they deserve; for, however much we may disagree with Mr. Ruskin's theories and crotchets of Art, no one can dispute the beauty of his word-painting, or fail to admire the wonderful manner in which he blends fact with charm. There is, for instance, in "The Seven Lamps," a word-picture of spring flowers in a pine-forest in the Jura which, in its way, is perfect; and we are reminded of it, and others of its kind, by a handsome volume of illustrations, "The Wild Flowers of Switzerland" (S. Low and Co.). There are many existing works on Alpine flowers, doubtless; but "it seems there is still a want which remains to be supplied, viz., a popular work which will enable those who are not thoroughly versed in botany to name the flowers they meet with in their wanderings in the Swiss mountains." This object has certainly been attained by "H. C. W.," whose work, whilst it aims at being useful rather than ornamental, possesses qualities of considerable beauty and charm. We have here sixteen large coloured plates, representing a vast variety of blossoms; but even these fall far short of the number to be found in an every-day walk in the valleys of the Bernese Oberland. We are promised, therefore, a second volume, should this first meet with success; and that it merits all it can meet is clear. The drawings seem to have been made with singular care, colour, and form, being in most cases admirable, and the descriptions are lucid and precise. Probably no better book of its kind is desirable; if you have been to Switzerland, it will set you dreaming of scenes you have visited; whilst, if you have never ventured there, it will open up for you a new world of light, and grace, and delicate splendour.

"The Wit and Wisdom of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton" (George Routledge and Sons) seems to afford opportunity to the reviewer for writing a neat essay on Lord Lytton. Space forbids, however; and of Mr. Charles Kent's selection we shall not say more than that it is, on the whole, good; and of his method of arrangement that, if at first sight it seems peculiar, there is much to be said in its favour. By the way, this kind of anthology is increasing visibly; and it seems as well to point out that the so-called "wit and wisdom" of most modern authors may safely be left in the oblivion of their works.

The sixth volume of "The Antiquary" (Elliot Stock) shows improvement in point of value and interest alike; and it is notable as a piece of typography. In a publication of this nature the index is, or should be, a leading feature. In the present instance it seems accurate and fairly complete.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of several useful books of reference. First among them comes "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage, 1883" (Dean and Son), a venerable publication which has now reached its hundred and seventieth year. But "Debrett" still seems in vigorous youth. We note in the present edition sixty pages of information relating to the predecessors of Peers, and the other information is as full and accurate as usual. The details concerning the collateral branches of noble families, for which "Debrett" is usually consulted, are carefully given, and the volume, which is admirably printed on good paper, is enriched with 1,400 armorial bearings.—Of a different character to the large Peerages, but of almost more use to the ordinary public, is "Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes, 1883" (Kelly and Co.). This volume contains, in alphabetical arrangement, the names of all persons who have a definite position through their hereditary or official rank, from their position as Members of Parliament, or from their ownership of land. We have tested the book repeatedly, and can vouch for its fulness, its accuracy, and the extreme simplicity of its arrangement.—"The Medical Register, 1883," and "The Dentists' Register, 1883," both printed by Spottiswoode and Co. for the General Medical Council, contain, besides the register of names, much useful information for professional men of both classes.

A LUNATICS' NEWSPAPER is to be established in a Transatlantic asylum. Appropriately enough, the journal will be called the *Moon*, and will be written, set up, and edited solely by madmen.

"SOAP-BUBBLE" PARTIES are the latest freak of fashion-leaders in New York, and the aspect of a large number of guests all gravely intent upon this somewhat childish amusement is said to be highly entertaining.

TINY MUSIC-BOXES, playing one tune very faintly, are now suspended to the waist-belts of Transatlantic belles. These melodious trinkets usually contain hairpins, glove-buttoners, and other minor adjuncts of the feminine toilette.

A SERIES OF "REFORMATION PLAYS," in the style of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Plays, are to be begun in Germany this year, in connection with the Luther Quatercentenary in November. The first play will represent the life of the Great Reformer, and will be performed at Wittenberg.

A CHEERFUL FUNERAL EXHIBITION was recently held at Rochester, in the State of New York. The collection will include "caskets"—as the Americans style coffins—of the most elaborate and improved designs, funeral cars, mourning liveries and harness, embalming fluids, floral wreaths, real and artificial, and all kinds of funeral paraphernalia. One section is designated the "Museum and Old Coffin Shop."



## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

AN author must be possessed of a most enviably sanguine temperament who ventures in the present day to write historical tragedies in blank verse with an assured hope of their finding favour in the eyes of the playgoing public; but the experiment may be pronounced as justifiable as it was praiseworthy when the result is so excellent a series of poetical dramas as "Plays from English History," by Charles Grindrod (Kegan Paul). They are six in number, respectively entitled "King Henry I.," "King Henry II.," "King Henry III.," "King Edward II.," "King Edward V.," and "King James I." The first two are the best, but all have merit. The blank verse has the true Shakesperian ring, some of the incidental lyrics would not have disgraced the early dramatists, and the interest is in each case well sustained. "King Henry I." is announced as having been written in 1868 for that most delusive competition, the T. P. Cooke prize, which, as is added with great satire, "has not yet been decided;" it will be guessed that the action deals with the loss of the White Ship, and the subject is well treated. The second play is the best, though there is something daringly original in making the King present at Becket's murder in time to receive his dying absolution. Had we space we should like to quote the whole of the Archbishop's fugitive speech on the shore at Sandwich, but here is a charming little song ascribed to Rosamond Clifford:

Sad was the heart of Dido,  
When her fair lord would go;  
Ah, me! then quoth Queen Dido,  
Wilt leave me here in woe?—  
Alas, alas! sighed Dido,  
For love and gentle pity,  
Thou shalt not use me so!

By-the-bye, the episode of Rosamond's death is treated less artistically than the rest of the author's work would have led us to expect; a tremendous opportunity has been thrown away by not confronting Eleanor with her rival. "Edward II." is a failure, and could hardly have been otherwise. He must be a great dramatic poet indeed who could successfully follow in the wake of Marlowe. "Edward V." deals, of course, with the very doubtful legend of the murder of the Princes in the Tower; it has fine passages, but is more suited for the closet than the stage. There remains for special notice "James I.," which must be praised for many things; it is one of the best, the interest being wisely centred in Raleigh, whilst that disgrace to humanity, the king, is fairly presented; the author shows a marvellous command of the Lowland Scots, though his skill may be wasted on some readers, and, perhaps, no actor since the death of Mr. Phelps could have adequately sustained the part. Altogether, these pieces, whether considered as stage-plays or as poems, are vastly above the average.

Interest of a different nature attaches to "Gorboduc, or Ferrex and Porrex: a Tragedy by Thomas Norton and Thomas Sackville," edited by L. Toulmin Smith (Heilbronn: Verlag von Gebr. Henninger). Everybody knows the name of this fine play as the first regular tragedy in the English language, but few have hitherto had the opportunity of perusing it, and the thanks of all students are due to the editor of a most careful and scholarly version, prepared somewhat after the manner of the Clarendon Press publications; it is a pity that the name of no London publisher should be appended. The preface is excellent, especially that part which deals with the Puritan Norton's claim to a joint authorship with Lord Buckhurst, who is commonly awarded the sole credit of production; but as touching the question of dumb show it might have been noted that this is used in many other plays besides *Tamcor and Gismund*, notably in *Pericles*, and in the apocryphal Shakespearian tragedy *Lochnore*. In spite of its ghastly horrors the play is a remarkably fine one, and, given an intelligent audience, there is no reason why it should not still be acted; any tragic actress might revel in Videna's lament for Ferrex, or in Marcella's account of the death of his brother. There can be little doubt that the play had at the time a political significance, with reference to the royal succession, and it is curious to note the almost prophetic spirit of some of the passages touching on the question of divine right; the following lines, fine in themselves, must have been much to the taste of Elizabeth:

No cause serves, whereby the subject may  
Call to account the doings of his prince,  
Much less in blood by sword to work revenge,  
No more than may the hand cut off the head,  
In act nor speech, no; not in secret thought,  
The subject may rebel against his lord,  
Or judge of him that sits in Caesar's seat,  
With grudging mind to damn those he mislikes;  
Though kings forget to govern as they ought,  
Yet subjects must obey as they are bound.

We have modernised the archaic spelling, which has no logical status, and can only serve to puzzle modern readers, though it is, of course, right in the pamphlet, which is an exact reproduction of the 1570 edition. There can be no doubt of its welcome by all interested in English literature.

An anonymous volume of poems, "Love in Idleness" (Kegan Paul), contains much that is good; it is of the school of Rossetti and Swinburne, and reminds us in places of Mr. Oscar Wilde at his best. Take for instance "In Limine," "The Masque of Philip the Deacon," or "In Scheria." But other influences are apparent, as in the truly catholic poem "The Recompense," or in the following stanzas, entitled "Separation":—

Let us not strive, the world at least is wide;  
This way and that our different paths divide,  
Perhaps to meet upon the further side.

We must not strive; friends cannot change to foes;  
O yes, we love; albeit winter snows  
Cover the flowers, the flowers are there, God knows.

And yet I would it had been any one,  
Only not thou, O my companion,  
My guide, mine own familiar friend, mine own!

The pieces called "Doggrel in Delft" are clever, showing a genuine sense of humour; the sonnets, too, are ingenious, especially "The Lost Self," and the translations from the Greek have scholarly merit. On the whole this is a rather exceptional collection.

All of us have enjoyed Mr. George R. Sims's verses in one form or another, and he has never shown himself to greater advantage than in the volume entitled "The Lifeboat, and Other Poems" (J. P. Fuller, Wine Office Court). It must be a very cold-blooded person who could read without emotion such pieces as "Nellie's Prayer," "Ticket-o'-Leave," or above all, "The Road to Heaven." In short, if public readers have their own feelings well under control, and can be sure of getting through a piece without publicly crying, there is a mine of wealth for them here.

"Lyrics for Heart and Voice," by Thomas Brevior (F. Pitman), is a very modestly introduced volume, which contains some excellent religious verse; it is intended as a contribution to the hymnal of the future, and not a few of the poems really deserve the name of hymns, which are, perhaps, the most difficult metrical things to verse, if ballads be excepted. "All Souls' Day" is particularly good.

We have also to acknowledge the seventh volume of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.'s charming "Parchment Library" Edition of Shakespeare, and a collected cheap edition of Longfellow's poetical works from Messrs. Routledge.

## A KANGAROO HUNT

NAMOI RIVER, NEW SOUTH WALES,

October—, 1882.

LAST Wednesday all hands knocked off work to take part in a grand kangaroo battue, convened by some neighbouring squatters. It was on the largest scale ever attempted in Australia, with a corresponding result. The local paper some days previously contained the following advertisement:—

"Roll up! Roll up! Roll up! Neighbours, Friends, and Strangers. Horsemen and footmen with guns or without to meet at the — Homestead on the 23rd of October for a Kangaroo Drive. A welcome for everybody. Bring a pair of blankets, if you've got any. If you haven't, we'll find you some. Plenty of tucker, guns, and ammunition. Roll up, Boys! Roll up!"

Such an invitation in New South Wales finds ready acceptance, and for two days before the one appointed, horsemen by twos and threes might be seen wending their way through the bush to S—, the lessee of which run was famed, far and wide, as a thorough-going sportsman and a liberal employer. Our contingent went all together, and an animated scene the home paddock presented when we arrived at our destination. A similar sight is not to be seen every day in the Australian bush. More than three hundred horsemen, armed with every conceivable variety of gun—from the forty-year old shooting-iron of Hollis to the last thing of Greener's; and mounted on every conceivable variety of animal—from an almost unbroken colt to a Suffolk punch. Besides, there was a small army of men on foot to act as beaters. It was a glorious day, but, of course, after a twenty-mile ride we felt like a little refreshment, and there was no lack of it. Huge rounds of beef, cheeses like dray wheels, and great buckets of tea, hot, strong, and sweet, disappeared like magic amid much laughter, fun, and chaffing.

Next morning, up with the first cry of the laughing jackass, just before daybreak, a wash in the creek, breakfast, and a swig of Martell's pale, and the fun commences. Stations are allotted to all the parties by our leader along both sides of the gully—the whole length of it. Old hands at the game generally lie down, because, in the excitement, bullets and swan shot fly round rather too close to be pleasant. I looked sharp out for my *vis-à-vis*, and discovered one of the rankest of "new chums" it has been my fortune to come across. One of those gilded youths who are sent out here, now and again, with lots of money and no brains. Heaven alone knows what they come here for, unless it is to be made a laughing-stock of through the colonies. They haven't a single idea, except themselves, and their speech is generally limited to "Haw! oh! yeth." There, opposite me, stood this particular specimen—admirably got-up for the Bush. Velvet knickerbockers, nothing less; ankle-jacks that, I could see from where I stood, were pinching him horribly as he rested himself, first on one foot then on the other, like a "native companion," gazing meanwhile intently up the trees from under the scanty shade of a little stiff black billycock. Seeing that this gentleman was handling a brand-new revolving rifle, I lay down flat behind a tolerably thick stump. The beaters could now be heard at work, the cracks of their whips and wild yells and shouts making the Bush ring again.

Soon half-a-dozen "flying does" came hopping down the gully, thud, thud, thud on the hard ground; but they never reached so far as our position, but fell victims to a dozen shots from the other side,—the rule in these cases being (as it is well known the marsupials on entering a gully will attempt to make for the scrub, on one side or the other) for the shooters only on the side they make for, to fire. This lessens risk of accidents which, however, frequently occur. Thicker and faster now rolled the living tide of kangaroos, wallaroos, wallabies, and all their relations, large and small, encompassed between two walls of sportsmen, raining ball and shot. Of course, it was a massacre; but it was badly wanted. Remember, each kangaroo is said to consume the grass of five sheep a day. We had not expected such a drive as this, for the wide gully was literally choked from side to side with the jumping, swaying masses.

The blue velvet knickerbockers I could see dimly, now and again, through the clouds of smoke; and a continuous crack, crack, from that quarter, accompanied by the whiz of bullets past my head, warned me not to stand up yet. The heavy rush was over, and the firing slackened considerably, but the new chum continued to blaze away as fast as he could put his cartridges in and discharge his piece. He had by this time got from the scrub nearly out into the middle of the gully, and there he stood firing, but seldom hitting anything; people all round singing out and swearing at him—to no purpose. He evidently meant to pot a biped of some sort, if not a kangaroo. One of the latter, a very big "old man," at this moment entered the gully, and, running the gauntlet of a few straggling shots—for guns were by this time getting hot and ammunition scarce—he made straight for our friend in the knickerbockers, who valiantly stood his ground, and discharged four shots nearly point blank at the seven-footer, one only grazing his cheek or jaw. The sting of the bullet made the "old man" so savage, that the next moment he had Blue Breeches, breech-loader and all, in a loving embrace, and was busily engaged in doing his best to disembowel the unfortunate Mr. X— with his long, sharp hind claws. To do the chap justice, I must say he behaved well; and, though horribly scared and pinioned as he was, he kicked and struggled with all his might; and, as some one afterwards remarked, "Never so much as let a yell out of him." Off came the velveteens and billycock; the former strewn the ground with long strips, and the latter entangled in the "old man's" long claw, to which, perhaps, our new chum owed his escape with only a few nasty rips; for men came running up to him from all sides, and the savage old brute got his skull knocked in with the stock of a rifle, while his opponent, released from his grip, stood ruefully surveying himself, and wiping off the blood and dirt from his legs, now quite denuded of their civilised covering.

Lots of fun was, of course, poked at him; but one choleric old gentleman, with a very red face, read him a sharp lecture on his shooting exploit, winding up with, "Confound you, sir! You shot at me a dozen times. I couldn't get a chance to shoot kangaroos for watching you. Pity your mother didn't keep you at home, instead of sending you out into the world with a six-chambered rifle, which you use as if it was a child's toy."

However, fresh clothes, a few bandages, and half-a-tumbler of "three star" somewhat consoled poor X— for all this rough usage—especially because the "old man" was skinned on the spot, and the pelt presented to him as a trophy, which attention he acknowledged with, "Haw! yeth, horrid brute!—nearly stripped me. So glad no ladies, you know," a speech which was received with great laughter—it was said so earnestly.

Well, the slain were now counted, and reached the very respectable total of 2,800; but lots got away, badly wounded—many of them to be yarded in next day's drive. I dare say, with those that died in the Bush, the tally came up to 3,000. Packing up was now the order of the day. Horses were brought up, tents struck and stowed away with the eatables in spring-carts, drags, and wagonettes, and a start made for the next camp and another day's drive.

Our next camp was at the Piney Water Holes, two dark, still, tarn-like pools, on the edge of a great pine scrub which borders a large plain, at the further extremity of which, (some four and a-half miles off) the trap was erected, in the shape of an immense dog-leg yard, palisaded in with box saplings, some fourteen feet high.

From this great yard ran two wings, of the same structure, for about half-a-mile from each side of the entrance. This is the crush. At the half-mile they leave off being dog-leg and commence being calico. Not all calico; but four or five belts, about six inches broad, hitched round stout stakes driven into the ground, about twelve or fifteen feet apart and about ten feet high. And very queer it looks, when a breeze is blowing, to see all these calico rails shaking about; especially when, as in the present case, there are about eight miles of it, four on each side, gradually diverging, till at the far end from the yard they are fully two miles apart.

With the shouts and cracking of whips, everything that is able to travel in the shape of an animal (even emus) must make a move towards the fatal wings that are waiting in the distance with wide open wavering jaws to receive them. It is fully four in the afternoon when we emerge into the open, scratched as to skin, torn as to clothing, hoarse with shouting. But our work is not yet done. See that great dark looking mass in front—horsemen galloping behind and on every side. If one kangaroo or a poor little wallaby makes a turn back half-a-dozen horsemen gallop to put him back into the mob. They are bound to go, and go they do—a loud cheer announcing that the last one is fairly into our calico lane. No pressing is needed here. "Let 'em go easy now!" is the order. Perhaps the poor wretches think they are hemmed in by a huge fence of white rails; or that the waving quivering calico is held by human enemies. Little do they think that with one push it would all lie flat, and they be at liberty to make for their beloved ridges and gullies once more. They crowd away in fear from the strange walls on each side, and keep well to the middle of the lane, slowly hopping, pausing hopping till the first ranks enter the half-mile of wooden dog-leg fencing. "Ah," say the poor beasts, "we know what this is! Many a time we've hopped over this into the settlers' cornfields, and you don't drive us any further this way, if we know it." Too late! Now the leaders are fairly in, and the press behind is something awful, for the men are closing up. So they go on for the half-mile, and then emerge with a bound as of recovered liberty into the great enclosed yard. Now is the time to see jumping and spring, not off the tail, as some folks say, but off their great muscular hind-legs. All to no purpose. The poor animals fall back time after time. Still one did actually get over that fence—a flying doe—that with one tremendous jump lodged on the top and fell over—on the right side, though; and the way she made tracks for the scrub was a caution. Strange to say, she jumped with her joy in her pouch, but when she got over she flung him away, and thus lightened the cleared from thirty to forty feet in each bound—one out of 5,600.

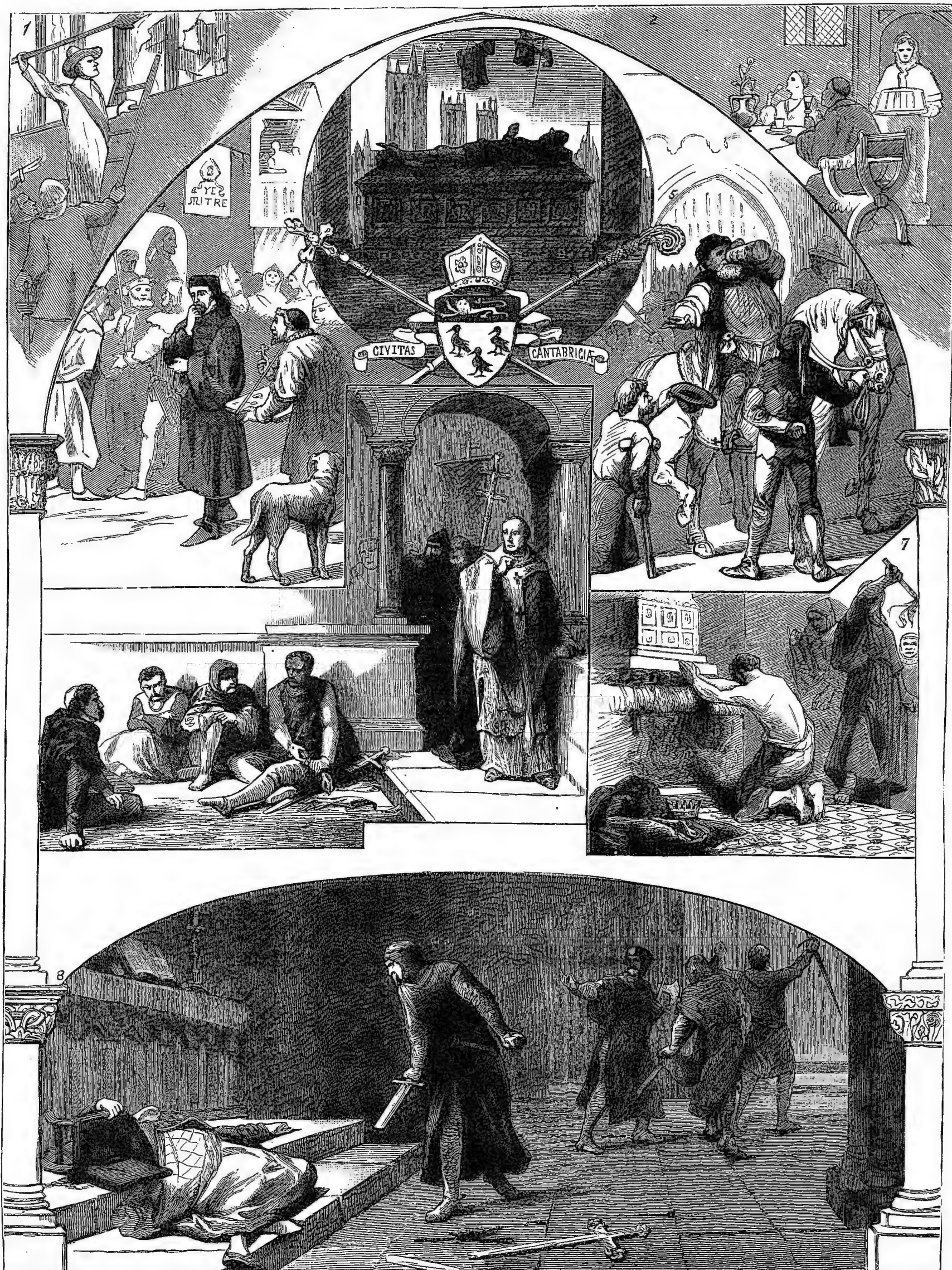
Now come the crowd, tired and dusty, horses blown and reeking. Housis, also torn as to skirts or habits, and dishevelled as to hair. Lots of grog and tucker of course, and oceans of tea. A lot of men have been waiting in the yard, and now commence the great operation of knocking the marsupials over with heavy waddies—a business not so dangerous as would appear at first sight, for very many of the animals have been wounded the day before, and the rest are pretty well exhausted with their long run and their desperate efforts to escape. The skinning and scalping will take place on the morrow. It is worth while when such a number are secured—the Government bounty being 6d. per scalp, and the skins will average all round, large and small, say 10s. each in Sydney. Eight emus were among the captives, and one of them put a slayer *hors de combat* with a tap from his foot. They kick, as a Scotchman present remarked, "harder than any sanguinary coo." The sport was over now, and it was only a question of butchering, so the town contingent, and people who live within five or six miles, began to make for their homes. After giving three hearty cheers for Mr. — and his lady, who with many kind words thanked the hunters for their assistance, we ended the great — Kangaroo Hunt.



SAMUEL J. BREWER.—Of a very familiar type, the like of which we have heard scores of times before, is "Unchanged," a love song, written and composed by E. Oxenford and J. Pridham. —By the same composer is a stirring war song and chorus, well-suited for the mess and barrack-rooms; the spirited words are by A. H. Brown.—"Riverside Sketches" is the collective title of a series of moderately easy pianoforte pieces by Talbot Lake. Each piece is prettily illustrated with a chromolithographic view of the place from whence it takes its name. No. 7, "Kew," is a polka, with a catching and well-marked time. No. 8, "Hampton Court," a mazurka, is a meet pendant for the above. No. 9, "Weybridge," is a Spanish castanet dance, of a very ordinary type. No. 10, "Chertsey," and No. 11, "Thames Ditton," are pleasing little *morceaux*, the one a "Rondo in F," the other "Rondo in D." No. 12, "Marlow," is a danceable schottische.—Two good specimens of their kind, tuneful, and the tune well-marked, are "The Burlington," a schottische, and "Castalia," a *valse de salon*, both are by Carl Mahler.—A graceful song, without words, is "A Summer Dream," by Albert Dufauré; it should be learnt by heart.—One of W. Smallwood's pleasing *morceaux de salon* for the pianoforte, for which he is well-known, is "Camarilla."—There may possibly be still existing some admirers of such almost obsolete pianoforte pieces as "Grand Naval and Military Divertimento," descriptive of the Bombardment and Occupation of Alexandria, composed by John Pridham; for them we can recommend this pompous composition.

MESSRS. W. MORLEY AND CO.—From hence come eight songs, each of which will prove a welcome addition to the drawing and the concert room. "Home to Thy Heart" is the penitent wail of a contrite lover craving for pardon, the words are by F. E. Weatherly, the music by Ciro Pinsuti; it is published in B flat and C.—By the same composer is a martial song, "Trusty as Steel," words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, published in three keys.—"Fancy That," written and composed by Atherlow Furlong, is a merry little tale of courtship under the trees, set to a simple melody.—A pendant to the above, "Cleverly Caught," is a rustic tale in two verses, the piquante words by Juba Kennerley, music by Henry Pontet. Either of these two songs are well suited for an encore at a concert or musical reading.—Of the same merry type is "Turning the Tables," written and composed by Alfred J. Caldicott; both words and music are pleasing and bright.—"Angel Echoes" is a pathetic song of medium compass, the poetry by G. Clifton Bingham, music by Thomas Hutchinson; it will prove a favourite with all who have cultivated taste.—The same may be said of "The Gate of Heaven," a refined and beautiful song, with pianoforte, harmonium, harp and violin (*ad lib.*) accompaniment, published in three keys, written and composed by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Berthold Tours.—Sad is the poetry of "An Old Story," wedded to a sweet melody. Both words and music are by Louisa Gray, published in F. and G.—To the student commencing the study of harmony, it appears to be dry and tedious labour; but, as his knowledge increases, so does his interest in it. A very clear and comprehensive work, entitled "Harmony," has been composed by Carl Mangold, a well-known musical professor, who certainly possesses the gift of imparting knowledge in a very pleasing form. The student who diligently studies this work will learn much in a short time.

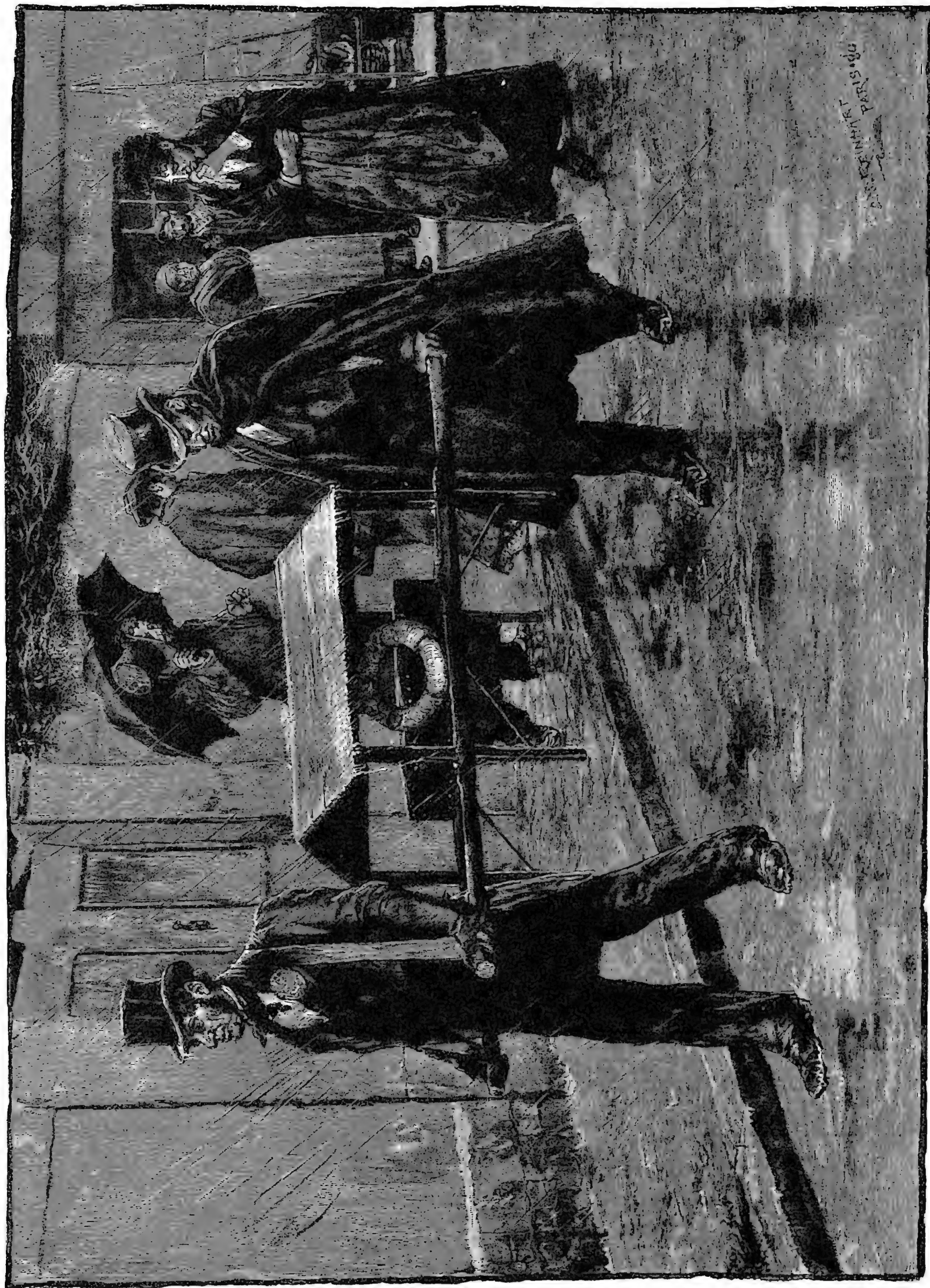




1. A Puritan Bigot Destroying One of the Windows of the Cathedral.—2. Nell Cook: "A Warden-pie's a Dainty Dish to Mortify Withal" ("The Ingoldsby Legends").—3. The Monument to the Black Prince.—4. "The Gentle Chaucer Gliding Through the Throng."—5. Falstaff and His Train.—6. An Interview with the Murderers of Becket.—7. The Penance of Henry II.—8. The Murder of Thomas Becket.

THE ENTHRONISATION OF THE NEW PRIMATE—SOME CANTERBURY VISIONS





A CHILD'S FUNERAL IN PARIS



## FLORENCE FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

WHEN I first visited in 1837 the beautiful city in the Valley of the Arno, the Austrian Leopold was still Grand Duke of Tuscany, and United Italy a visionary dream of the future, rarely indulged in save by a few patriotic enthusiasts, whose aspirations after national independence were regarded, even by the most enlightened of their fellow-countrymen, as an impracticable and impossible chimera. The Pitti Palace was then the residence of the Chief of the State, and ingress to the Boboli Gardens, except by rarely-accorded special permission, was strictly limited to the members of the reigning family.

In those days, when railways were not, travellers had the choice of three methods of locomotion,—by post, *vallurino*, or the lumbering *diligence*, of which Dickens has given us so graphic a description; with the agreeable prospect in any case of passing three nights on the road in comfortable refuges, by courtesy called inns, between Florence and Rome. There were no boulevards, no monster hotels; the four or five of the latter then flourishing—most of them excellent—amply sufficing for the accommodation of strangers, who had, moreover, the faculty of hiring at a comparatively moderate cost apartments of all sizes, more or less handsomely furnished, in many of the old palatial dwellings of the Tuscan nobility.

Whether as a temporary or permanent abode, there existed at that period in Italy no pleasanter city than Florence; good society was easy of access, several of the wealthier residents keeping open house during the winter season, where you were certain to meet everybody worth knowing. Madame Murat, the widow of the "beau sabreur," who, since her husband's death, had taken the name of Countess Lipona, gave frequent receptions in her magnificent hotel; and the Prince de Montfort, otherwise Jerome Buonaparte, ex-King of Westphalia, held a weekly court, the chief attraction of which was his daughter the Princess Mathilde, then in the full bloom of her acknowledged beauty. So ceremonious, however, were these stately gatherings that, as soon as etiquette permitted, the majority of the male visitors retired by common consent from the presence chamber into an adjoining billiard-room, where the Marquis Torregiani was wont to exhibit that marvellous proficiency in the game which had gained him the reputation of the best player in Italy. One of the most enjoyable houses was that of Prince Corsini, the favourite resort of the Florentine patricians, and invariably graced by the presence of the prettiest women, and, as a necessary consequence, by their attendant cavaliers, among whom I well remember the youthful representatives of such old historical names as Frescobaldi, Rucellai, and Antenor. Nor must the Casa Valabregue, the home of the illustrious Catalan, be forgotten; where, in compliance with the repeated solicitations of her guests, "la reine des cantatrices et la cantatrice des rois" would occasionally seat herself at the piano, and with a voice tremulous from age, but still full of expression, treat them to a vocal reminiscence of the past, invariably concluding with a verse of our national air. Her husband was a chatty little man, devotedly fond of billiards, and a constant frequenter of the fashionable club, the Casino dei Nobili; he was never tired of expatiating on the bygone triumphs of his wife, and, although, as I firmly believe, he knew little or nothing of music, regarded himself as one of those infallible connoisseurs from whose critical judgment there was no appeal. A very agreeable and thoroughly English house was that of Mr. Fom-belle, where the *élite* of the British colony was always to be found; I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted there with that admirable pianist, John Baptist Cramer, and of listening to his delightful improvisations, while old Liverati, the Bolognese composer, watched every movement of the agile fingers in speechless ecstacy.

The first thing a stranger usually did on his arrival was to subscribe to Viessieux's reading-room, and the second to secure admission as an honorary member to the Casino dei Nobili; a privilege easily obtainable through whichever might happen to be his banker, Fenzi, or Plowden and French. The last-named gentleman, who was subsequently ennobled by way of reward for his liberality in defraying part of the cost of a new road to Fiesole, married the daughter of the composer Mazzinghi; he had a sweet tenor voice, and sang Moore's melodies, notably "Love's Young Dream," with exquisite taste and feeling. The Casino were then as now the fashionable promenade, and served not only as a very fair substitute for the "Row" or the Prater, but also, as the spring advanced, for races, got up mainly by the exertions of Prince Poniatowski and one of the best-known members of the English colony, Mr. Vansittart.

During the winter of 1837, the *prima donna* at the Pergola was the charming Virginia Blasis, whose fine voice and admirable acting obtained a three months' "run" for Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda*, and whose untimely death from exposure to a pitiless "tramontana" in May, 1838, created a painful sensation throughout the city; the funeral of this popular vocalist was celebrated with great pomp in the church of Santa Croce, and attended by all the rank and fashion of Florence. Shortly after, Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* (then a novelty) was produced, sung by its original interpreters, Moriani and Carolina Ungher. If the former was hardly seen to such advantage in this opera as in the same composer's *Lucia*, it cannot be denied that the heroine of this terrible drama has never—not even in Grisi or Titiens—found a representative more physically or artistically "la femme du rôle" than their Viennese predecessor; she looked the character to the life, and, as been well observed, "there was a cold and appalling malice in her glance that made one shudder." Besides these, I had the good fortune to see the famous Luigi Vestri at the Teatro Alfieri in *Pauvre Jacques*, rendered familiar to English playgoers by the clever performance of Morris Barnett; Vestri was then no longer in the full force of his talent, but his delineation of the poor musician was most pathetic and impressive. Like all the world, I went of course to the Borgo Ognissanti, where Stenterello reigned supreme, and improvised his semi-political hits to the intense amusement of a crowded house; it was, however, impossible to catch the meaning of his sallies without a more intimate acquaintance with Florentine "patois" than I possessed, so I contented myself, as M. de Valabregue, who was sitting near me, jocosely observed, with laughing at them "de confiance."

The Poniatowski family, who inhabited the Casa Standish, gave occasional amateur performances of light Italian operas, and the number of guests being necessarily limited, owing to the narrow dimensions of the theatre, it was considered rather a feather in one's cap to obtain a card of invitation. I heard there the *Barbiere* and the *Elisir d'Amore* excellently sung by Princess Elise and her two brothers, Joseph and Charles, the parts of Almaviva and Nemorino being entrusted to the fashionable singing master Signor Giuliani. The future composer of *L'ierre de Médicis* for the Grand Opera in Paris made a capital Belcore; and, whether as regards piquancy of acting or perfection of vocalisation, it would have been no easy task to discover a more accomplished Adina or Rosina.

All other excitements, however, were cast into the shade by the perpetual attraction of the lottery; high and low, rich and poor acknowledged the "soft impeachment," and took more or less interest in the weekly "estrazione," few being able to resist the temptation of at least occasionally "setting a sprat to catch a herring." The Roman and Tuscan lotteries were a joint concern; the drawing taking place every fortnight in Rome, while the alternate weeks were divided between Florence, Pisa, Leghorn, and Siena. From Monday down to the last moment they were allowed to remain open, the offices were crowded with eager applicants for tickets, their choice of numbers being mainly influenced by the

"Libro dei Sogni," or dream-book, wherein all kinds of chances and dreams were explained; this little manual contained a vocabulary of all the common words in the language arranged alphabetically, with the numbers attached to each, so that any one who dreamt of a particular event had only to select three or four numbers referring to the circumstances of his dream, and take his chance of their coming up. Certain events used to be considered exceptionally lucky; for instance, if an individual chanced to die suddenly in the presence of the Grand Duke, there was a general rush to the offices, and numbers applicable to the occasion were selected. Shortly before my arrival such a case actually occurred, and so great was the demand for numbers that the offices were closed by order of the Government; strange to say, those numbers came up, and the State lost thereby over a hundred thousand crowns.

In consulting the "Libro dei Sogni," however, great attention to the numbers was necessary. During my stay in Florence, an Englishman of my acquaintance dreamt that he had been playing billiards with red balls, and having (as he imagined) carefully noted down three appropriate numbers, took his ticket, and awaited the result. When the news arrived from Rome, he found that two of them had come up, and on consulting an Italian friend, the latter suggested a further examination of the manual; when it was discovered that my compatriot had unthinkingly chosen the word *table* in place of *billiard table*, by which unlucky oversight he had won two crowns instead of twelve hundred!

CHARLES HERVEY



It is certainly unfair to the novel reader of the period, and perhaps savours of undue self-esteem on the part of an author in less than the very first rank, to assume that the plot and characters of a story published two years ago remain fresh in the popular memory at the present hour. Mr. Charles M. Clay, being very obviously a student of Thackeray, has thought himself justified in following his master's example by making one novel the continuation of its predecessors; and "The Modern Hagar," eccentrically called "A Drama" (2 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), pre-supposes an acquaintance with the author's former novel, "Baby Rue." Were not memories short, and the demands of two years' fiction upon them many, Mr. Clay might be exceptionally justified in his assumption: for "Baby Rue" was a story of unusual interest and power. In these respects "The Modern Hagar" is fully its match—indeed, though strangely unequal as a whole, it contains passages and characters that would give distinction to a story of the highest order. It is a romance of the American Civil War, strongly coloured by Southern sympathies, and, romantic as the plot is in its nature, the historical element, which is considerable, is equalled by the fictitious element in the effect of truth left upon the mind. This result is obtained by sheer strength and spirit—certainly not by constructive skill, or by any of the usual substitutes for originality or power. Indeed, nothing can be less satisfactory than the way in which the story is left unfinished, and its threads either twisted or broken, while the author appears to be continually and of set purpose urging his Pegasus to emulate the race of John Gilpin. To this is due a good deal of apparent craziness, and those many passages of genuine power which so often reward writers who are uncompromisingly reckless of criticism, and scorn the modern affectation of keeping their strength "in reserve." The interest of "The Modern Hagar" is unquestionable, and rises superior to all the disappointment occasioned by the too unbrokeably tragic nature of the story. Many of the scenes, especially those which deal with the romance of war, are splendidly spirited, and touched with the loftiest kind of pathos. Indeed, it is impossible within short limits to do justice either to the merits or faults of a novel which has both in exceptional measure and of an exceptional kind. The best criticism is a cordial recommendation to the novel reader to find them out for himself—and this, whether he has or has not any any recollection of "Baby Rue."

"The Laird's Secret," by J. H. Jamieson (2 vols.: Blackwood and Sons), is, like so many Scotch novels not otherwise notable, good as a study of local character. Scotland is fortunate in having an unexhausted supply of material of this nature, and an apparently inexhaustible number of pens capable of utilising the same. For the rest, "The Laird's Secret" cannot be called successful. It is almost curiously immature, and, while evidently intended to be serious and touching to the highest degree, is unfortunately farcical in its suggestion. The idea of the plot is that a Laird and a Doctor fall in love with two sisters, but are prevented from marrying them by some unknown obstacle, equally applying to both. However, it appears to be removed, and the marriages take place; but, unfortunately, it turns out that the obstacle, in the Doctor's case, was not really removed, and that he has another wife living, whom he had supposed to be drowned. So there is an end of his happiness until it further appears that the Laird was his first wife's first husband; and the complication, thus thrown back, is only cut through by the kindness of the "secret" in really dying. The complication of bigamies, quasi-bigamies, and the Scotch law of marriage is exceedingly comical, and the effect is very largely due to the very obvious intention of the authoress to make it otherwise. In other respects "The Laird's Secret" cannot be placed above the average of every-day fiction.

Edwin Whelpton, the author of "A Lincolnshire Heroine" (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), has invented a new form of that sort of English which used to be considered the peculiar property of the Irish hedge-schoolmaster. Here is an entire paragraph, by way of specimen—"The inflexible face was in one of its softest aspects. Let impatient suitors wait in so dear an *entree*—the one sole cherub that bound him to the wheel." Or again, "A synopsis of analysis revealed the curate as a man whose character had little balance." But when Mr. Whelpton gets to foreign tongues, he is more effective still. "What grievous afflictions," says he, "arise to us from innocent perversion of our meaning or motive, pliability or *con amore*!" He calls introducing a young man to a solicitor with a view to being articulated "mooting a protégée," and he terms a girl's overhearing an interview between her lover and another girl, "witnessing a *lapsus calami*." These matters are amusing enough for a time, but three long volumes of them grow decidedly wearisome, especially as the volumes contain very little else to catch the attention. Persons who are best acquainted with Lincolnshire will be a little surprised, we imagine, to discover how altogether unlike are the inhabitants of that county to all the rest of the world, but the invention of a new style of human nature no doubt speaks as much for Mr. Whelpton's power of imagination as his extraordinary feats of language speak for his learning.

We have received also the following novels which the great pressure upon our space compels us to dismiss without further notice:—"Only a Word," by Georg Ebers (1 vol.: Macmillan and Co.); "After Long Grief and Pain," by "Rita" (3 vols.: Tinsley Brothers); "Society Novelle" (2 vols.: Vizetelly and Co.); "Love's Empire" (3 vols.: Tinsley Brothers); "Eberhard; or, The Mystery of Rathbeck," by Katherine Clive (3 vols.: Tinsley Brothers); "Loyal Hearts," by Dorothea M. Corbould (3 vols.: Remington and Co.); "On Dangerous Ground," by Edith Stewart Drewry (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.); "The City of Three Spires" (3 vols.: Benmore and Sons); "An April Day," by Phillippa Prittie Jephson (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.); "Hearts

of Gold," by William Cyples (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus); "A Peeress of 1882," by Mrs. Alexander Fraser (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.); "The Bankers of St. Hubert," by Sylvanus Ward (2 vols.: Remington and Co.); "The Tower Gardens," by Lizzie Alldridge (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.).

## SCIENTIFIC NOTES

IN the second lecture of a course of six, now being delivered before the Society of Civil Engineers, by Sir Frederick Bramwell, upon the applications of electricity, some interesting facts were detailed relative to telephonic communication. Referring to the generally accepted belief that the development of the telephone for commercial purposes has been far more rapid in America than on this side of the Atlantic, the lecturer instanced the case of Washington, which, with a population of 120,000 whites, has in operation no fewer than 800 telephones. But he also proved, by quoting a recent return of the United Telephone Company, that if we were slow to recognise the benefits of the system in the first instance, we are now adopting it with considerable zeal.

These returns show that on the last day of February, 1881, there were, exclusive of a large number of private wires, 845 subscribers to the Telephone Exchange. On the same day of the following year the number had risen to 1,505, an increase of 660 members. By February 28, 1883, the total reached 2,541, showing an addition of 1,036. The average number of "calls" per day for each subscriber is  $7\frac{1}{2}$ , at a cost of 20¢ per annum. This makes each call cost the subscriber 2¢; or, if we take the reply into consideration, 1¢ for each message sent through the Exchange.

The Smoke Abatement Committee, whose operations at South Kensington met with so much success two years back, are now making arrangements for a permanent exhibition in London, which they trust will be instrumental in leading to a revolution in our manner of burning fuel. This exhibition will not only have for its object the prevention of smoke, but will take under its care inventions relating to ventilation, heating, and lighting. Testing-rooms, in which extended trials of apparatus can be carried on, will be attached to the exhibition, which will be open to the public free. Further particulars may be obtained at the offices of the National Smoke Abatement Institution, 44, Berners Street, W.

Our French neighbours have, through the Academy of Sciences, claimed the invention of the steamboat for one of their countrymen. Acting upon a report made to them on the subject by the indefatigable creator of the Suez Canal, they declare that twenty-five years before the experiments of Fulton, in American waters, a steamboat was navigated by Claude de Jouffroy in the neighbourhood of the town of Baume. The immediate object of this claim is to gather subscriptions for the erection of a statue to the man who is now regarded as "a misrepresented Frenchman, a martyr of science, and a benefactor of mankind." There is really some difficulty in finding the true inventor of the first steamboat. One authority tells us that the first successful one was constructed by Symington, and was used on the Forth and Clyde Canal in 1802. Another gives the credit to the above-mentioned Fulton, who built quite a flotilla of steam-vessels for use in America before they were heard of in Europe. One more authority tells us that, in Spain in 1543, Blasco de Garay, a sea-captain, propelled a vessel, of 200 tons burden, at the rate of three miles an hour. Very likely the Chinese would tell us that steam-vessels were in use in the Celestial Empire several centuries before our era. Perhaps, one hundred years hence, the same question will arise with regard to the first electric boat, the first electric street-car, and the first electric railway.

The immense interest attached to recent developments of electricity in America, as here, may be seen by a quotation from an address recently delivered by one of the heads of the American Patent Office. He tells us that up to the year 1877 electricity was of so little official moment that it held the position of a sub-class in a division. Now it is the largest division in the office, and perhaps the most important. Two thousand applications for patents bearing upon electricity were filed last year alone, and of these about two-thirds were granted. The activity of invention thus shown is considered to be chiefly due to the invention of the telephone, and to the development of dynamo-machines.

Actuated by the wholesale destruction by fire which seems to have come upon the world during the past few months, Mr. W. C. Gordon, the manager of the Langham Hotel, has arranged in that building a most effective system of fire-alarms by utilising the ordinary electric bell, with its push, battery, and indicator. At different points on each of the ten floors of the hotel are placed electric buttons easily accessible by the inmates. The touch of any one of these buttons sets a multitude of bells ringing, whilst every indicator in the building shows the exact spot whence the alarm comes. No time is therefore lost in inquiries, for firemen and others are at once drawn to the place where their services are required. There they find hose, hydrants, and everything ready to hand, for the Langham is well furnished in this respect. Practically, however, it is a fireproof building. Other hotels not so constructed would find it to their interest to adopt similar precautions.

The Astronomer Royal for Ireland gave a very interesting account lately at the Royal Institution of the economical way in which telegrams can be sent between America and Europe detailing the positions of comets, or other appearances to which it is desired to call attention. As a case in point, he instanced the position of a comet which was expressed by the figures  $123^{\circ} 45'$ , notice of which was sent to this country in a telegram containing, simply the word "umbrella." The explanation of the matter is this. The sender and receiver had previously agreed to adopt a certain dictionary as their code. In this dictionary the word "umbrella" appeared on page 123, and formed line 45 from the top of the column.

A very interesting discussion arose at the meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society on the 9th instant. Mr. Common, in reading a paper entitled, "Note on a Photograph of the Great Nebula in Orion," showed an enlargement of the photograph in question, which he had taken two months ago with a three-foot reflecting telescope. After some remarks upon the immense superiority of photographic work, when compared with even the finest drawings of such an object, Major John Herschell called attention to certain gaps or holes in the nebula which, distinctly shown in the photograph, did not appear in drawings of the same subject. Mr. Ranyard was reminded by them of the cometary object which was seen cutting out the light of the sun's corona, photographed during the eclipse of 1871. He pointed out that several of these dark gaps appeared over the field of the nebula, a group of seven in one place, of four or five in another, and three or four in another. They were nearly all circular, or elliptical. He expressed the opinion that they were dark, nebulous masses, cutting out the light from behind, giving almost proof positive that there are dark objects in space.

From the columns of a contemporary we learn that an ingenious being, who hails from Leyden, has obtained a patent in this country for the manufacture of what he dignifies by the name of "wine." It is a mixture of cane-sugar and glucose, coloured with certain dye-woods, orchella weed, sorrel-paste, &c., according to fancy, and subjected to fermentation. That similar mixtures are made abroad—and made so cunningly that upon analysing they show no products but what are found in the genuine juice of the grape—is unfortunately true. But that a Government Department in this country should sanction, and undertake to protect, such a manufacture is altogether a different matter. We trust that there is some error in the statement.

T. C. H.



## OF DEAD DOGS

THE proverb tells us that a living dog is to be preferred to a dead lion. But on behalf of dead dogs no good word has ever been spoken. Yet dogs must die, and, equally with "golden lads and lasses and chimney sweepers," come to dust. And it is hard that the dog who has been kindly regarded during his life should be so little considered upon his death. One thinks of Hamlet's contemptuous mention of a dead dog, and of the sun's action upon the body. "A good kissing carrion," he calls it; certain of the commentators deciding to read the phrase "a god kissing carrion," the god being, of course, the sun god, Phœbus. And generally the departed animal is viewed with something like loathing; the dog who dies in London being especially unfortunate in this respect.

"Who goes there?" Pierre demands in the play. The traitor Jaffier answers:

A dog that comes to howl  
At yonder moon. What's he that asks the question?

Whereupon the ironic Pierre retorts:

A friend to dogs; for they are honest creatures,  
And ne'er betray their masters, never fawn  
On any that they love not.

The poets, indeed, have for the most part agreed to laud the living dog. Shakespeare may have treated him occasionally with some contumely, and often, indeed, applies the word "dog" by way of abuse, as in "common dog," and "cut-throat dog," and "coward dog," &c. But generally the living dog can hardly complain of the treatment he has received in literature. As "he that dies pays no debts," however, so death also seems to cancel all obligations to the dead. The dead dog is a thing to be despised, loathed, got rid of, and put out of sight as soon as may be.

Of course the dweller in the country, possessed of a garden, can set aside some sequestered corner as the burial ground of his deceased favourites. It may be remembered that on the lawn at Gad's Hill Place Charles Dickens had interred a long-cherished canary, the tiny grave bearing the touching little inscription, "In Memory of Dick, the best of birds." No doubt many country gardens are the quiet resting-places of dead dogs and other animals who in their lives were tenderly treated and cherished. At the end of a filbert walk in the garden of his house at Chiswick Hogarth buried his wife's pet dog, with an inscription borrowed or imitated from Churchill's poem of "The Candidate,"—

Life to the last enjoyed, here Pompey lies,

It is especially curious, the relations between Hogarth and Churchill being remembered, that the same line—the name being changed—should appear on the poet's tomb in the burial ground of St. Martin's Church at Dover. But he chose his own inscription when he wrote:—

Let one poor sprig of bay around my head  
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead;  
Let it (may Heaven indulgent grant that prayer!)  
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;  
And when on travel bound some rhyming guest  
Roams through the churchyard whilst his dinner's drest,  
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes  
"Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies;"  
Whilst (O what joy that pleasing flattery gives!)  
Reading my works, he cries, "Here Churchill lives!"

But Churchill is little read now. It may be noted, however, that the poet's memory has been rarely honoured in Dover, two monuments there commemorating his renown, albeit he had no connexion with the town—not even the accidental one of death; for he died in Boulogne, and in compliance with his parting injunctions his friends brought his remains across the Channel for interment in English soil. A cenotaph in St. Mary's Church is inscribed with a panegyric of the poet in fourteen lines describing him as "The Great High Priest of all the Nine,"—a line of his own he had applied to Dryden in the "Epistle to Hogarth." It has been noted that Pope burying his favourite dog Bounce in the Garden at Twickenham—Bounce appears with his master in the portrait by Richardson—had contemplated the appropriation of an epitaph upon a greater poet than Churchill. Pope was persuaded, however, that "O rare Bounce!" would savour of disrespect to the memory of Ben Jonson.

It is well known that for the living dog Lord Macaulay had little liking; the dead dog he regarded very contemptuously indeed. He describes a visit he paid to Oatlands Park, when he found "that most singular monument of human folly," as he called it, the cemetery made by the Duchess of York for her dogs. There was a gateway like that under which coffins were laid in the churchyards of that part of the country; there was a sort of chapel; and there were the gravestones of "sixty-four of Her Royal Highness's curs." Was it so necessary to call them "curs?" But it was his lordship's way to condemn what he did not like; he would give a bad name even to a dead dog, who did not therefore need to undergo that capital operation which is the wonted supplement of a bad name. On some of these mausoleums were inscriptions in verse. "I was disgusted by this exceeding folly," writes Macaulay. "Humanity to the inferior animals I feel, and practice, I hope, as much as any man; but seriously to make friends of dogs is not my taste. I can understand, however, that even a sensible man may have a fondness for a dog. But sixty-four dogs! Why it is hardly conceivable that there should be warm affection in any heart for sixty-four human beings. I had formed a better opinion of the Duchess." Macaulay had supposed the inscriptions to be the work of the author known as "Monk" Lewis. He learnt, however, at a later date that the epitaphs had really been composed by Lady Dufferin and Mrs. Norton when they were girls of twelve or thirteen. Moreover he was informed that the multitude of graves might possibly be accounted for by the circumstance that the Duchess was much plagued with presents to her of dogs which she did not like to refuse, but which she did not care to keep, for they would simply have turned her house into a kennel. Mr. Trevelyan found it difficult to say whether his uncle's opinion of the Duchess was raised or lowered by the statement that she was wont to diminish the plague of dogs under which she suffered, by administering opium to them, and disposing of their bodies in the cemetery. Certainly there is something that jars upon ordinary susceptibilities in this systematic poisoning of dogs, and subsequent interment of their remains, with funeral honours and a complimentary epitaph, in the Oatlands Park Cemetery.

To die like a dog, or to meet with a dog's death, is a term usually significant of a violent and ignoble ending; hanging, indeed, being often accepted as the most likely termination of a dog's career; yet, without doubt, the dog very commonly closes his days decently enough. There are fond folk who are wont on the death of their favourite animals to employ a taxidermist, so that some simulacrum or effigy of the departed may be preserved; but a stuffed dog is apt to be a very sorry sight: his glass eyes are so very glassy—like the eyes of Banquo's ghost, there is no speculation in them; the bones are marrowless, the blood is cold; the straw stuffing is the poorest substitute for natural vitality.

In some countries the dog is accepted as an article of food, but consciously no Englishman consumes dog's-flesh. From time to time, however, suspicions have prevailed that the animal has been furtively applied to edible purposes. An insulting question has been often put to boating men upon the Thames as to the consumption of a "puppy pie" under Marlow Bridge—the locality being always particularly stated and insisted upon; but of the strange legend supposed to lie at the root of the ribald inquiry little seems really to be known. Years ago the famous comedian, Robson, was wont to sing a parody of a popular song of the period which celebrated the virtues of a particular Dog Tray. The parodist disclosed in a concluding verse how, in those mutton pies,

he seemed to recognise some traces of his poor dog Tray. On the other hand, Sam Weller's story of the piewman with whom seasoning was all in all, did not point in the direction of dogs. It was to a nice little tabby kitten the piewman referred when he said of his pies: "They're all made of them noble animals," he said; "and I seasons 'em for beefsteak, weal, or kidney, 'cording to the demand. And more than that, I can make a weal a beefsteak, or a beefsteak a kidney, or any one on 'em a mutton, at a minute's notice, just as the market changes and appetites wary." No wonder Mr. Pickwick was tempted to observe with a slight shudder, "He must have been a very ingenious young man that, Sam." But apparently that piewman confined himself to kittens; he had no dealings with dogs.

There was, some little time since, a proposal to prepare a cemetery for the reception of the defunct animals who, petted in life, had become in death a difficulty and a distress to their friends and proprietors; and in favour of such a plan there is much to be said. What, indeed, is to be done with the body of a dog who has expired in a London house, much encompassed with other London houses, no garden ground in its front or rear, but only some little patch of flagged courtyard offering no opportunities for interment? Cremation might do; but what would the neighbours say and do in such circumstances? Something violent without doubt. Is the dustman's help to be invoked? Has the pet dog become so dreadful and degraded an object? Or is the wretched carcass to be disowned, tossed into the roadway, and left for removal by the scavenger and his cart when next they pass that way, left indeed to make good and illustrate Hamlet's description of the "good kissing carrion?" But there is, as the cookery books say, "another way." The poor corpse may be hurled into the silent highways—the river or the canals—with a stone suspended from its neck to ensure its sinking; but the stone slips away in the act of hurling, and the thing floats and drifts for days and days, ghastly, swollen, shapeless, yet just recognisable as the dead dog it really is. Like Quilp's body, it is toyed and sported with by the water, "now bruising it against the slimy piles, now hiding it in mud or long rank grass, now dragging it heavily over rough stones and gravel, now feigning to yield it to its own element, and, in the same action luring it away, until tired of the ugly plaything it flung it on a swamp . . . and left it there to bleach." It is not surprising that strangers upon the Thames should inquire concerning its Isle of Dogs, expecting to hear that it is the swamp upon which the many dead dogs thrown into the river are usually landed by the action of the tide.

D. C.

### "THE HISTORY OF WOOD ENGRAVING IN AMERICA"\*

So much interest has arisen lately in England as to the merits of the so-called American School of Wood Engraving that we gladly welcome Mr. Linton's admirably-written book.

It is of especial value, as the author is unquestionably the most talented engraver on wood of our time, and may be said to have held that position for at least forty years; and here we may remark that it seems somewhat a disgrace to those whose duty and interest it should have been to foster the Art in this country that his talents were not sufficiently rewarded to have made it worth his while to stay at home and use his graver for the benefit of Old England. The unfortunate tendency of our Royal Academy of Arts to see no beauty, or take no interest, in any other Art than that of painting pictures on canvas, has much to answer for.

It is true Linton was not here a steady plodding worker, or a man of business, as he would turn his attention sometimes to composing poetry, or lecturing, and at one time was a very active politician. Yet we doubt if he would have quitted England had his great talents been sufficiently recognised and rewarded.

Mark the retribution. America is now supplanting us in the matter of book illustration; and editions of their magazines are obtaining a large circulation chiefly on the ground of their superior engravings.

Mr. Linton, all through his work, sets his face steadily against the new American method of minute finish and Chinese nigglings, such as the imitation of the painter's brush-marks, or effect of chalk-lines, all such tricks being degrading to the Art; but he has not given us the reason why the style flourishes.

To us it seems simple—a case of demand and supply; the public want good illustrations, and in great quantities. Artists are few who have mastered the difficulty of drawing on the wood; but, by the aid of photography, every artist is at once available: his work may be in chalk, water-colour, or oil, and any size. His freedom and method are not cramped by having to work with unfamiliar materials on a very reduced scale, and his picture is often much improved when reduced by the photographer on to the block.

Now it is not surprising that, when this comes into the hand of the engraver (especially with an open-handed publisher as paymaster), he begins that close imitation which Mr. Linton so severely denounces, especially as he can procure numbers of assistants who can niggle and peck, leaving the master hand to engrave the faces and hands, and generally touch up the block at the last.

Now we will suppose that the engraver tries to engrave *à la* Linton—that means, really drawing with the graver, and make every line have its own meaning (as Bewick managed so magnificently)—and we will further suppose that the work has 500 illustrations. Well, we should pity the artists, publisher, and the public, for certainly not more than ten of the 500 would be presentable.

Then, again, there is the artist to be considered—call him Jones. He has made the design, and he naturally values every touch, and expects to see it reproduced in the engraving. We will say an engraver after Linton's heart engraves it. "Very beautiful, indeed, no doubt," says the artist, "but where is my hand! You can see at a glance this is a 'Linton,' not a 'Jones.'"

The truth is, a talent that wields the graver with such power and originality should properly be its own designer, as was Bewick, unless he can find artists thoroughly sympathising and in accord with his manner, as Linton found the water colour drawings of Edward Duncan and George Dodgson when in England.

If Messrs. Harper or Scribner really wish to ascertain the number of clever engravers there are in America, let them offer a prize, but let these be the conditions:—

1. No drawing whatever to be on the block, which must be blackened all over with printing ink.
2. No pen or pencil to be used; only the graver.

It cannot be too widely known that the bolder the engraving the more difficult it is; fineness hides a multitude of sins. Agreeing with Mr. Linton in this respect, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that some of the American engravers have produced some astonishingly good work, particularly Cole, Kreull, Juengling, and Closson. It is highly artistic imitative work, but ought not to rank so highly as the more legitimate engraving by S. V. Anthony.

To sum up the principal causes by which the present excellence of wood-engraving in the United States has been mainly brought about:—

1. The fact of our foremost engraver, W. J. Linton, making America his home.
2. The artistic knowledge of many of the American publishers, and their spirited enterprise.
3. The aid of photography.
4. The improvement in the surface of printing paper, enabling the most minute work to be printed cleanly and clearly by steam machinery.

\* "The History of Wood Engraving in America," by W. J. Linton (George Bell and Sons).

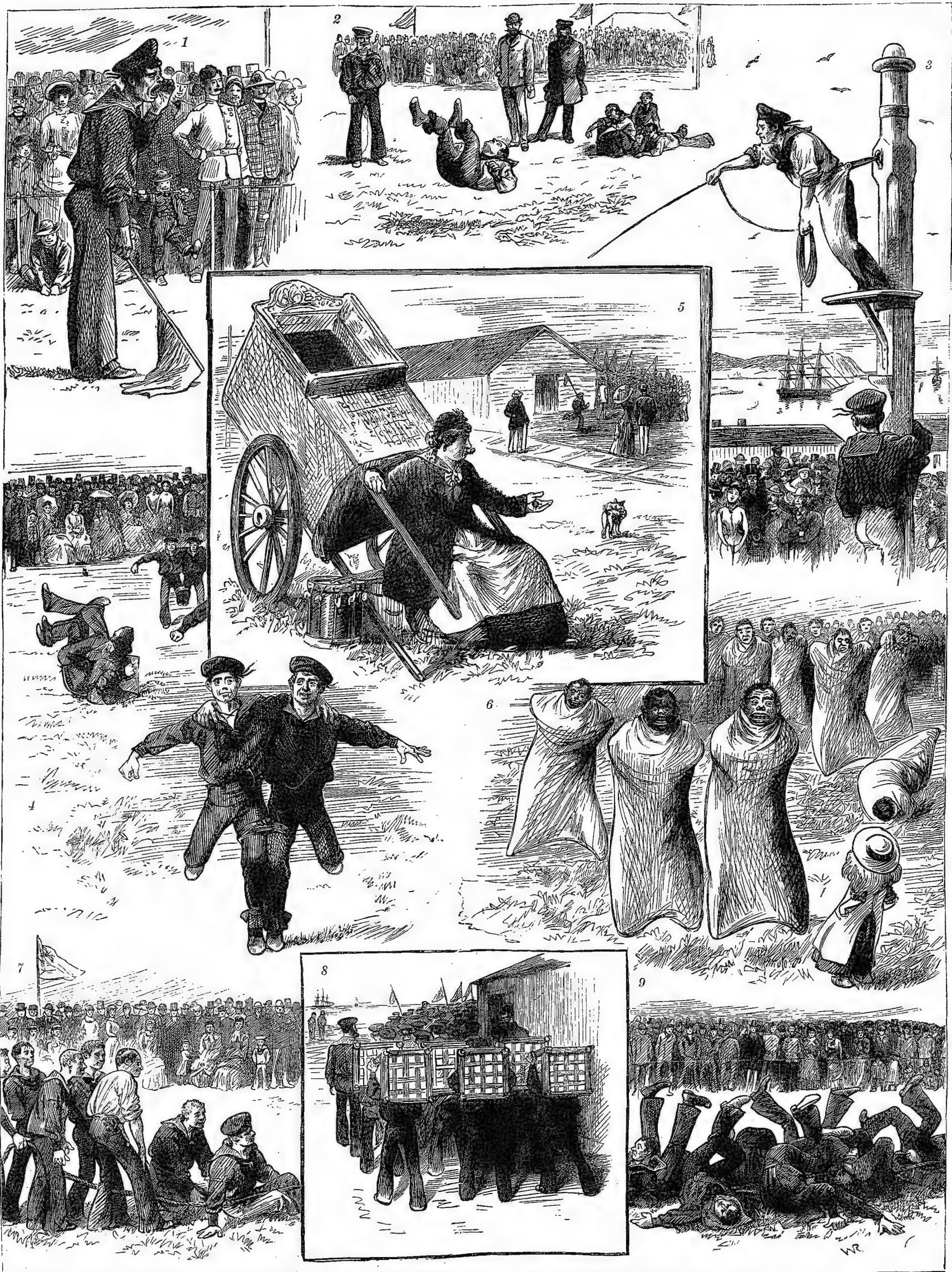
## JERSEY—A SKETCH

WHEN I asked a friend, an old Indian officer, what induced him to reside in the Island of Jersey he replied that he went there to smoke twenty thousand Trichinopoly cheroots free of duty. A Jerseyman, to whom I put the same question, said the place was the best place in the world to take one's wife to, because the passage across from England was so bad that once Madame got to Jersey she would never trouble to go away again. Inquiring of a third what is the chief exportation of the island, he answered "Mrs. Langtry," but, after a moment's thought, added "new potatoes." The information thus supplied seemed so quaint and peculiar that I longed to see this favoured land of Beauty, Tobacco, and Contentment. Fortunately, there is no great difficulty in reaching the Channel Islands, the Channel only excepted. One can go from Southampton—at midnight—every day of the year, except Sundays, and one might go the Sabbath, too, it is rumoured, only for the "unco gudeness" of the Islanders of Guernsey, who will not have a post—and reasonably, too—upon what is called the Day of Rest. Or the voyager can take ship from Weymouth, if he prefers it, thereby saving himself an hour or two of basin occupation, or he can go from London or Plymouth, or, in the summer, from anywhere. The Southampton and Weymouth boats, however, which look like steam yachts, and are about 300 tons burden, are very comfortable for their size, and for those persons who really like the sea the voyage is rather amusing than otherwise. Early in the morning, if there is no fog—fog is the enemy of all these Channel steamers—one sees Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, the first a very green island suffering apparently from an eruption of windmills. And what is far less agreeable to see, the Race of Alderney, which is perhaps called the Race from the haste of people to get out of it. Soon afterwards—that is to say some time probably in the forenoon—the eye rests gratefully on the verdure of Jersey, wearied as it has been with the continuous spectacle of tumbling green waves, and dishevelled tourists. Indeed, there are few prettier places than Jersey from the sea, or, for that matter, from the land too. It is as green as the Emerald Isle, and is pleasantly wild to look at. It is not until we round the Corbière Lighthouse, and St. Aubin's beautiful bay, that we have promise of the higher civilisation as represented by terraces, villas, crescents, and all the usual indications of seaside existence. Nestling in a bay, and protected by two antiquated forts, is the little town of St. Helier's, the capital of the island, and containing in a wonderfully compact space some 30,000 inhabitants, it is said. The beauty of St. Helier's is that it has no suburbs to speak of. It is *Rus in Urbe* and *vice versa*. Take the gilt statue which stands in the centre of the Royal Square—and from which all the distances in the island are reckoned—as a centre, and in a quarter of an hour a pedestrian may be in the country among the green lanes, or, if he prefers it, by the bright blue sea. No place I know of combines the advantages of town, country, and seaside so conveniently as St. Helier's, for as town the shops are excellent, as country the green lanes are delightful, and as sands, St. Aubin's and St. Clement's Bays leave little to be desired.

That is one of the peculiarities of Jersey—that it appears to have been infested by saints in the olden time. What the attraction was that brought so many holy men to this little green spot in the midst of the dark blue sea, it would be too late to inquire now. It is certain, however, that Jersey has a reputation for pretty girls and apples, and the two have been associated since Eden. Everywhere a saint could sit or stand he seems to have rooted himself. But one or two of these ancient worthies must have had a bad time. St. Helier, for example. According to tradition this saint lived on the top of a small rock which faces the town, and is well out at sea, and most probably fed on winkles. It must have enhanced the good man's discomfort to know that his brother saints were in clover among the Jersey cows and the Jersey orchards on the mainland; but it may have been that St. Helier swam ashore now and then for a spree. Yet he is generally respected. There is only one other antique which is more respected by the islanders, and that is the gilt statue aforesaid, which suggests to the irreverent the appearance of the Man in Brass. I am informed that this gilded ancient is the effigy of Duke Rollo of Normandy—a singular worthy in the estimation of all Jerseymen, but, as the islanders are not without a sense of humour, it may be that some of their historical facts are constructed specially for the benefit of the stranger. Of this Duke Rollo extraordinary fables are told. His sanctity is so great that his name must not be used in vain. If one calls out "Haro! Haro!"—which in the Norman slang of the period means "Ha! Rollo to the rescue!"—some one is bound to be punished to satisfy the manes of Rollo. And this brings me to Channel Islands' law, which would make agreeable light reading for a Chancery barrister, or a Judge of the Court of Arches. It is not hard to understand when you find yourself in prison. But the study of Jersey law requires care and attention before you go there. Some people abuse the local laws as musty—they are only a thousand years or so old—but if the proof of the pudding is in the eating then the Jersey laws must be very good pudding indeed. There are only twelve policemen in St. Helier's, I am told, and no beggars. Crimes in which it is necessary for the police to interfere must probably therefore be rare, and the local laws are surely entitled to the credit of this security of life and property. But the stranger had better beware how he buys landed or house property in Jersey. A cheerful notary who endeavoured to explain the Jersey law of conveyance to me after an excellent dinner at a popular hotel, made it out that the purchaser not only purchases the property he desiderates, but also all the debts of the vendor, for which he becomes hereafter responsible. The advantage of this law seems to be, that if you pay for a castle you may very likely get a jail. And it is not advisable to leave the island in debt to any one—not even to the extent of a cabbage-stalk. My friend, the notary, heard of one traveller who was in bodily peril of being brought back from the steamer in which he had embarked for forgetting to pay for the article in question. But to explain this particular instance of affection on the part of the hospitable islanders, it is necessary to enter into the natural history of the Jersey cabbage-stick. In other countries the cabbage is content to grow in a modest unassuming manner, and with no higher aspirations than the pot, but in Jersey the vegetable takes leave of its senses, and endeavours to rival the bean-stalk of the nursery tale. In appearance it is a very truculent-looking plant, four or five feet high, and the islanders revenge themselves on it by cutting it up into walking-sticks for tourists. Every tourist is known by his piece of Jersey granite jewellery and his cabbage-stalk stick. By these outward and visible signs the shopkeepers and others know how to charge him five-and-twenty per cent. more than anybody else, yet such is the waywardness of the "Five-Pounder" that he rushes, so to say, upon his fate, and is in a tremendous hurry to get from the landing place to the very first spot where cabbage-sticks and granite jewellery are sold. "Five-Pounder," however, is a term of reproach which requires as much explanation as that vegetable, which I think ought to be rechristened the Jersey mandrake.

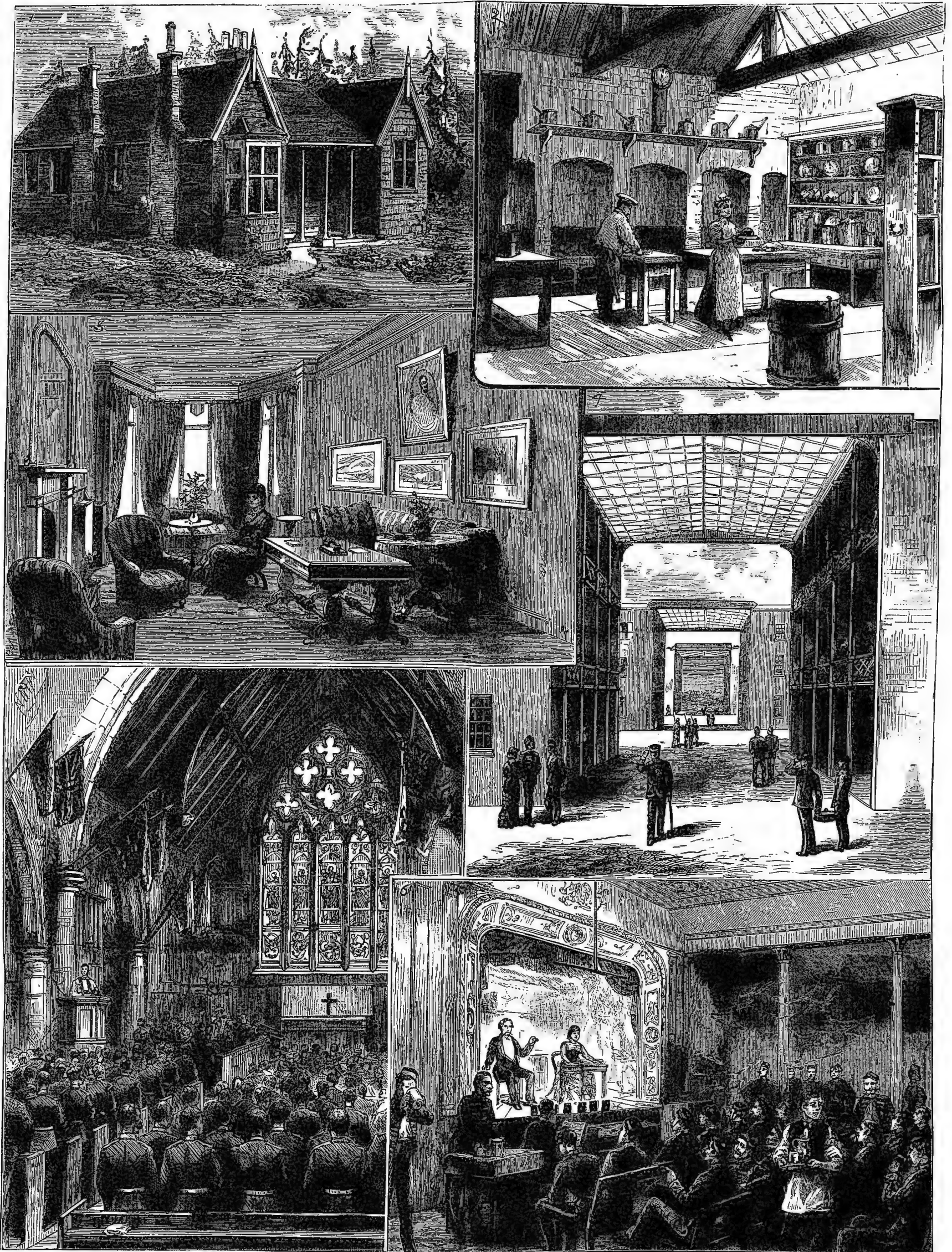
The "Five-Pounder" is not, as some might imagine, a piece of ordnance, but a person whose holiday enjoyments are limited to the purchasing powers of a five-pound note. He is usually of the genus 'Arry, but he is not unwelcome in Jersey—so long as his five pounds lasts. The islanders are a thrifty people, and they very kindly take care of the cash which 'Arry wildly squanders on the instruction and amusement of travel. The autumn—when the climate of Jersey is sometimes as hot as that of India—is the time when the Five-Pounder is seen in all his glory. In Jersey they have a peculiar kind of tourists' car, which resembles nothing so much as one of those highly-ornamented and magnificently-painted vans to which circus people harness parti-coloured horses for triumphal





1. "Hall 'Ands for Three-Legged Race, Fall In."—2. The Long Jump on Slippery Grass.—3. Heaving the Lead.—4. The Three-Legged Race.—5. "Well, They Don't Get Much Pocket Money, Anyhow."—6. The Sack Race As It Appeared to the Young Rustic.—7 and 9. The Tug of War: The Effect of the Winning Side Suddenly Letting Go.—8. Marching Back.





1. The Queen's Pavilion.—2. The Kitchen in the Queen's Pavilion.—3. The Queen's Sitting-Room in the Pavilion.—4. Infantry Blocks.—5. Morning Service at the Red Church.—6. The Cavalry Canteen.



progresses through the streets. These are the vehicles which are most affected by the Cockneys who have a week's holiday from London shops, and five pounds to eke it out with. And the Five-Pounders are to be seen packed as close as herrings on the Jersey car, each man with his cabbage stick, and each woman with a granite ornament, but looking as miserable as might be expected under the circumstances. Local tradition avers that the Five-Pounder has no regular meals during the week he remains on the island. He is driving behind four horses all the time, and lives from hand to mouth on sandwiches and bottled beer. There are seven drives in the island—one for every day of the week; and all these pilgrimages must be done by the unhappy Five-Pounder, under penalty of being told on the seventh day that he has not yet seen Jersey. So he braces himself for the work as best he can, goes through it all, from Boulay Bay to Prince's Tower, like a man, and departs to the place from whence he came, when there is no longer anything of pecuniary value left him but his return ticket.

The autumn is the tourist season, but the winter is the season of the islanders. Jersey is at its best in the winter. The climate is mild and dry, and the residents are hospitable and pleasant. But great changes have passed over the Channel Islands in the last thirty years; and if any one was to take the accounts of the islands which appear in encyclopædias and old travellers' tales as present fact, he would be very much disappointed. The old writers on Jersey and Guernsey give amusing accounts of the islands, and of society there when George IV. was King. The Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey in those days is described as giving very "stately" full-dress dinner parties; but, as his Excellency suffered from the gout, he had a large bucket of cold water under the table into which he plunged his bare leg.

And we read of the St. Helier's Market being the place of fashionable promenade, and of the "nodding plumes" of the ladies as they walked up and down with their attendant cavaliers, cheapening their beef and mutton, no doubt. Though the cheapness of living in the Channel Islands in those days must have been something quite marvellous. No wonder that an army of "Half-Pays," scenting the good things of the islands from afar—the cheap wines, cheap cigars, cheap everything—swooped down upon them just like so many vultures. We are told that a family could live "genteelly" on one hundred pounds per annum, and that the richest people in the islands never spent more than eight hundred a year. The finest French wines and cognac were smuggled and sold for a mere song. Meat was fourpence a pound, poultry in proportion, and so on; but in these days the Channel Islands have no advantage over English watering-places as cheap localities, except that there are no taxes to pay there, and the duties on certain articles *de luxe* are light. Steam, which has done so much to raise prices everywhere, has ruined the Channel Islands as economical places of residence, so the heads which carried the "nodding plumes" of auld lang syne would be rather astonished now with their marketing could they arise again from the dust of the St. Helier's cemeteries. They seem to have been very lively dames and damsels, these island lilies of the past. One Loftus, who was an A.D.C. of the period, tells how the Guernsey belles had a bathing-place of their own on which he once unwittingly intruded. The result, in his own words, was that the bevy "wooded the arms of Neptune," or, as we moderns would say, bolted into the sea. But the ladies, although they appear to have been in the condition of the goddesses at Blarney, were not above twitting the aide-de-camp thereafter on what he had seen. It was not only the ladies, though, that were merry. The gentlemen drank steadily, as was the custom of the time, and the Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey, and his aide-de-camp, had no more important duties to perform than their periodical inspections of the Government House cellars.

In a place where Bacchus and Venus were so remarkably in conjunction as this, it was only natural that Terpsichore, too, should intervene, and so we hear of dancing as the chief occupation of the islanders. There were public balls, and the Master of the Ceremonies—usually a retired army officer—was one of the most important functionaries of the place. But some of the old writers bitterly complain of the gossiping proclivities of the society of the period, and of the everlasting "visiting" to which they were cruelly subjected. Dancing is still a popular amusement in Jersey. In the winter there are subscription balls, garrison balls, and private balls, besides the "Jersey hop," which is an unceremonious assembly of persons with a common taste for valsing. But it is lamented that in these degenerate days the fair sex outnumber the other at balls, so that the most has to be made of even schoolboys to help to meet the deficiency. In effect, the islands are too small for the men. Many of the male islanders must go abroad to seek their fortunes, and of those that remain a good many are past dancing, being well stricken with years and the infirmities of old age. Once upon a time Jersey was the earthly paradise of pensioned military and naval officers. They were so numerous that it used to be said that if a stone was thrown out of a window it would be certain to strike an Admiral or a General upon the head. Society, as then constituted, was strictly of the Service pattern, and emphatically "Regulation." But now, and since the Channel Islands no longer attract military and naval men as they used to do in the old times, society is as mixed as anywhere else, and has a very strong French flavour about it. French is commonly spoken in the street and the Courts, and yet there are no more devoted subjects of the Queen than the inhabitants of the Channel Islands. The Barbadians had but one fault, according to their own confession—that they were "really too brave," but the Channel Islanders might fairly say that they were the loyalists of the loyal. Their loyalty is in fact hereditary and traditional. Ever since Charles II., in the course of his wanderings, went to Jersey, and after the Merry Monarch's usual fashion, cajoled his faithful lieges of Jersey out of a round sum of money, the Jersey men are as much attached to his memory as ever was Roger Wildrake to his person. The King resided some time at a queer old castle on the island, near Gorey, and he must have had a dull time in that old keep, if he had neither Nell Gwynne nor Rochester to amuse him. Over the sea, fifteen miles or so distant—His Majesty could see the coast of France, and he may have likened himself to Mahomet's coffin suspended between heaven and earth, for he was in the sea between his own two kingdoms. And the recollection of the rejoicings which heralded her present Gracious Majesty's visit to Jersey—now alas! many years ago—is among the most cherished memories of the islanders. I was going to write "simple" islanders, after the manner of Captain Cook and Dr. Solander, only that would be contrary to fact. The islanders—meaning the country folk of good old Norman descent—are very far from simple; *au contraire*. Nevertheless, they appear to be doing one foolish thing. Everybody knows that they have the most beautiful cattle in the world, so beautiful and so good that Americans and Australians will give 500*l.* for a single bull or cow; and the Jersey butter is famous everywhere. But every one does not know that the Jersey farmers are imitating the bad example of the infatuated individual who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. Fortunately, or unfortunately, for the islanders, Jersey can produce new potatoes about a month before other localities within easy distance of London. And in an evil day it became known to the Jersey farmers that they could make more money by planting potatoes than by selling butter. Then the work of destruction began. Beautiful hanging woods of that well-wooded isle were remorselessly cut down to make room for the potato, and verdant meadows, on which the large-eyed, deer-faced cattle grazed, were ploughed into hideous furrows for potato planting. Half the beauty of the island is gone, except

for those who, like Pat, can see loveliness in "an illigant garden of praties." But there is a Nemesis awaiting the destructionists. It is well known that potatoes exhaust the soil, and that the indiscriminate destruction of timber prevents the rainfall; so between two stools the Jersey farmer is likely to come to the ground, and he will regret his beautiful fawn-coloured cows when it is too late, and when some other place will have annexed his new potato trade. At present, however, he is getting lots of gold out of the body of his goose. That must be acknowledged, for the number of steamers which come to St. Helier's Harbour in the potato season to carry away the root fully testify to the fact.

There is another industry in Jersey which is overdone, and that is the cultivation of hot-house grapes. In Jersey the sun's rays are so powerful all the year round that vines will flourish and bear splendid fruit in ordinary greenhouses or conservatories. Little or no heating is needed for the production of large and luscious fruit, so at one time a good deal of money was made by the cultivation of grapes for the English market. For some reason or other—possibly because too large a supply is now produced—this trade is no longer so profitable as it was, and the same thing may be said of other fruits which do not pay so well as might be expected. Jersey is naturally well adapted to gardening of every description. The flowers, especially the roses, grown there are splendid, and almost every house that can boast of a high wall has wall-fruit; nevertheless, large quantities of fruit is brought into the island from France, the Continent being able to undersell the productions of the Jersey gardeners. And France sends the island more than fruit. Beef, mutton, poultry, eggs, are largely imported from France, the beef in the living animal, which by law must be slaughtered on landing at the pier. This apparently cruel act is in reality a prudent precaution of the natives to keep their famous breed of cattle pure. And they have practised it with such success from time immemorial, that the Jersey cow, like a certain Scotch lassie, can boast of a "lang pedigree." Nevertheless, there is detraction everywhere, and scandal is sometimes cast upon the Jersey cows by the breeders of the neighbouring islands. On the subject of cattle, as well as other matters, considerable jealousy is wasted between Guernsey and Jersey. Guernsey affects to be Conservative, and Jersey Liberal, though a stranger would perceive very little difference between the politics of the two places. The caged parrot which used to be for ever crying out, "We are all for ourselves here," would, in tourist estimation at least, represent the popular sentiment of Jersey, and of Guernsey as well; but the differences between the two islands have at times reached such a pitch that they have actually refused, it is said, to take one another's currency. This, for people who live for the most part on cabbage soup and conger eel, in order that they may put by money in some secret place—French fashion—seems incredible; but an intelligent native assures me that it is fact. I am indebted to the same gentleman for so many singular stories, however, that I am rather suspicious of his veracity. For instance, speaking of the ever-increasing prosperity of the island of Jersey, he observed, as an example of the enterprise and energy of the place, that a friend of his, an undertaker, had just ordered thirteen new hearses for the season.

The conger eel, above alluded to, may be called a Jersey institution. This hideous creature, which is quite ugly enough to swim in the same waters with Victor Hugo's devil fish, is to be seen in quantities in the St. Helier's market. Those who are not particular as to what they eat affect to enjoy the beast in Channel Island soup, but even the Five Pounders turn up their noses at this "broth of snakes." Another local curiosity is the omber, a kind of shell-fish resembling a mussel, and remarkable for the opalescent beauty of its shell, and for the excessive toughness of its flesh, or fish. But the fish supply of Jersey is very limited in quantity, and not very high in quality. Most of the fish consumed there is sent from London, and charged for accordingly. Nor is there any game in the island, unless an occasional belated woodcock in the migratory season may be described as such. The island is divided into so many small farms—not exceeding thirty acres—for which 15*l.* and upwards an acre is paid, that it would be difficult for any one to get up a head of game there. The same objection holds good in regard to trout, though there are several brooks and ponds in the island which would hold trout. In the winter there is a drag hunt near St. Helier's, which is well patronised. But the island is no paradise for sportsmen; even the yachting, which one might suppose would be the chief amusement of islanders, is circumscribed and dangerous. Jersey has the advantage for defensive purposes, but no others, of being surrounded with formidable reefs of rocks which render navigation difficult in the last degree. No one in his senses should think of taking a sail outside St. Helier's Harbour, unless in company with an experienced sailor or fisherman. For the tides there sometimes rise as high as forty feet, and there are nasty jagged rocks everywhere. Nevertheless, there is a local yacht club, and one or two other good clubs in the island.

It has been said that the Channel Islands will fall into the clutches of France if ever we are so unfortunate as to go to war with that Power; but I do not think that contingency at all probable. The French landed in force in Jersey once before, and were well thrashed by the local Militia in the streets of St. Helier's. The Jersey natives have obviously no wish to change their present independence for French taxes and French involvements, and they are certainly a favourable illustration of Home Rule. They are loyal, they are contented, they have no poor-rates or mendicants, no taxes; what more can they want? Contrasted with another island—Ireland—their position may be regarded as enviable. That, at all events, was the last thought I gave to beautiful Jersey as I steamed away from its rocky shores, most probably for ever. Because, though the Channel Islands are delightful places to spend a few months in, they are not to be desired as places of residence by those who love the bustle of the busy world, and the contact of the crowds that struggle therein.

THE GORGEOUS PALACES OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS are certainly being revived by eccentric Louis of Bavaria, who has now added another magnificent castle, Neuschwanstein—New Swans stone—to his already plentiful supply of splendid residences. Perched on a solitary rock, opposite the famous Hohenschwangau, the castle commands a magnificent view of the Bavarian Highlands, and is kept isolated from the world around by two drawbridges. Of colossal dimensions, the castle is six stories high, and is built of solid granite in the Italian style, most richly ornamented, and having in the centre a huge watch tower, 360 feet high, with two verandahs. The roof sparkles from afar off, being covered with sheets of copper, some of these being gilded, and at the corner tower of the right wing stands a gigantic bronze herald in Mediaeval guise, holding the Bavarian standard, while the Bavarian lion occupies a corresponding situation on the left wing. Two huge frescoes, representing St. George and the Dragon and St. Mary and the Holy Child, ornament the exterior, which is surrounded by a vast courtyard, entered by a massive stone portal. Inside the splendour is overpowering, and statues, gorgeous columns in Genoese style, decorative stucco work, and frescoes bewilder the eye. The King's favourite Niebelungen and Parsifal form the chief fresco subjects, others being scenes from the Franco-German War and the history of the Bavarian Kings; while even the stables are adorned with frescoes of antediluvian life. Two storeys are filled by the library and the collection of arms, coins, &c., and the King's apartments are at the top of all. Electric lights are everywhere.



SALMON WILL SHORTLY BE PLENTIFUL IN GERMANY. Besides the productive salmon-fisheries of the Rhine and Elbe, the River Weser is now being stocked with the fish, 43,000 young salmon having been placed in the stream from the breeding establishment at Hameln.

SUNDAY CLOSING FOR PLACES OF BUSINESS is being vigorously promoted in Berlin, and Parliament is to be petitioned to aid the movement. Although, however, the scheme is largely supported the opposers at present are in the majority.

THE PRESERVATION OF OLD SCOTTISH REGIMENTAL COLOURS is being energetically discussed in Edinburgh, where a Committee has been formed to gather together the ancient flags, and place them, as a national collection, in St. Giles's Cathedral.

SNAKES ARE STILL REGARDED WITH SUCH VENERATION in the North-Western Provinces of India that the natives refuse to kill them on religious grounds, although last year no fewer than 4,723 persons died in that district alone from snake poison.

THE PRESENT ERA OF RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN SPAIN is marked by a Jewish marriage having taken place in Madrid. This is the first ceremony of the kind celebrated according to Hebrew rites since the Jews were expelled from Spain, two centuries ago.

A CENTENARIAN COW is owned by a farmer at Hawksville, Georgia, U.S.—so says the Albany *Sunday Press*. The age of the animal is stated to be well attested, as she has been owned by the same family throughout several generations, while the creature still gives milk.

INLAND OYSTER CULTURE is being tried in Michigan, U.S. An enterprising timber merchant has salted a small lake and stocked it with oysters, alleging that, as the lake has no visible outlet, he can keep the water salt, and raise as fine oysters in his artificial ocean as can be found along the coast.

THE EXPENSE OF AN OSTRICH FARM, although great at the commencement, as each bird costs about 75*l.* when two years old, is, it appears, well worth the outlay. The product of each bird is annually 12*l.*, though feathers of some have sold as high as 30*l.* A pair of breeders will rear sixty chicks a year.

EDITING A NEWSPAPER IN JAPAN is evidently rather a difficult matter. One native journal recently appeared with a large blank space, for which the editor apologised by stating that at the last moment he found that what he had written for that space was entirely wrong, and must be left out. Accordingly he had no time to obtain matter to fill the vacant columns.

CANINE FASHIONS IN PARIS are guided by as strict rules as those for human beings. Thus, no poodle belonging to a fashionable mistress must wear the metal bracelet which replaces the collar on the right foot, but the tiny ring must always encircle the left paw just above the fringed tuft which ornaments the ankle. If "Moustache" is black, his bracelet should be silver, but if his shaven coat is snowy white, a golden circlet is more becoming.

THE LIFEBOATS PROVIDED BY THE CIVIL SERVICE last year saved 149 lives and 5 vessels, and attended 27 wrecks, though at present only three lifeboats have been provided by the fund. So much interest has been taken in the subject, however, that not only have the subscribers increased to 6,400, but the Committee hope shortly both to endow their third lifeboat, now stationed at Port Patrick, and to gather funds for a fourth vessel, to be placed on the English coast.

A CURIOUS STINGING TREE grows in Queensland, the *Colonies and India* tells us. It is a pretty luxuriant shrub, growing in small groves, and when accidentally touched stings violently, inflaming a large portion of the skin with maddening effect. Moreover, although no mark is visible, the pain is felt for months afterwards when the skin is wet or rubbed. Horses and dogs suffer agony from the sting, but happily the tree can be avoided, as it has a very disagreeable scent.

COMIC VALENTINES are not very safe jokes to try upon spirited American women. One Cincinnati matron, who had received one of these unpleasant missives from two Germans, lately met the offenders in the street, and gave them a sound thrashing with a heavy drayman's whip. The public looked on delighted, and the Germans being powerless in the good lady's grasp, suffered severely, their punishment, as if in satire, taking place in a thoroughfare called Gest Street.

TRANSATLANTIC JOURNALISM is famed for its conciseness, but the height of brevity has certainly been reached by a New York reporter, who was bidden by his editor to condense the lengthy account of a burglary stopped by a woman into four words. Here is the result:—"Woman yelled; burglar pell-melled." This almost outdoes the poem describing the fate of an unlucky lad, which is accepted as the model of lyrical brevity—"I. Boy—gun, joy—fun: II. Gun—bust, boy—dust."

THE GREATEST DEPTH OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN has hitherto been found by the *Challenger* during her surveying expedition, i.e., 3,862 fathoms. Now, however, the American Government vessel *Blake*, which has lately been taking deep-sea soundings and temperature between Bermuda and the Bahamas, reports a depth of 4,561 fathoms at a spot about 105 miles north-west of St. Thomas, in lat 19°41' N., and long. 66°24' W., close to the site of the deepest sounding taken by the *Challenger*.

THE ORIENTAL JEWELLERY which will be gathered together at the forthcoming Calcutta Exhibition will form such a magnificent display of precious stones as never yet has been assembled. The splendid collection lately shown at the Jeypore Exhibition will be lent, and all the various Indian Princes and nobles have been asked to contribute, the regalia of each potentate being arranged separately. As the *Times of India* justly remarks, the responsibility of guarding such an amount of treasure will be no light task.

A CHEAP AND SIMPLE REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM has been found by a Canadian doctor—total abstinence from food. He declares that many cases of acute articular rheumatism have been cured by fasting in from four to eight days, while chronic rheumatism was also alleviated. No medicines whatever were given, but patients might drink cold water or moderate quantities of lemonade. The doctor states that rheumatism is after all only a phase of indigestion, and therefore can be cured by giving complete and continued rest to all the digestive organs.

THE WATER SUPPLY OF THE UNITED STATES is diminishing to an alarming extent, and the *New York Times* declares that the rivers and lesser streams of the Atlantic States are visibly smaller than they were twenty-five years ago. Owing to the failure of the springs and rains which once served as feeders, many country brooks have totally disappeared; while the level of the great lakes falls year by year, and many piers on the shores of lakeside cities, where vessels once approached with ease, now hardly reach to the edge of the water. Harbours are growing shallow, and all the dredging which can be done to New York Harbour will not permanently deepen it; while that of Toronto has grown shallow in spite of such deep dredging as to reach the bottom rock. The Hudson is notably affected, and many places during the summer are almost bare in the upper waters.



# CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL, W. PATTERNS FREE. SPRING NOVELTIES IN NEW DRESS FABRICS. NEW FRENCH SATEENS AND WASHING FABRICS FOR THE SEASON 1883.

**THE NEW GRANITE TWEED** is a very uncommon looking material. There are plenty of good, useful tints, represented in the patterns. The new shade, "Coquerico," is among them, that is now so popular in Paris. This is a most serviceable cloth, and very moderate in price. 25 inches wide, 1s. 9d. per yard.

**IRON**, at 9½d. per yard, is produced and confined to me—a Dress Material I shall call IRON. There are twenty colourings and black. Ladies will do wisely in writing for patterns. Early application advised, that no delay may occur in executing orders.

**MIDLOTHIAN MARVELS.**—The variety and novelty of the preparations for Spring and Summer wear are this Season unusually large. For bold combinations in colours, and unconventional arrangements in all descriptions of Checks, the Scotch manufacturers will take precedence. Fashion has decreed in favour of this description of goods, and the choice is quite bewildering. 25 inches wide, 1s. 9½d. per yard.

**DOUBLE NUN'S VEILING.**—These Veilings are too well-known to require a description. The fabric is composed of pure wool, plainly woven, and produced in beige colours, or in slightly tinted heather mixtures—either are most useful. These cloths are double warps, and extra durable. 23 inches wide, 1s. per yard.

**CHECKED SURAHs.**—These Charming Checked Surahs are among the prettiest things I have seen prepared for Spring wear. The colours are many, and most effective—too many to attempt to describe. In the smaller sized patterns there will be found some very pretty Silks, most suitable for young ladies' wear. 1s. 11½d. to 2s. 11½d. per yard. 22 inches wide.

These goods are in such great variety, it would be an impossibility to enter into any detail or description that would at the same time do justice to the beauty of the various patterns. I will enumerate one or two that have specially caught my fancy:—

- 1 is a Terra Cotta Ground, with moss roses in pale peacock blues and sage green foliage. The pattern is illustrated in many colourings, but this would be my favourite.
- 2 is a design in shades of brown and gold tints, with butterflies and small beetles; this also can be had in many colourings.
- 3 is a charming little pattern of diminutive fairies and gnats, which sounds much more eccentric than it looks.
- 4 is a very clever design, something of a shawl or cashmere pattern, and has a great number of colours introduced, but so well arranged that they form a most handsome *tonde ensemble*.

**PLAIN SATEENS**, 7¼d., 9¼d., 1s., 1s. 2½d.

**FRENCH POMPADOURS**, 8¼d., 10¼d., 1s. 2½d., 1s. 3½d.

Space will not admit of entering into further detail. I must, however, draw attention to the Gingham, or Zephyr. These most useful fabrics are exceedingly pretty this season. One specially calls for notice, a broken check in crushed strawberry colour and white, which, to my mind, is most stylish and pretty, and with this slight allusion to the countless pretty and inexpensive dresses that are crowded before me, I must dismiss my subject.

**ZEPHYRS and SCOTCH GING-**  
HAMS, 6¾d., 8¾d., 10¾d., 1s.

**SILKS.**

**SILKS.**  
Good Soft Grosgraine, 12 yards, 35s.

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Rich Corded, 12 yards, 47s.

A Good Black Satin Dress of 12 yards, 24 inches wide, 41 ros.

A Rich Black Lyons Satin Dress of 12 yards, 24 inches wide, all pure Silk, for 42s.

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required,  
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Over Rivers, Roads, Railways, and Ravines,

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WASH.—By damping the hair with this, in 2 hours hair becomes its original colour.—ALEX. ROSS, 27, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

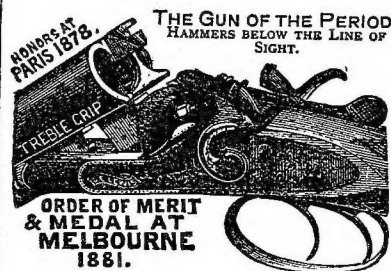
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**ODONTO** whitens the teeth, prevents decay, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath.

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**KALYDOR** is a most cooling, healing, and refreshing wash for the face, hands, and arms.

**EUKONIA** is a beautifully pure and fragrant toilet powder. In three tints: white, rose and cream, 2/6 per box. Ask Chemists for Rowlands' articles, of 20, Hatton Garden, London.

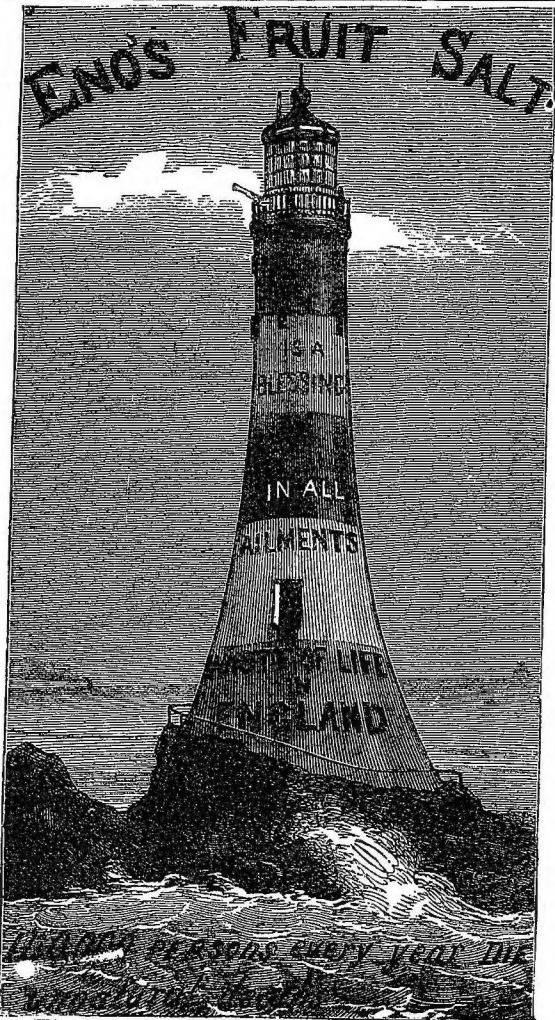


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"REFERRING to the continued manifestations of interest in sanitary science by members of the Royal Family—in short, in all matters affecting the health of the people—he remarked that if all the owners of cottages in the Empire exercised the same sanitary care that had been exercised in the cottages on Her Majesty's private estates, the general sickness and death-rate would be reduced one-third; in other words, it would be as if on every third year there were a jubilee, AND NO SICKNESS, AND NO DEATHS!"—An Address by Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., &c., &c., at the Ladies' Sanitary Association.

**HOUSE SANITATION.**—Dr. PLAYFAIR, after carefully considering the question, is of opinion that the total pecuniary loss inflicted on the county of Lancashire from preventable disease, sickness, and death, amounts to not less than **FIVE MILLIONS STERLING ANNUALLY.** But this is only physical and pecuniary loss, THE MORAL LOSS IS INFINITELY GREATER.—SMILES.

**TYPHOID AND DIPHTHERIA, BLOOD POISONS, HOUSE SANITATION.**—It is no exaggeration to state that not one-quarter of the dwellings of all classes, high or low, rich or poor, are free from dangers to health due to defects with respect to drainage, &c., &c. These original defects will inevitably entail a loss of health and energy of the occupants and, frequently require to assist Nature without hazardous force. It acts, according to the quantity taken, either as a relieving medicine, or as a cooling and refreshing drink; and I am convinced that it does not weaken when it stimulates.

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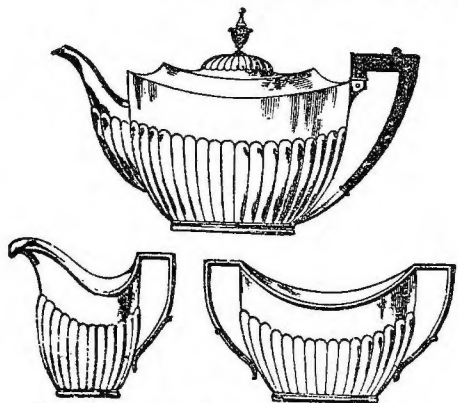
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**GLYKALINE** effectually relieves  
Disorders of the Mucous Membrane, so prevalent  
in winter, cleanses the bronchial tubes from Mucus,  
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in a few hours. GLYKALINE is an unprecedented  
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race. The other morning I awoke with the feeling of a  
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GLYKALINE, and so to confer a boon on the suffering  
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**GLYKALINE** is the surest and  
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**NEURALINE** seldom fails to give  
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As a sure specific against Nerve Pains it is deservedly  
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It proved THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY SHE HAD  
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**AUROSINE** quickly removes Chaps,  
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For Liver Derangement, Indigestion, and Consti-  
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One dose rapidly relieves the terrible pains arising  
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Is not pretended to be a cure for every ache and pain,  
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It changes, firstly, with its owner  
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For the present, and until further  
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Hundreds of Testimonials prove the excellence of  
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Does not break or weaken the Hair like Curling  
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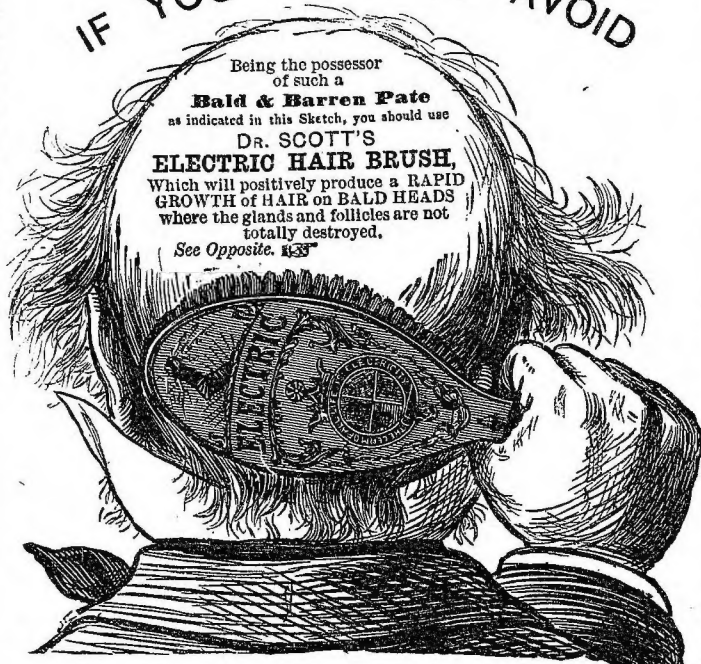
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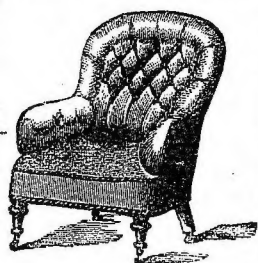


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